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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
Northern Antiquities,
FROM THE EARLIER
TEUTONIC AND SCANDINAVIAN
ROMANCES;
BEING AN
Abstract of the Book of Heroes, and Nibelungen Lay;
WITH TRANSLATIONS OF
METRICAL TALES,
FROM THE
Old German, Danish, Swedish, and Irelandic Languages;
WITH
NOTES AND DISSERTATIONS.

EDINBURGH :

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, LONDON;
AND JOHN BALLANTYNE AND CO., EDINBURGH.

1814.



Northern Antiquities

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ROMANCES;

BRING AN

Abstract of the Book of Enoch, and the Book of the Living;

WITH TRANSLATIONS OF

METRIC TALES,

FROM THE

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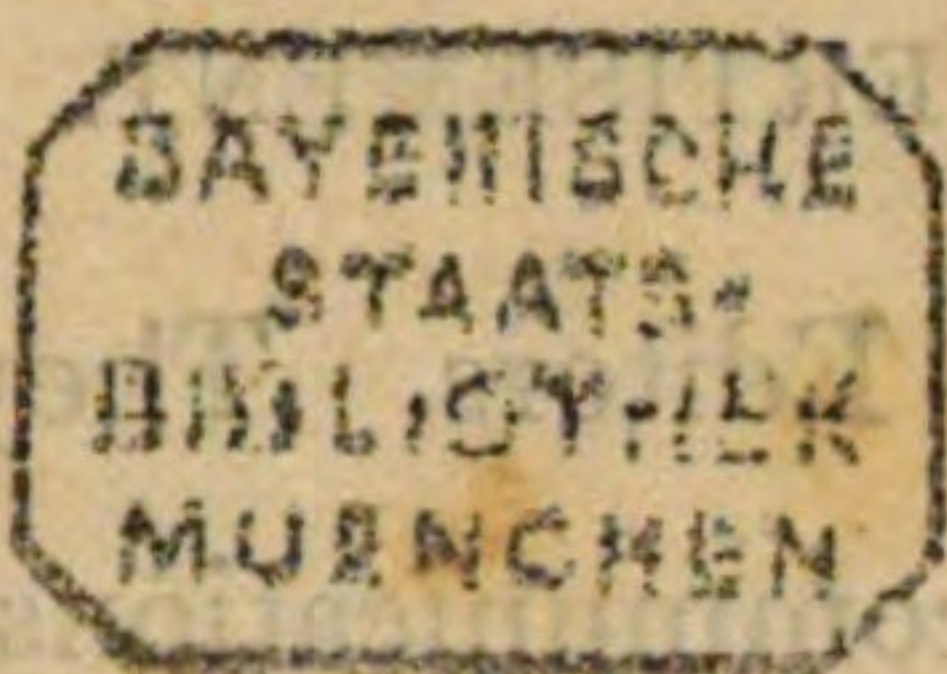
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE purpose of the present Publication is to introduce the reader to the Metrical Poems and Romances of the ancient Gothic Dialects, a subject intimately connected with the earlier history of European literature, but to which English antiquaries have as yet but partially turned their eyes. The field of Icelandic Antiquities has indeed been investigated by Percy, by Johnstone, and more lately by Mr Herbert, with zeal, perseverance, and success. But the Romances of ancient Germany have been as yet unnoticed, and, with the Metrical Tales of Denmark and Sweden, offer a new and interesting subject of speculation to the English reader.

Should the present volume be favourably received by the public, it is the purpose of the Editors to extend their researches to the Romances of Russia ; to the more rare and less-known Sagas of Scandinavia ; to the Original Songs of the Letts and Esthonians ; and to the Poetry of the Celtic Dialects. Upon each of these subjects materials have been collected, and means of access to eminent antiquaries and libraries on the continent

are in the power of the Editors. They would also esteem themselves honoured by communications from any man of literature, whose taste may have led him to this field of investigation.

The intended prosecution of the work will depend on the public taste: and although the Editors cannot augur brilliant or extensive success for a work which relishes too much of pure antiquity to be generally popular, they are not without hopes that, since their materials are new to British literature, enough of countenance may be extended to their labours, to encourage perseverance in their present undertaking. Its end and import may be expressed by reference to the beautiful lines by which Pope has described the northern front of the Temple of Fame:—

“ Of GOTHIC structure was the NORTHERN side,
O’erwrought with ornaments of barb’rous pride:
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown’d,
And Runic characters were graved around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear’d with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian Heroes stood;
Druids and Bards (their once-loud harps unstrung,)
And Youths that died to be by Poets sung.”

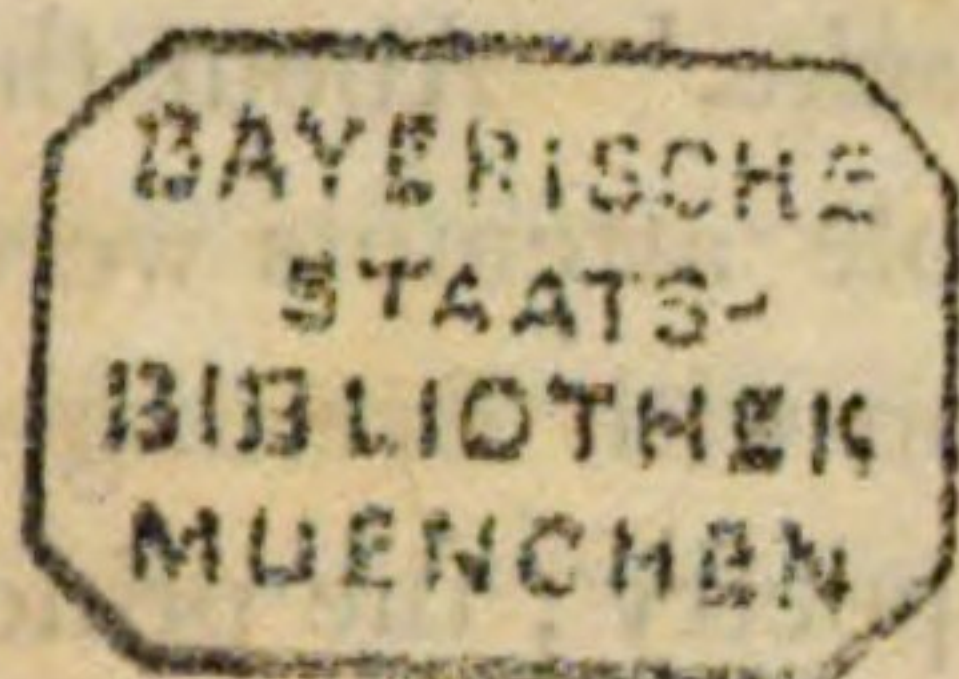
ON THE
TEUTONIC ROMANCES.

BY HENRY WEBER.

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TEUTONIC ROMANCES

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ON THE

ANTIEN TEUTONIC

POETRY AND ROMANCE.

No nation can boast of a larger, and, in general, more ancient and valuable stock of early poetry in the vernacular language, than the Germans. The era during which the best and most considerable of their romances were produced, was exactly co-eval with the most flourishing period of the Norman romanciers and the Provençal troubadours, who have given occasion for volumes of dissertations, historical deductions, and hypotheses as romantic, to the full, as the poems they were intended to illustrate and recommend, while that of their eastern neighbours has been absolutely unknown to foreigners, and, till within these few years, very little studied by the natives themselves. The respectable volumes of Schilter, which were published after his death, by the learned Scherz, in 1727, were almost confined to the most ancient biblical and monkish rhymes, and chiefly compiled with a view of deducing the gradual advancement of the language; for which reason they afford great gratification to the students of etymology, but furnish little which can interest the lovers of romance, and

of ancient poetry, for its own sake.¹ About the middle of the eighteenth century, several laudable attempts were made by the poetic veteran Bodmer, in conjunction with Breitinger, a learned Swiss, to revive the study of their early poetry; the principal of which were the publication of the Parisian Codex of the works of a hundred and forty troubadours, (Minnesænger,) which appeared in two volumes quarto, at Zurich, in the year 1758, and an edition of the latter half of the great romance of the Nibelungen. In 1784, a second attempt of the same kind was made by another learned Swiss, Professor Miller. He published two quarto volumes of Teutonic romances, and a third was begun some years after,² by Koch, a clergyman of Berlin, author of a most valuable Catalogue Raisonné of German poetry. But the encouragement for this species of research was so cold, though the work was liberally supported by several German princes, and by most of the universities, that the third volume remained incomplete, being broken off in the middle of a long romance; and the greater part of the impression was sold for waste paper.

Within these ten years, however, the study has suddenly become popular, and was carried on, with the characteristic enthusiasm of the Germans, so rapidly, that the greater and more valuable part of their romances would have been given to the public, if the confused state of the nation, the complete abolition of the constitution, and the intolerable tyranny of their Gallic oppressors, had not entirely paralysed the press, and the exertions of the learned. A second large collection of romances³ was projected, and the first volume published by F. H. von

¹ The same observations hold good with respect to the valuable publications of Goldast, Eccard, Lambecius, Michaelis, Petz, &c.

² The following are the contents of this scarce work. Vol. I. The romance of the Nibelungen, with the Lament, (Klage;) the Æneis of Veldeck; God Amor, a pretty allegorical poem in the style of the Troubadours; Percival, by Wolfram of Eschenbach; and some fabliaux.—Vol. II. Gotfried of Strasburgh's Sir Tristan, with Vriebert's continuation; Florice and Blanche-flour; Ywain, by Hartman of Ouwe; Fridank, a continued string of gnomes; and a collection of lays of love and devotion.—The fragment of the third volume contains one half of Conrad of Wurzburg's Trojan War; fragments of Wigolais and of Partenopex; and a score of fabliaux.

³ Entitled, 'Deutsche Gedichte des Mittelalters,' Berlin, 1808, 4to. The volume con-

der Hagen, a nobleman, enthusiastic and indefatigable in the cause, and Dr J. G. Buesching, the son of the great geographer of that name. But we understand (though we sincerely hope our intelligence is erroneous) that the undertaking, for want of the very moderate encouragement required, has been dropped. Several other works of a similar nature, though not of such extent, have been published; the most valuable of which we have been so fortunate as to procure from the continent, for insertion in the present Work.

To give a short and general sketch of the history of Teutonic poetry of the middle ages, and to exhibit an analysis, with specimens of their original and most interesting romances, is the purport of this portion of our work; and we sincerely hope to be able to communicate some of our enthusiasm in the cause to our readers. At any rate, the subject is entirely new in this country; and if the abstracts of the romances should fail to amuse, on the score of the interest of the story, or the merit of the translated specimens, they cannot fail to awaken the curiosity of those who are anxious to investigate the very singular history of the connection between the romantic legends and traditions of the different nations of Europe.

SECT. I.—*A Sketch of the History of Teutonic Poetry and Romance.*

We need not make any reference here to the songs of the ancient German bards, mentioned by Tacitus, which are irrecoverably lost. They have been said to have been collected by the order of Charlemagne; but it is more than probable that the passage in Eginhart¹ has been generally misunderstood. There is no actual reference to the bards, who, in-

tains King Rother, Duke Ernest of Bavaria, Wigamur, St George, and Solomon and Morolf.

¹ Barbara et antiquissima carmina, quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit memoriæque mandavit.—Eginharti Hist. Caroli.—See on this subject some ingenious remarks in Schlegel's *Athenæum*, Berlin, 1799, II. 306, from which some of the arguments in the text are copied.

deed, do not seem to have been a separate order of men among the Germans, as they were among the Celts. The *barbara et antiquissima carmina* were, no doubt, ancient poems in the vernacular language; but it is very improbable that Charlemagne would have collected the pagan war-hymns of the time of Arminius and Ariovist; or that he could have accomplished such a collection, which was very unlikely to have been so long preserved by tradition, and which would have been quite unintelligible in his time. The poems mentioned by Eginhart were more likely to have celebrated the first Christian monarchs among the Teutonic nations. It will be seen in the sequel, that the most ancient Teutonic romances actually refer to the kings of the Franks, Longobards, and Burgundians; and though their present state by no means indicates an age prior to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it is very possible that their continued popularity induced the minstrels of those centuries to revise and modernize them, and, by loading them with marvellous fictions, and introducing references to customs and discoveries of their own age, to render them more acceptable to their contemporaries. There are frequent allusions to more ancient times dispersed in the *Nibelungen*;* and a fragment of a prosaic romance of Hildebrant, one of the principal heroes of the original German cyclis of romance, printed by Eccard,² appears, from the language, to have been composed previous to the reign of Charlemagne.

The oldest specimen of Teutonic poetry, actually in existence, is a creed, entitled *De Poeta Kazungali*, and appears to be considerably older than the era of Charlemagne. A facsimile of the only manuscript extant, which is preserved in the Bavarian monastery of Weisobrunn, has been given in the very valuable antiquarian repertory entitled, *Braga and Hermode*, (vol. II. p. 118,) ably illustrated

* Thus, v. 1433:

In riterlichen zyhten die herren taten daz.

i. e. The lords did this in the knightly times.

² *Comment. de rebus Franciæ orient. Wirceb. 1729, I. 864-902.* See the sequel of this dissertation, and the fragment itself, in the Appendix.

by the venerable and learned editor, Græter. The next, in point of time, is the well-known paraphrase of the four evangelists, by Otfried of Weissenburg, a monk of St Gallen, ably edited by Schilter; if the very similar work of an anonymous poet, preserved among the Cotton MSS., be not of higher antiquity.* A song on St George, preserved in the Vatican manuscript of Otfried, and printed by Sandwig, at Copenhagen, in 1783, seems to be co-eval with that poet's paraphrase. But the most valuable specimen of the poetry of that age is undoubtedly the encomium on the victory of Louis III. of France over the Normans, printed by Mabillon, Hickes, Schilter, and others. About the beginning of the twelfth century, another anonymous poet wrote a poetical legend of St Anno, archbishop of Cologne, who died in 1075. It was first printed in 1639, by the poet Martin Opitz, and exhibits the strangest medley of chronicle and legend. Half of the work, which contains 880 lines, is occupied by a history of the creation, and of the four monarchies, and only a small part is dedicated to the miracles and sufferings of the archbishop.

Soon after this, the most splendid period of Teutonic poetry and romance commenced. For the space of a century and a half, beginning about the middle of the twelfth, and ending with the reign of Rudolph of Hapsburgh, emperors, kings, princes, nobles, monks, and menial minstrels, vied with each other in producing and translating lays of love, romances, fabliaux, chronicles, fables, and sacred legends. The names and works of above three hundred minstrels of that period have been preserved; among whom we find the emperor Henry, (either the fourth or sixth of that name,) Conrad, king of the Romans, (probably the unfortunate Conradin, beheaded in the year 1268,) Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia, (who died 1253,) John, duke of Brabant, and many others of high rank.

* A long Anglo-Saxon poem on the expedition of Regner Lodbrog is preserved in the Museum, the publication of which would be a very desirable object. Professor Thorke-
lin had prepared a manuscript and translation for the press, and from his learning and zeal every thing could be expected. But it is much to be feared, that, together with the other invaluable stores of his library, it was consumed during the bombardment of Copenhagen.

With the exception of the original Teutonic romances, which form a separate cyclis, the minstrels of these two centuries contented themselves with following the tract of the Provençal troubadours, and the Norman trouveurs. On the models furnished by the former, they built a vast number of love canzonets, very artificial in their construction, and with a most laboured multiplicity of rhymes. The general subjects, like those of their prototypes, and of Petrarch, with his host of imitators, are amatory and devotional. Both the emperor Henry and 'Conrad, the virtuous clerk,' adore the shadow, even the neighbourhood of their mistress, deplore her cruelty, and declare that nothing can induce them to break their vow of fidelity. Songs to the Virgin Mary are equally the production of Friar Eberhard of Sax, and of the doughty knight, Wolfram of Eschenbach. This is quite in the style of chivalry, and common to the poets of France and the Provence. It cannot be denied, however, that we not unfrequently meet with passages of great pathos, and descriptions very luxuriant; and that the versification is frequently wonderful, considering the age of the poems. The following almost literally-translated specimen is one of the least complicated of these songs of love. It is the production of Otto, margrave of Brandenburg, surnamed, 'with the arrow,' who died in 1298:

Make room unto my loved lady bright,^{*}
And let me view her body chaste and fair;
Emp'rours with honour may behold the sight,
And most confess her form without compare.

^{*} This will remind the readers of old poetry of a beautiful song, printed in Tottel's Miscellany, among the works of Uncertaine Auctors, beginning,—

Give place, ye ladies, and be gone,
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hand approacheth one,
Whose face will staine you all.

The song is evidently a counterpart of one among Surrey's poems, but far better than its prototype.

My heart, when all men praise her, higher swells;
 Still must I sing how far the maid excels,
 And humbly bow toward the region where she dwells.

Oh, lady Love, * be thou my messenger;
 Say I adore her from my inmost soul,
 With faith entire, and love no maid but her;
 Her beauties bright my senses all controul;
 And well she might my sorrowing fears beguile;
 If once her rosy lips on me would smile,
 My cares would all be gone, and ease my heart the while.

Two bitter woes have wounded me to death;
 Well may ye ween, all pleasures did they chace:
 The blowing flow'rs are faded on the heath;
 Thus have I sorrow from her lovely face;
 'Tis she alone can wound my heart and heal:
 But if her heart my ardent love could feel,
 No more my soul would strive its sorrows to conceal.

Beside the lays of love and devotion, the troubadours of Germany were fond of a peculiar species of composition, which they entitled Watchmen's Songs, possessing considerable variety, and a degree of sprightliness which we look for in vain among their usual productions. They generally begin with a conversation between the lover and the sentinel stationed to guard the castle wherein the lady of his heart dwells. The sentinel lends his assistance to convey the knight into her chamber, and when he feels the dews of morning arise, warns the lovers of its approach; for which unwelcome intelligence he is generally severely reproached; but, fearing the consequences, he insists upon their separation. I have ventured to present the reader

* Literally translated from the original, 'Frau Minne,' the general deity to whom the amatory poets of the age addressed their invocations.

with the following translation of one of these pieces, printed in a late collection of ballads and songs.* The general outline of the versification is the same, but it was found impossible to preserve the multiplicity of rhymes in the original.

I heard, before the dawn of day,
The watchman sing aloud,
“ If any loving ladies lay
With knightly lovers proud,
Arise! the sun will soon appear:
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,
And let the bed grow cold.

“ Brightly gleams the firmament,
In silvery splendour gay;
Rejoicing that the night is spent
The lark salutes the day:
Then fly, ye lovers, and be gone!
Take leave before the night is done,
And dangerous foes appear.”

* ‘Des Knaben Wunderhorn,’ published at Berlin, 1806, 8vo. in three volumes, by Achim von Arnim, and Clemens Brentano. The following stanza is the last, and is subjoined to give the German reader some idea of the merit of the original, and the difficulty of its measure:

Seit macht mit Fleiss, jed Fähnlein weiss, im Kampfe heiss,
Mich ihrer Lieb gedenken,
Auf Todes-Au, in rothem Thau, seh ich mein Frau
Ihr Tuechlein traurig schwenken;
Den Ring ich schau, ich stech und hau,
Hindurch ich dring, und zu ihr sing,
“ Mein Leib ist dir behalten.”

The orthography has been modernised in the printed copy, which was taken from an ancient MS. of troubadour songs. I have omitted two stanzas, and fear that the song is still of too great a length.

The watchman's call did wound my heart,
And banished my delight:
"Alas! the envious sun will part
Our loves, my lady bright!"
On me she looked with shamefast eye,
Awaking at my mournful cry,—
"Lady, we slept too long."

Straight to the window did she speed:
"Good watchman, leave thy joke!
Awake us not till o'er the mead
The morning sun has broke.
Too short, alas! the time since here
I rested with my leman dear,
In love and sweet delight."—

"Lady, be warn'd! On roof and mead
The dew-drops glitter gay;
Quickly bid thy leman speed,
Nor linger till the day;
For by the twilight did I mark
Wolves hying to their caverns dark,
And stags to covert fly."—

Now by the rising sun I viewed
In tears my lady's face:
She gave me many a token good,
And many a soft embrace.
Our parting bitterly we mourned;
The breasts which erst in rapture burned,
Were cold with woe and care.

A ring with glittering ruby red
Gave me the lady sheen,
And with me from the castle sped
Along the meadow green;

And whilst I saw my leman bright,
 She waved on high her kerchief white,
 And loud, 'To arms!' she cried.

In the raging fight each pennon white
 Reminds me of her love;
 In the field of blood, with mournful mood,
 I see her kerchief move:
 Through foes I hew whene'er I view
 Her ruby ring, and blithely sing,
 "Lady, I fight for thee!"

There are several manuscript collections of the 'Minnelieder,' (lays of love,) in different libraries. The most extensive is the one already mentioned, as preserved in the Imperial library at Paris, and published entire in the year 1758. It was made at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and therefore exactly at the close of the golden period of German romance and song, by Rudiger of Manasse, himself a troubadour, and a nobleman. The most valuable lays were selected, and somewhat modernised, by substituting modern spelling, and translating the most obsolete terms into the language of the present day, by Tieck, a poet of great merit, though too frequently carried away by his enthusiasm.² There are also manuscripts at Jena, (the greater part of which has been printed in Miller's collection, but without the music, which must be highly curious, as the MS. is of the fourteenth century,) in the abbey at Weingarten, at Bremen, Erlangen, Landshut; six among the Heidelberg MS., in the Vatican; and one in the possession of Brentano, an ingenious poet. From the latter the above specimen is taken. The codices at Colmar, at Weimar, and in

² In the original, 'Waffen!' a usual cry in the old German poems, generally used to give alarm when any danger approaches, or to encourage champions in the fight.—*Sheen*, a few lines above, is a common old English word, signifying beautiful, bright.

² Minnelieder aus dem Schwäbischen Zeitalter, Berlin, 1803, 8vo.

the possession of Professor Rudiger, at Halle, do not belong to this flourishing era.

The number of romances produced during this period is prodigious, and the length of some of them very wonderful. A catalogue, by no means complete, is prefixed to the first volume of the projected publication mentioned before, in this introduction, divided into six classes.¹ The first contains the original German cyclus of romance, which we shall treat of more at large at the end of this historical sketch. The second are those relating to Charlemagne, and, like the greater part of the remaining classes, have French originals. Of the oldest romance of Charlemagne, in the language, only a fragment has been preserved, and printed by Schilter, in the second volume of his *Thesaurus*. It was afterwards modernised, extended, and rendered very dull, by the poet Stricker. His work is printed in the same collection; and there are no less than fifteen manuscripts in existence. The romances of Ogier le Danois, Rinaldo, and Malagis (the Malagigi of Bojardo and Ariosto) are in the Vatican. Valentine and Orson has been printed, as well as two copies of Floren and Blancheflour; one in Miller's collection, and another, very short and good, in the Platt-Dutch (Lower German dialect,) by Bruns.² The large French romance of Aymeri de Narbonne (containing in the original no less than 77,000 verses,) was translated by two poets, and the two first divisions printed at Cassel, 1781 and 1784.

The fourth cyclus, of which King Arthur is the central hero, is still more extensive than the last. That monarch's own romance was translated by Henry of Turlin. One of the most curious is *Titur-el*, or the guardians of the holy Graal, by the indefatigable Wolfram of Eschenbach, which was printed in 1477. How far it coincides with the voluminous *St Grayl*, by Thomas Lonelich, in Bennet college

¹ Many readers will consider this catalogue as dry and uninteresting, but it was necessary to give it, in order to enable collectors and admirers of English metrical romances and traditionary ballads to view at once the extensive popularity of many heroes celebrated in them.

² *Romantische und andere Gedichte in Altplattdeutscher Sprache*, Berlin, 1798, 8vo.

library, Cambridge, it would be a curious matter to investigate. Percival was translated by the same poet; not, as he professes, from the false narrations of Chrétien de Troyes, but from the faithful story of the Provençal Kyot.¹ It was printed in the same year with the last, and again from an ancient MS. in Miller's collection. The adventures of Lohengrin, son of Sir Percival, are in the Vatican. The beautiful romance of Ywaine and Gawaine, by Hartmann von Aue, who flourished about 1180, very exactly coinciding with the English poem printed by Ritson, was also edited by Miller, and separately by Michaelis, a learned etymologist at Vienna. Of the famous tale of Tristrem there are no less than three translations; the principal one by Gotfried of Strasburgh, (fl. circa 1230,) which, after his death, was completed by Vriber, and is printed by Miller. Lancelot was celebrated by Ulrich of Zazichoven; and other poets wrote romances of Wigolais, Tandarius and Flordibel, Daniel of Blumenthal, and Wigamur, all of them belonging to this cyclus. The French originals of none of these are extant, and the latter, which has been printed by Hagen, is highly curious. A singular cyclical romance of Arthur's knights is the work of Furterer, a Bavarian poet of the fifteenth century. It is divided into the following thirteen sections: Of the Origin of Knighthood, from the Times of the Argonautic expedition and the Trojan war, of Merlin, Gawain and Gamuret, Tschionadulander and Sigune, Percival, Lohengrin, Florice and Wigolais, Siegfried de Ardumont, Melerance of France, Ywaine, Persybein, Poytisleir, and Lancelot.

The fifth class contains romances founded on ancient history, amongst which there are three different poems founded on Guido de Colonna's fabulous history of the Trojan war; other three relating to Alexander, besides several which are known to have existed, but are supposed to have perished.² Albrecht of Halberstadt translated

¹ See 'Metrical Romances,' Edinburgh, 1810, III. 309.

² See Romances ut supra, vol. I. Intr.

Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, and Henry of Veldeck, one of their earliest poets, wrote the *Æneis*, probably from some French original.

The sixth and last class embraces all the romances which are unconnected with any of the former. Those of German growth are, Duke Ernest of Bavaria, by Henry of Veldeck, printed by Hagen, an abstract of which may be found in the third volume of the late collection of *Metrical Romances*; Otho the Red; Henry the Lion, duke of Brunswick, (only a modernised copy of which, circulating among the common people, is extant;*) Reinfried of Brunswick, (said to refer to the imprisonment of Richard Cœur de Lion;) Frederick, duke of Austria; the crusade of Albrecht of Austria in Prussia; William of Austria; Louis of Thuringia; Frederick of Swabia; Henry of Swabia and the princess Amelberg; and the Moorish Lady. Those which refer to foreign heroes are, William of Brabant, (founded on the history of William the Conqueror;) Geoffrey of Boulogne; the daughter of the king of France; Count Mai and Belflor; Wittich of the Jordan; Partenopex and Meliura, (only two fragments;) Darifant; Apollonius of Tyre, (said to contain about 100,000 verses;) Solomon and Morolf, (printed by Hagen, which is the prototype of the popular Italian tale of Bertoldo, Bertoldino, and Cacasenno, and the French original of which is in the Imperial library at Paris;) the Seven Wise Masters; Engeldrut and Engelhart, (the same as our *Amis and Amiloun*;) St George, (printed in Hagen's collection;) Barlaam and Josaphat, and many more. Many of these, it must, however, be observed, are of a later age. A very curious romance of fairy, printed about 1480, but evidently of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, the subject of which is still popular in the south of Germany, is in the valuable library of Francis Douce, Esq., who permitted me to copy it. It seems to have escaped the notice of the German collectors. The author names himself Eckenolt, and the romance relates the marriage of the knight Peter of Stauffenberg with a mermaid. Master Eckenolt is very tedious, but a later minstrel has condensed it into

* See *Romances ut supra*, vol. III. p. 340, note †.

the shape of a ballad, printed in 1595, which has considerable poetical merit, and has been faithfully translated into the language of the romance of Ywaine and Gawaine, by Mr Robert Jamieson. His version will be found in a subsequent part of this volume.

The reader's patience has already been severely tried, and I forbear to enumerate the numerous chronicles, universal and partial, the legends of saints, the great host of fabliaux, (scarcely less considerable than that of the French *trouveurs*,) and sixty-six different didactic and moral poems. The most ancient of the latter are three printed in the second volume of Schilter; one of which, 'Der Winsbeck,' bears a striking resemblance to a poem printed by Ritson, and entitled, 'How the Wise Man taught his Son.'

When this flourishing period of German poetry and romance was past, a system of the most singular kind gradually overspread the whole country, blasting every exertion of genius, and banishing all the playful and wild products of imagination, which had hitherto ruled without controul, and flourished with irregular exuberance. Poetry was no longer cultivated by princes and nobles, and sung by minstrels in the castle halls: it transferred its seat into cities, became a severe study, and was almost confined to the horde of mechanics, who measured lines by the yard, constituted themselves into guilds, with masters, treasurers, and other officers, and in their metrical court passed judgment upon any member who did not conform to their established rules and regulations. Versifiers (for poets there were none, or but a very inconsiderable number amongst them) had to pass through the degrees of apprentice and journeyman, before they received the envied title of master. They were sent on their travels through Germany, as young mechanics in other arts are to this day. The principal schools at Strasburgh and Nuremberg were con-

¹ It is a singular circumstance that one of these, entitled, 'Der Wælsche Gast,' *i. e.* the Italian Guest, was written by Thomas Tircklere, an Italian, who chose to write in German, and who makes many excuses for the inaccuracy of his language, being a foreigner. The same circumstance gave rise to the title of his work, in which he calls upon the hospitality of the German nation to be indulgent to their 'Welsh (*i. e.* Italian) Guest.'

sidered in the light of universities, and a metrical constitution was established throughout the empire. Nor was this phenomenon merely transitory. It endured for nearly three centuries and a half, and some ruins are still to be traced of its existence, in the old-fashioned city of Nuremberg. The pedantry of the rules established by this constituted body can only be equalled by King James I.'s 'Rules and Cautels,' or by Bossu's vaunted, arrogant, and dictatorial directions for epic poets.

A few classes of poetry were, however, cultivated with considerable success, and chiefly long allegorical and satirical poems, in which the vices of the times were lashed with considerable effect; the whole being shadowed under the disguise of commonwealths established among animals. The most ancient of these, and which properly belongs to the former period, is the *Renner*, by Hugo of Trymberg, a schoolmaster at Bamberg, who flourished between the years 1260 and 1300; a long poem, formed by the concatenation of numerous fables. The next was the renowned *Reynard the Fox*, undoubtedly a translation from the French of Perot de Saint Clout, and his continuators, but formed into a regular and connected poem, of very considerable merit, written by Henry of Alkmar, who lived about 1470, in the dialect of Lower Germany, very nearly approaching to the Dutch. Amongst several imitations of this poem, I will only mention the '*Froschmæuseler*,' or the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, founded upon the mock-epic attributed to Homer, but extended to the length of nearly twenty thousand lines. It was the work of George Rollenhagen, and first appeared in the year 1595. The author frequently proves himself in possession of considerable poetical and satirical abilities. Another poem, which bears some resemblance, at least in its scope, to those just enumerated, is the *Ship of Fools*, by Sebastian Brandt, who was born at Strasburg, in 1458, and died in 1520. His work acquired great popularity, and was translated several times into Latin, as well as into French and Dutch. The English translation, by Alexander Barclay, was made confessedly "out of Laten, Frenche, and Doche,"

but chiefly from the Latin version of Locher, a pupil of the original author. The work, including the numerous German alterations of it, underwent twenty editions before the year 1626. The only romance of these times, worth mentioning, is the *Theuerdank* of Melchior Pfinzing, who lived between the years 1481 and 1531; a remarkably dull and stupid allegorical poem, on the deeds of the emperor Maximilian, and which owes the renown it has obtained entirely to the exquisite cuts in the two first editions. In the seven subsequent impressions, the text is altered, and the cuts of no value.

But the most prolific, and, at the same time, the best of the master-singers is the shoemaker Huns Sachs, who took up the awl and the pen alternately. He was born in 1494, and died in 1576. Besides 4275 master-songs which he was obliged to furnish for the trade, and which he very judiciously ordered no future editor to force into the world, he wrote no less than 6840 poems, within the period of 53 years. They were printed in five volumes, with the date of the poems annexed to each. Among them are 197 comical fabliaux, 116 allegorical, and 272 profane tales, 59 fables, 107 hymns, 64 plays for *Twelfth night*, 52 profane and 26 sacred comedies, and 28 profane and 27 sacred tragedies. This extraordinary member, both of the metrical and of the gentle craft, was a man of considerable learning, an intimate friend of Albert Durer, and of Wilibald Pirckheimer, and, by his satirical and sacred songs, contributed considerably to the advancement of the reformation.

This poet was, however, not the first who cultivated the drama of Germany. If we could reckon those who did not write in the vernacular language into the number of native dramatists, the oldest in Germany is Helena von Rossow, commonly called Hroswitha, who was a nun in the abbey of Gandersheim about the year 980, and has left six religious Latin comedies, in imitation of Terence, the popularity of whose profane plays in the monasteries they were meant to usurp. The most ancient appearance of a drama, if it can be called so, in the German language, is 'The War at Wartburg,' a kind of poetical warfare by eight ancient poets, celebrated in the year 1207.

In 1322, the tragedy of 'The Ten Virgins' was acted at Eisenach, before Frederick, landgrave of Thuringia, upon whom it had a very tragical effect. The play is not in existence. About the year 1450, Hans Rosenblut wrote six short plays for Twelfth Night, (Fastnacht-Spiele,) a kind of dramatic composition which obtained great popularity. They are very singular; and one of them, in which the Grand Sultan of Turkey gives audience to the Christian ambassadors, is still acted by puppets at the fairs. But the most curious relic of the German drama was produced in the year 1480, by Theodoricus Schernbeck, a priest, and entitled *Apotheosis Johannis VIII. Pontificis Romani*. The piece is in German rhymes, and the principal persons are, Jutta, the supposed female pope, her lover, called *Magister noster Parisiensis*, the Virgin Mary, St Nicolas, the seraphs Michael and Gabriel, *Mors*, or Death, Lucifer the prince of Devils, and his mother Lillis, with a whole host of fiends. At the opening of the drama, Lucifer convenes his diabolical attendants, one of whom sings an infernal song, during which Lillis and all the fiends join in a dance. Lucifer communicates his intention of employing Jutta, a young Englishwoman, who, in the dress of a student, was going to the university of Paris, for his ends, and dispatches two devils, Sathanas and Spiegelglantz, to her. Their tempting the virgin is the subject of the next scene. After the successful performance of their errand, they return to hell, where Sathanas is promised a fiery crown, ornamented with adders and snakes, for reward. The Clericus and Jutta are next introduced, journeying to, and arriving at Paris, where they prosecute their studies with great success, and are created doctors. Then they proceed to Rome, and are introduced by the four cardinals to Pope Basilius, into whose service they enter, and are themselves raised to the dignity of cardinals. Basilius soon after dies, and Jutta is chosen his successor. The son of a Roman senator is brought to the female pope, possessed by a devil; who, before he consents to leave the body, acquaints the cardinals with the pregnancy of Pope Jutta. In the following scene Christ complains to his mother of the sinful abomination at Rome. But Maria intercedes for mercy to the soul of Jutta, and Gabriel is sent to

advise her to leave her lewd life, and to abandon the tiara; which she promises. Death is sent to her, and warns her of her speedy dissolution. She cries for mercy to the Virgin, who appears to her, and promises to intercede for her soul. Then she is delivered of the child, and Mors kills her instantly after. The devil whom she had forced out of the body of the senator's son was waiting to seize the soul, which he carried to hell. There she was forced to drink the infernal potion, and threatened with the most merciless treatment. But she continued to call upon the Virgin for help and deliverance. In the meantime the most portentous signs had appeared at Rome. Blood had rained for three days, and earthquakes and famine had desolated the country. The cardinals go in procession, with torches and banners, and institute the famous chair for trying the virility of all future popes. The soul of Pope Jutta was in the meantime tormented by the devils, but the Virgin and St Nicolas intercede for her so effectually, that Christ sends St Michael to fetch it from hell, which enterprise he accomplishes with considerable difficulty. The drama ends with the soliloquy of the delivered soul. Notwithstanding the great incongruity of the plot, there is considerable merit in the execution, and some humour in the dialogues between the devils.

With the exception of some fine church hymns, by Luther and several of his cotemporaries, there occurs no one among the German metrifiers, from the time of Hans Sachs, worthy of mention, till the appearance of Opitz, Fleming, and Weckherlin, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, and produced some poems of the very first rank, particularly the former, who obtained the name of father of German poesy. But their successors, till within the last fifty years, are worthy of no regard whatever.

SECT. II.—*Of the Teutonic Cyclus of Romance.*

Before we enter into a general investigation of this comprehensive class of romances, and attempt to trace their connection amongst them-

selves, and with their romantic brethren of the North, we shall prefix an enumeration of such as are in existence at present, in the different libraries, and dwell peculiarly upon those of which abstracts are presented to the reader in this volume. For this purpose we shall follow the arrangement of Hagen, in the collection of ancient German poems mentioned above, which comprehends all those that have been hitherto discovered, with the exception of the oldest fragment extant of any of them, in prose. This, on account of its extreme antiquity, will be given entire in the Appendix, with a Latin and English literal translation. It is in the dialect of Lower Germany, approaching very nearly to the Anglo-Saxon, and was printed in J. G. Eccardi *Commentar. de rebus Franciæ Orientalis*, (tom. I. p. 864,) with a Latin translation, and a very extensive body of notes, from a MS., which once belonged to the abbey of Fulda, from whence it was transferred to the library of the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. The age of the MS., according to the learned editor, is the eighth century, and the romance, of which it is a short fragment, seems to have been produced in the times of paganism, as the principal hero, Hildebrand, invokes Irmin, the god of war amongst the Teutonic nations. The fragment consists of a dialogue between Hildebrand, (who is one of the heroes in all these romances) and his son Hatubrand, which ends in a combat between them, and seems to have been the original of the song of Hildebrand, mentioned in the ensuing list, (No. 13,) a translation of which will likewise be found in the Appendix.

1. The first among the romances of this cyclus, not in point of the time of its production, but in priority of the events recorded in it, consists of the adventures of Otnit, and of Hugh and Woldietrich, and forms the first and second part of the great Book of Heroes, or Legend of Champions; an abstract of which is given in this volume. Besides this romance, it contains two other portions, enumerated in this list, (No. 7, 8.) There are several manuscripts of this extensive work in the Vatican at Rome, at Strasburg, Vienna, Frankfort, &c. It was first printed in the fifteenth century, without date, and reprinted, with little variation, in the years 1491, 1509, 1545, 1560, and

1590; all of these editions having wooden cuts tolerably executed. From a transcript of the last, the present abstract has been taken. The author of the two first divisions (and probably also of the third) of this work is the knight Wolfram of Eschenbach, born in Bavaria, who flourished about 1207, and was patronised chiefly by the landgrave of Thuringia. He was a most prolific poet. Besides the present work, he is asserted to be author of *Titurel*, or the *Guardians of the Holy Graal*, of *Percival*, *William of Oranse*, *Lohengrin*, *Duke Frederick of Swabia*, the *History of the Emperors*, and *Godfrey of Bouillon*, all of them poems of great length.

2. *Etzel's Hofhaltung*, or *The Court of Etzel*, (*Attila*;) exists at Dresden, in MS.

3. *Dietrich and Sighebot*; was printed in the years 1490, 1577, 1613, and 1677.

4. *Ecken Ausfahrt*, the *Expedition of the Ecken*; printed in 1491, 1512, and 1577.

5. *The Earlier Combats of Dietrich and his Champions*, in MS., at the Vatican.

6. *Romance of the youthful Adventures of the Horny Siegfried*; printed at Nuremberg, without date. It relates the same adventures of this hero which are the subject of a popular book still very current in Germany. The hero leaving his father, wanders about for many days, till, driven by hunger, he is forced to work for a smith; but his strength is so prodigious, that he splits the anvil with the first stroke. The smith gives him some blows, and he in return throws him to the ground. In order to be revenged upon the young apprentice, the smith sends him, under pretence of fetching charcoal, to a forest, inhabited by his brother, who had been transformed into the shape of a dragon. But Siegfried tore out several trees, threw them on the monster, and then set fire to the pile. The fat of the dragon run upon the ground like a rivulet, and Siegfried accidentally dipping his finger in, and finding it become of a horny consistence, bathed his whole body in the fat, and thus rendered it invulnerable, with the exception of a place on his back, where a leaf happening to stick, prevented the

fat from having its due effect. (See the Nibelungen.) Afterwards he releases the daughter of King Gilibaldus, who dwelt upon the Rhine, from a dragon who had ravished her from her father's court; and achieves many other adventures with wild beasts, giants, and dwarfs. He is married to the princess, and killed by the envy of her three brothers, in the same manner as in the Nibelungen.

7. The Great Garden of Roses at Worms, which forms the third division of the Book of Heroes. Another poem on the same subject, but differing widely from the printed copy, is at Strasburg, and in the Vatican.

8. The little Garden of Roses, or Laurin, King of the Dwarfs, being the fourth and last part of the Book of Heroes. It was the production of Henry of Ofterdingen, a cotemporary of Eschenbach's, and a citizen of Eisenach. A copy, greatly enlarged, has been printed from a Copenhagen MS., by Nyerup, (*Symbolæ ad Lit. Teut. Antiq. Havniæ*, 1787, p. 1—82.)

9. The Duke of Aquitania exists in MS. at Vienna, and is probably either the original, or a translation of a very curious Latin poem, which appears to have been written by a monk. It was printed by Professor Fischer in 1780, under this title,—*De prima expeditione Attilæ, regis Hunnorum, in Gallias, ac de rebus gestis Waltharii Aquitanorum principis, Carmen epicum seculæ VI.*, from a manuscript of the thirteenth century. Another edition was given by Molter, in 1798. The poem opens with the praise of Attila and his expedition from Pannonia. Gibicho, king of the Franks, sends the youth Hagano, a descendant of the Trojans, with rich treasures, to deprecate his wrath. Herrik, king of Burgundy, whose residence is at Cauillon, beyond the Aar and Rhone, gives his daughter Hiltegund as hostage to Attila, and Alphere, king of Aquitania, sends his son Walther for the same purpose. Hiltegund, Hagano, and Walther are educated at the Hunnish court, and to the former the royal jewels are given in charge. Meantime King Gibicho dies, and his son Gunthar refuses to do homage to the Huns, which Hagano hearing, he flies from Attila. Walther persuaded the princess Hiltegund to accompany him in his

flight. She filled two chests with golden rings from the treasury ; and they took occasion to effect their purpose during a feast. Walther rode on his horse Leo, armed after the manner of the Huns, with a two-edged sword on his left, and a one-edged one on his right side. The princess rode on another horse with the treasure. They only travelled during the night, and arrived in a fortnight at Vuormatia, (Worms,) the residence of the Frankish king. Walther gave some fishes which he had caught by the way to the ferryman who had ferried them over the Rhine, which the latter brought to the royal table. Gunthar knowing them not to be the produce of the Rhine, and inquiring how he obtained them, heard of the arrival of the knight and the princess, and of the two chests, which, from the sound they emitted, appeared to contain gold. Hagano, by the description, recognised his fellow Walther ; but King Gunthar resolved to seize on the treasures, and indemnify himself for those his father had sent to Attila. He accordingly assembled his champions, and pursued Walther, whom he overtook in the forest of Vagovia. In a place where two rocky mountains formed a narrow cave, the Aquitanian prince was attacked, after he had refused to give up the treasure ; notwithstanding Hagano had used every exertion to prevent the combat, the evil consequence of which to the king he had beheld in a dream. For this counsel he was upbraided as a coward by the king, and sullenly retired to a neighbouring hill, where he beheld the fight. Of the other eleven champions who had accompanied Gunthar, eight defied Walther, one after another, and were all felled to the ground by him. The remaining three use a very curious weapon, which is described in several chronicles of the Franks, against him. They throw a trident with strings at his feet, and endeavour to cast him to the ground, and then to murder him. But he stands firm, and kills them all. Gunthar flies to Hagano, who is reconciled to him, and advises him to get Walther into a snare, by a feigned retreat. Walther not suspecting the stratagem, remains in a cave, and in the morning, when he issued to proceed on his journey, is attacked by the king and Hagano. The former soon falls before the Aquitanian, and fractures his thigh-bone ; and the latter, after having struck off his

opponent's right hand, had his head opened, and his right eye thrust out, by the poniard of Walther. Then the three heroes reconcile themselves, drink together on the field of battle, and joke upon the loss of their limbs. The Franks return to Worms, and Walther to Aquitania, where he reigned in peace for thirty years.—The subject of this poem is alluded to, towards the conclusion of the Song of the Nibelungen; and a very similar story occurs in the 86th and the following chapters of the Wilkina-Saga, an account of which will be given in p. 28, &c. There the hero is called Walther of Waskastein, which name he also bears in the third part of the Book of Heroes. Fischer judges the poem to have been written in the sixth century. It was probably produced in the time of King Pepin. The MS. at Carlsruhe appears to be of the ninth century; and in the chronicle of the abbey of Novalesse, founded in the eighth century, at the foot of Mont Cenis, printed by Muratori, and by him judged to have been compiled about 1060, an account is given of Walther, son of Alfer, king of Aquitania, who was a monk in that monastery, and underwent similar adventures. A quotation is given in the chronicle from the Latin poem. The principal heroes of it also occur in the Nibelungen and the Book of Heroes, but there, instead of Franks, they are Burgundians.

10 and 11. The Flight of Dietrich to the Huns, and his vain endeavour to recover his realm. Both in a MS. of the Vatican, transcribed in 1477.

12. The Song of the Nibelungen, and the Lament. Of this most ancient among the Teutonic metrical romances, there are three MSS. at St Gallen, Hohenems, and Munich. The latter half, with the Lament, was printed separately by Bodmer; and the whole in Miller's collection, mentioned above. A new edition, in which the orthography and the principal antiquated words have been modernised, but the versification and the antique cast of the language retained, was published in 1807, by Hagen.¹ From a comparison of

¹ We have to regret that the copy which has reached us wants the introduction, which would have given us great light upon the history of the poem, and its connection with Scandinavian romances, as the learning of M. v. d. Hagen insures the great research of his investigations.

the latter with the old copy in Miller, the abstract in this volume has been made. It is not easy to determine in what age the poem was written, and the author is unknown. At the end of the Lament, which is in a different measure, and was probably written by a different person, and in a subsequent period, the author of that poem names himself Conrad; from which evidence Miller very absurdly concluded the whole to be the work of Conrad of Wuerzburg, who did not flourish till the years 1280 and 1300. I have no doubt whatever that the romance itself is of very high antiquity, at least of the eleventh century, though certainly the present copy has been considerably modernized. It will be seen immediately that it is quoted in the Wilkina-Saga, as being very ancient at the time that work was compiled, which was about the year 1250.

13. The Song of Master Hildebrand. The oldest copy is at Dresden, in MS. From an ancient edition, in which it has been considerably shortened; it was reprinted by Eschenburg, and a translation of the latter will be found in the Appendix, No. II. The chief value of the ballad, besides that of the poetry, is its coinciding so nearly with the ancient prose-fragment already mentioned.¹

14. King Rother; a very ancient poem, which has lately been published from the only manuscript of it which is known, in the Heidelberg library, at the Vatican. It forms, as it were, an intermediate chain between the German cyclus of romance and that of Charlemagne. The hero is the grandfather of that emperor, and the father of Pepin. Almost the same story, but attributed to a different set of actors, occurs in the Wilkina-Saga, (p. 113—132.) The German editor supposes, with great probability, that it was produced in the first half of the twelfth century. The antiquity of the language, and the rudeness of the versification and of the rhymes, which are very similar to those used in the poem of St Anno, mentioned above, vouch for the truth of his supposition. The fable of the poem is so singular, that an abstract of it deserves to be given to the English public.

¹ In the Danish Kæmpe Viser there is a literal translation of the ballad.

It will now be necessary to give some account of the Scandinavian romances and poems, in which the same heroes, and very similar actions occur. The oldest mention of this cyclus, in that language, is in the Flateyan Codex, at Copenhagen, written in the fourteenth century. There it is related by the historian Gunlog, how, at the court of King Olaf Tryggvin, who first introduced the Christian religion in Norway, about the year 1000, the poems of the Edda, the second ode of Sigurd, who had killed the smith, that of Brynhildar's ride to hell, (translated partly by the Hon. W. Herbert,') that of Gudrunar Ruida, and, finally, the song of Gunnar, were sung to the harp. Of these four poems, only the three first are preserved in the Edda of Sæmund. In these pieces, which have not as yet been published, as well as in the Wolsunga-and Norna-Gest's Sagas, printed in the valuable collection entitled, *Nordiska Kæmpe Datter* by Biørner, Brynhildr is a mythological personage, one of the Valkyriæ, not a mere mortal virgin, as in the Teutonic romances. She is the daughter of Budla, king of the Saxons and Franks, and lived in a lonely castle, encircled by the fire Vafirloga. The Sigurd of the Edda, according to Warnefrid, was the son of Sigmund, king of Hunnenland and of Hiordisa, and had two wives, Brynhildr, and Gudruna Grimhild, daughter of Giuko, (the Gibich of the German Book of Heroes,) king of Niflungaland. His daughter Aslœg was the wife of the celebrated Regner Lodbrog. According to this account, Sigurd must have lived in the eighth century; but the Hyndlu Lioth, in the Edda,² makes him a cotemporary of Jormunrek, (the Ermanrek of the Wilkina-Saga,) and therefore also of Dietrich of Bern, which is more consonant to the Teutonic romances. For an abstract of the Wolsunga-Saga, which may be considered as a digest of the Scandinavian traditions, respecting these celebrated heroes, the reader is referred to the elegant work of Mr Herbert.⁴ The discussion of the question respecting the relative

¹ Miscellaneous Poetry, Vol. II. Part II. p. 14.

² Edda rhythmica seu antiquior, vulgo Sæmundina dicta, Pars. I. Hafniæ, 1787, 4to. Præf. p. xxxviii.

³ Ibid, p. 331.

⁴ Misc. Poet. ut supra, pp. 20—33.

antiquity of these and of the Teutonic traditions is reserved till the end of the following enumeration of the other remains in the northern languages.

Saxo Grammaticus, who wrote about the year 1200, relates, that Magnus, the younger son of the Danish king Nicolas, conspired against the life of his elder brother Canute, to prevent his succeeding to the throne of his father, and sent a Saxon minstrel, one of the conspirators, to invite Canute to a conference, at which he was to be slain. But the minstrel had compassion on Canute, and having sworn not to betray the secret, he chaunted, in order to give him an indirect warning, the well-known treachery of Grimhild towards her brothers, formed into a well-ordered poem. This poem is probably still extant; for in the valuable collection of Danish ballads entitled *Kæmpe Viser*, there are three which relate the revenge of Grimhild, or Chrimhild, very little differing, as to the facts, from the Teutonic romances. But the scene, which in these, as well as the older Scandinavian romances, is laid upon the Rhine, is here transferred to the island of Hvena,¹ situated between Zealand and Sconia, and celebrated in latter times by the residence of Tycho de Brahe. One of these very curious and ancient ballads will be found in a subsequent part of this volume, translated by Mr Jamieson, together with some others relative to these heroes, whose popularity was nearly as extensive as that of Charlemagne and Arthur.

The most comprehensive of the romances in the Scandinavian tongue is the *Wilkina-and Niflunga-Saga*,² which is, however, to be considered entirely as a Teutonic work. It is, in fact, a digest of several metrical romances in the latter dialect of the Gothic, in the same manner as Malory's *Mort Arthur* was formed from the French romances. In several passages there is a direct reference to far more ancient Teu-

¹ Perhaps the reason of this variation may be accounted for, by the corruption of Heu-naland, the land of the Huns, which is so called in the Teutonic romances, as well as in some of the Scandinavian, into the island of Hvena.

² *Wilkina Saga, eller Historien om Kong Thiderich af Bern och hans Kæmpar; samt Niflunga Saga, &c.* Published by Peringskiöld. Stockholm, 1715, fol., with a Latin and Swedish translation.

tonic songs and poems, from which it was compiled. Thus in the 328th chapter, where Queen Ostacia sends an army of wild beasts, such as lions, bears, and dragons, German songs and poems are quoted as authority.¹ Again, in the Niflunga-Saga, chapter 363² and 367,³ similar references occur. And in the Blomsturwalla-Saga it is said that "the History of King Thidrik was first written in Germany, and afterwards brought to Norway by Master Bicorn i Nidaros, who was bishop of Norway." He was sent by King Hackan Hackanson, about 1250, to the court of Frederick II., emperor of Germany, whose brother was to espouse Christina, the daughter of King Hackan. At the German court he heard the history read, and brought it with him to Norway, where it was translated into Scandinavian. Several manuscripts were preserved. One of them seems to be nearly of the age in which the bishop lived. The following is a bare outline of this extraordinary romance, a more dilated abstract of which should certainly be given to the public. In order to exhibit the connection of the Teutonic romances, it was, however, deemed eligible to exhibit some general account of it in this place. The preface to the Book of Heroes relates several parts of the Saga which are not at present known to be extant in German, shortly, but with considerable variations.

The romance begins with the history of the doughty knight Sam-

¹ Sva seigir i kvædum Thyderskum, at hennar hær væri likur fiocedum sialfom, oc hon sialf var oc sem einn flugdreki. i. e. The German songs say that her armies were like the devils themselves, and she herself was in the shape of a fire-drake.

² Sva er sagt i Thydeskum kvædum, &c. German poems speak of the bloody fight between Thidrik and the Niflungen, and how the sword Eckisax resounded on the helmets.

³ Hier ma nu hæyra frasogn Thydeskra manna, &c. Worthy of notice are those German songs of the inhabitants of Susa, [so the residence of Attila is called in this romance,] where these memorable actions happened. They can tell where Hogen fell, where Irung was slain, and where the dungeon was where King Gunnar was killed: They show the garden, which is still called the Niflung-Garden, where the heroes were slain, &c. And men of Munster and Bremen, worthy of belief, relate the same facts, without knowing any thing of the others, almost without variation; from which may be deduced the fidelity of the histories sung in poems in the Teutonic tongue, to the commemoration of the deeds of illustrious men. (Oc er that mest eptir thvi sem seigia forkvædi i Thyderskri tunga, er giort hafa storir menn umm thau stortidendi er i thessu landi hafa ordit.)

son, born in the city of Salerno, who became enamoured of Hildevida, daughter of Rodger Jarl, lord of that city, with whom he escaped from her father's court, and killed him and King Brunstein, his brother. Then he became king of the Goths, and begot three sons; Ermenrek, king of the Goths in Puli, (Apulia,) Thietmar, king of Bern, (Verona,) and a natural son, named Aka Orlungatrost. After the death of Samson, Thietmar married Odilia, the daughter of Elsung Jarl, and begot the celebrated Thidrek, (Dietrich, Theoderic,) of Bern, king of Aumlungaland, (Italy,) who is the central hero of this whole connection of histories, which relates successively the deeds of the champions who attached themselves to him, and the manner in which they joined his fellowship. The first of these was Hildebrand, son of Reginbald, duke of Venice, who came to the court of Thietmar at the age of five; Thidrek being at the time seven years old. A strict intimacy between the boys took place, and when they grew up to manhood they achieved several adventures, the most remarkable of which was their making the dwarf Alpris¹ captive, and their obtaining, by his assistance, the valuable sword Nagelring. The next hero who joins the fraternity, after being subdued in battle by Thidrek, was Heimer, the son of Studo, who dwelt beyond the Alps, near Segard, the castle of the Lady Brynhild, famed for her matchless beauty.

The history of the third champion, Vidga, (the Wittich of the Book of Heroes,) is next related. His remote ancestor was Wilkinus, king of Wilkinaland, (Sweden,) who, by a sea-monster, begot the giant Wada, who lived in Sealand, and had a son called Velint, one of the most excellent smiths who ever lived. His father hearing of the great skill of the smith Mimer, in Hunaland, sent him thither in his ninth year, where he learnt the trade at the same time with the celebrated Sigurd, (Siegfried.) Afterwards he prosecuted his study with the dwarfs in a mountain, and there reached the summit of his art. His father was killed by the fall of a rock, occasioned by an earthquake, which his tremendous snoring produced.² Velint proceed-

¹ A very similar adventure occurs in the first part of the Book of Heroes, which see.

² This ludicrous adventure is very like one of the god Thor, in the twenty-third chapter of the prose Edda, translated by Goranson.

ed to the court of Nidung, king of Waringia, living in Jutland, at whose court he was challenged by the smith Amilias to a trial of skill. The latter fabricated a suit of armour. Velint forged the sword Mimung in seven days, with which he cut a thread of wool, floating on the water, asunder, in the presence of the king. But finding the falchion heavy and unweildy, he sawed it in pieces, and, in a mixture of milk and meal, forged it in a red-hot fire for three days, and at the end of thirteen produced another sword, which cut through a whole ball of wool floating on the water. Still he was not satisfied with its goodness, but committed it again to the flames, and after seven weeks, having separated every particle of dross from the metal, fabricated a falchion of such exquisite goodness, that it split a whole bundle of wool, floating on the water, in two. The smith Amilias trusting to the impenetrability of his breastplate and helmet, sat down upon a bench, and bade his rival strike at him with the sword. But Velint split him to the navel; and when he complained that he felt as if cold iron had passed through his entrails, Velint bade him shake himself a little, upon which his body fell to the ground in two pieces.¹ Velint afterwards assisted King Nidung in his wars, and obtained his daughter in marriage; but, by the order of the king, he was mutilated. After several other adventures, which would occupy too much room in this introduction, to particularize them separately, Velint begot a son, named Vidga, who, going to seek adventures when he had attained to manhood, fought with several of Thidrek's knights, and at last succeeded in vanquishing that hero himself, upon which he joined his company of champions. After the wounds had been cured which Thidrek had received from the sword Mimung, he undertook a peregrination in search of adventures, anxious to recover his fame, which had been tarnished in the late engagement. In this expedition he killed Eckka, and obtained from him the celebrated sword Eckisax; disarmed Fasold, and rescued Sintram from the jaws of a dragon; both of whom become his sworn companions.

¹ This singular story was adopted into the Edda by Sæmund, under the title of Vœlundarquida.

After this an episode is introduced respecting the wars of Wilimer, and of his four giants, Aspilian, Aventrod, Etgeir, and Widolf, (the latter of whom is so strong, that in time of peace he is led by a chain,) against the Russians; and, after that, the battles of Osantrix, king of Wilkina-land, and his obtaining Oda, the daughter of Melias, king of Hunaland, for his spouse.¹ After the death of King Melias, Attila, the younger son of Osid, king of Frisia, made himself master of his dominions, while his brother obtained those of their father. Attila sent Rodolf,² margrave of Bechelar, to Osantrix, demanding his daughter Erka in marriage. But his request being refused, he invaded the territory of Osantrix. Rodolf, however, went in disguise to Wilkinaburg, the residence of the latter, and persuaded the virgin to elope with him. She was brought to Attila, who made her his queen. After this follows the history of Walter of Waskastein, and his elopement with Hildegund, very nearly coinciding with the fable of the Latin epic, an abstract of which has already been given. In the meantime an altercation had happened between Heimer and Vidga. The former joined a robber named Ingram, who molested the forest of Falster, (a Danish isle near Zealand, here described as a forest lying between Saxony and Denmark.)

The sixth hero who joined the society of Thidrek was Thetlef, the son of Bitterulf, who dwelt in Denmark and Sconia.³ After the father and son had driven Heimer and his associates from their haunts, the latter was knighted, and proceeded in search of adventures. He fought duels with Sigurd the Grecian, and with Walter of Waskastein, and then joined the knights of Thidrek. Soon after, the old king Thietmar died, and left the inheritance of his dominions to Thidrek. Wildifer and Herbrand, two illustrious heroes, join the chivalrous association. The wars of Osantrix and Attila had continued with

¹ This is the part of the fable which has nearly the same subject with King Rother. See above, p. 26.

² The Rudiger of the Nibelungen.

³ Dietlieb and his father Bitterolf are mentioned, in the third and fourth parts of the Book of Heroes, as dwelling in Styria.

varied success, but the latter, craving and obtaining the assistance of Thidrek, vanquished his opponent in a bloody battle. Vidga, however, fell into the power of the Swedes; but his friend Wildifer released him out of captivity by a stratagem.

Now the celebrated Sigurd (Siegfried) is introduced into the circle of heroes who assemble round Thidrek of Bern. His father, Sigmund, king of Jarlungaland, obtained the hand of Sisile, daughter of the Spanish king Nidung. Being forced to leave her during an expedition which he undertook for the relief of Drasolf, king of the Poles, he gave her in charge to his two counsellors, Hartvin and Herman. They prove unfaithful in their charge, and not being able to obtain their desires, accuse the queen of adultery, on the return of Sigmund, who orders her to be executed. She is led away by the two counts, but they cannot agree in what manner to deprive her of life: A battle is the consequence, in which Hartvin is killed. The queen had meanwhile been delivered of a boy, whom she had laid into a drinking-cup of glass. Hartvin, when he fell dead on the ground, accidentally threw the cup into the river, which when the queen beheld, she instantly died of grief.¹ Herman returning to the court, related the manner of her death, and that of his fellow, which exciting the suspicion of Sigmund, he ordered him immediately to quit his sight. The child was found floating on the river by the celebrated smith Mimer, by him rescued, and educated in his smithy. But the boy acquired prodigious strength, and continually quarrelled with the others who worked there, so that Mimer began to fear him, and in order to be rid of so troublesome a workman, sent him into a forest haunted by his brother Regin, who, for his malice, had been metamorphosed into a dragon. Sigurd, however, killed the monster, and boiled a piece of his body for his food. He put his finger into the broth, and bringing it, in order to cool it, to his tongue, a few drops fell upon it.

¹ This part of the story is very similar to the beautiful legend of St Genevieve. The reader may compare the history of Sigurd, as here related, with that contained in the German popular book, a short abstract of which is given above, and with that given in the Wolsunga-Saga and the Edda.

He instantly understood the language of the birds,¹ who were just conversing about the danger in which he stood from the anger of Mimer, the brother of the dragon. Sigurd, warned by their conversation, returned to the smith, and killed him. Then he proceeded to the castle of Brynhild, threw down the seven gates, and took away the wild horse Grana, which was grazing in a meadow. Then he entered into the service of Isung, king of Bertangaland.²

About the same time flourished the three sons of Aldrian, king of Niflungaland,³ and of Oda, his queen, Gunnar, Gernoz, and Gissler. Hogen was also the son of Queen Oda, but was the produce of a connection she had had with an elf, (Alfur.) He was a hero of a fierce and angry disposition, just as he is described in the Nibelungen. These four heroes proceeded to Bern, where Gunnar and Hogen joined the fellowship of Thidrek. The latter celebrated a feast, at which he, with Gunnar, Hogen, Hildebrand, and Hornbog Jarl, sat upon the right side of the table, and Widga the strong, Aumlung, the son of Hornbog, Thetlef, Fasold, Sintram, Wildifer, Herbrand, denominated the wise, on account of his distant peregrinations, and Heimer the fierce, who was the Ganelon of the society, sat upon the left. During the feast, Thidrek and his twelve champions conversing of deeds of arms, Herbrand related to them how King Isung of Bertangaland had eleven sons, and that the matchless Sigurd was also at his court; that their swords and steeds were superior to those of the champions of Bern, and that they were more bold and heroic than themselves. A trial of their comparative skill was immediately concluded on. The knights proceed on the expedition, during which Vidga slays the giant Etgeir,⁴ on the frontiers. When they arrived they defied Isung,

¹ From this circumstance it would seem as if this part of the romance was oriental. Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II., who died in 1003, is said, by William of Malmesbury, among other magic arts, to have learned the language of birds from the Moors at Seville.

² Peringskiold translates this, Britannia.

³ The country about Worms, called in the German romances Burgundy.

⁴ See the Danish ballad of the Ettin Langshanks, in this volume.

his sons, and Sigurd, to do battle with them.¹ Hildebrand, Heimer, Hogen, Sintram, and Gunnar are vanquished and bound, but Vidga and Thetlef are more fortunate against their opponents, and release their captive companions. The final and most obstinate combat takes place between Thidrek and Sigurd, which is thrice renewed, but at length the former remains victor, having borrowed Mimung, the sword of Vidga. Aumlung espouses Fallborg, the daughter of King Isung, and Sigurd joins the twelve knights of Bern. Upon their return, Hornbog, with his son Aumlung, Sintram, and Herbrand, return home to their dominions.

After this, the nuptials between Sigurd and Grimhild, the sister of Gunnar, and of that king with Brynhild, are related shortly, and nearly in the same manner as in the Nibelungen, excepting the expedition to Isenland, and the trial of skill between Brunhild and Siegfried. Sigurd, however, actually takes advantage of lying by the side of Brynhild, and subduing her, as proxy for Gunnar. After these marriages several episodes are introduced, which have but little connection with the main action. The first relates the death of Herthegn, by the hand of his brother Sintram, and the elopement of their third brother, Herburt, with Hilder, the daughter of Artus, king of Bertangaland; which forms a singular connection between the Teutonic cyclus of romance, and that of which King Arthur is the central hero. Then the marriage of Thidrek himself, with the daughter of King Drusian, follows. Her two younger sisters are espoused by Thetlef and Fasold, two of his champions. After this triple espousal, the constructor of this chain of fictions returns somewhat confusedly to King Artus, who, at his death, left his empire, to his two sons, Iron and Apollonius; but they were expelled by Isung and his eleven sons, who have been already mentioned. They fled to Attila, by whom they were well received. Apollonius was created earl of Thuringia, and Iron earl of Brandenburg. Solomon was at that time king of the Franks, and the young earl of Thuringia fell in love with his daughter, with whom he eloped,

¹ This portion of the work is very similar to the third part of the Book of Heroes.

assisted by his brother Iron, and his wife. The latter soon after died. After this, the two earls and the king made continual chaces and depredations in each others' forests. At length Apollonius died, and Iron was made prisoner by Solomon, but reconciled to him by his wife, who shortly after died. Then he had an amour with Bolfriana, in Fritilaborg, wife of the duke Ake Orlungatrost, by whom he was killed. Ake was half-brother to Ermenrek, and dying soon after, the strong knight Vidga married his widow, and thus became vassal to that king who bore the crown at Rome, his dominions extending far on both sides of the Alps.

Ermenrek had one day dispatched his counsellor Sifka to a distant castle, and took the opportunity of his absence to ravish Odilia, his wife. When Sifka returned, and heard of the crime perpetrated by the king, he resolved to obtain revenge in the most studied and malicious way. By false insinuations he persuaded the king to cause his own three sons, and then the two of Ake Orlungatrost, who had been left to the care of Vidga, to be murdered during the absence of the latter.* Sifka then advised Ermenrek to demand tribute of King Thidrek, and when it was denied, to invade his territories. The latter, not able to withstand him, was forced to fly, and abandon Bern, and to seek shelter with Attila. For thirty years he fought the battles of that king with him, against Osantrix, king of Wilkinaland, who was slain, and Waldemar, king of Russia. Queen Erka at last persuaded Attila to assist Thidrek in an attempt to recover his kingdom, which, however, proved fruitless. Thidrek was defeated, his youngest brother Thetter, and Erp and Ortwin, the two sons of Attila, were killed by Vidga, who, flying from Thidrek, was drowned in a river. Queen Erka died soon after of grief.

Here the Niflunga-Saga begins with the altercation of the two queens, Brynhild and Grimild, and the fable proceeds nearly in the same manner as that of the Nibelungen, and with very few variations, excepting Hogen's living some days in the dungeon, and be-

* The beautiful popular story of Eckard the True bears great resemblance to this tale.

getting a son, Aldrian,¹ who revenges the death of his father upon Attila, by enticing him into the treasury of the Niblungen, and shutting him up in it. Grimild, according to this narration, was killed by the hand of Thidrek.

A short episode is introduced in the Niflunga-Saga, which relates the warfare between King Isung of Bertangaland, and Hertnid, son of Osantrix and king of Wilkinaland, in which the former, and his eleven sons, were killed by the enchantment of Ostacia, the wife of Hertnid, who conjured up an army of fiends and war-wolfs, commanding them herself, in the shape of a dragon. Fasold the Proud, and Thetlef the Dane, who served in the army of Isung, were also slain. The magic queen, after her return from the battle, sickened, and died.

After the heroes had fallen at Susa, the residence of Attila, to gratify the revenge of Grimild, and no one of Thidrek's companions being left alive but Hildebrand, he resolved to return to Bern, accompanied by the latter, whose son, Alebrand, had that castle in his possession. On their road thither they heard of the death of King Ermenrek. When Hildebrand came to Bern, he met with his son, with whom he fought a severe battle, before they recognised each other.² Alebrand gave up the castle to Thidrek, killed Sifka in a battle, in which the latter endeavoured to drive Thidrek from his possessions, and became his faithful servant till his death. Thidrek was crowned emperor at Rome, and, together with Hildebrand, embraced the Christian faith. The latter soon afterwards died, at the age of 180, or, according to others, 200 years. Thidrek having lost his wife Herraud, a relation of Attila's, reigned many years, amusing himself chiefly with the chase.³

¹ See the Danish ballad of Grimild's Wrack, in this volume.

² This chapter, the 376th, bears great similarity to the Song of Hildebrand, and the ancient Teutonic fragment in the Appendix.

³ A singular passage occurs in the Annals of Snorro, where he relates the history of Widfor, or Magus Jarl. Charlemagne having heard much of those ancient heroes, Dietrich of Bern, Vidgo, the son of Velint, Gunnar the Niflung, Isung, and the northern hero Haldan, wished to see them. A magician immediately, by a spell, brought them all before the emperor, armed, sitting on their war-horses, and marching in three rows. Among the

The comparison of this extensive chain of fiction, certainly grounded upon historic truth, with the ensuing abstracts of the principal German romances, and with the real Scandinavian remains mentioned above, will lead to curious investigations, but a positive and undeniable result can hardly be expected at present. The subject is comparatively so new, and the means of complete investigation so difficult of access, that we must content ourselves chiefly with hypothetical conclusions. The most rational way of accounting for the wide diffusion of these romantic tales, is, perhaps, to consider them as a congeries of Gothic fictions of various times, (some of them possibly imported from Asia, at the time of the emigration of the Goths from thence,) engrafted upon real history; and as a confusion of fictions and actual facts, produced by continual addition to the real original foundation. We have seen that there is unquestionable authority to prove the existence of some parts, at least, of this cyclus of romance in the eighth and ninth century; and there is reason to believe that they were popular a considerable time, perhaps two centuries, before. The singular question, whether they owed their origin to the Teutonic Goths, or to their northern brethren, we have some data to determine. The residence of the principal heroes is placed, even in the older Scandinavian romances on the subject, in Germany; and that of Lady Grimild was not transferred to the Danish islands till the time when the popular ballads of Denmark were produced. It is true that the mythological cast which the fictions acquired in Scandinavia, and the magic name of the Edda, may startle our belief in their Teutonic origin; but there are such stubborn facts against deducing them from Scandinavia, that the claims of the former certainly carry more weight. It is well known that the most ancient Edda (if we except the Voluspa and a few fragments) was compiled by Sæmund, who was born about 1054, and studied for several years in Germany, at Erlangen and Cologne.

twelve spectres, Dietrich, who was the third, and appeared more powerful and gigantic than the rest, leaped from his horse. His example was followed by the others, and they all seated themselves around the throne of Charlemagne.

It requires no great stretch of hypothesis to suppose that he might have adopted some of the Teutonic traditions into his mythological collection, particularly as in those portions which refer to Brynhild, Gunnar, Grimhild, and Sigurd, the scene is placed on the Rhine, and in Saxony. But even without having recourse to this supposition, the antiquity of the fragment so often referred to, and of the Latin epic analysed above, is evidently greatly superior to any thing which the Scandinavians can show upon positive proof. To this may be added, that the most extensive Saga on these subjects, in their language, is professedly a compilation from ancient Teutonic metrical romances and songs.

Of the historical origin of the great epic Song of the Nibelungen, (for the Book of Heroes, though placed before that poem, on account of its relating the actions of older heroes, was evidently compiled in much later times, and is far more fabulous,) a few data and coincidences are all that can be expected. Attila (there named Etzel) needs no explanation; and it is well known that he had Thuringia, Poland, and Wallachia under his dominion, as related in the poem. His wife Halche, the Herka of the Wilkina-Saga, is mentioned in the fragments of the embassy of Priscus to that king, where she is named Erca. In the Hungarian chronicle of Thwartz, Dietrich, (that is, rich in people, afterwards corrupted into Theodericus, but by Procopius always spelt *Θευδεργιχ*,) not the celebrated Theoderic, king of the Ostrogoths, but one of his predecessors, who lived 80 years before, is represented as fighting with an army composed of Ostrogoths, Germans, and Longobards, against the Huns, at their first irruption into Europe, by whom he was defeated, and forced to join Attila with his own forces, as in the Wilkina-Saga and the Nibelungen. It is there likewise related, that Attila left his kingdom to his two sons, Chaba and Aladar, the former by a Grecian mother, the latter by Kremheilch, (Chrimhild,) a German; that Theoderic sowed dissension between them, and took, with the Teutonic nations, the party of the latter, in consequence of which a great slaughter took place, which lasted for fifteen days,

and terminated in the defeat of Chaba, and his flight to Asia.* There is, however, some confusion respecting the Theoderic (Dietrich) of these romances. Several allusions are made, which would cause us to believe Theoderic the Great was intended. In the fragment of Hildebrand, he is evidently and indubitably alluded to, as well as his enemy Odoacer. But he was not born till about the year 442, his great irruption into Italy, and his defeat of Odoacer did not take place till 480, nor his death till 526; whereas Attila was leader of the Huns already about 428, invaded Italy, and defeated the Western Goths, about 450, and died soon after. It is therefore probable, that an earlier Theoderic is the subject of these romances. Gunter, king of Burgundy, is probably Guntachar, who was actually king of the Burgundians, resided at Worms, and was slain in a battle with the Huns, about 436. Siegfried cannot so easily be traced to any historical personage. It has been conjectured, with some probability, that he was Sigbert, who is said to have been major-domo to Theoderic, and to have dwelt, with his wife Chrimhild, at Worms. His castle of Santen is undoubtedly Xanten, a town on the left side of the Lower Rhine. Tronek, the possession of Hagen, may have been (according to the supposition of Johannes Mueller, the admirable historian of Switzerland) the ancient Tournus, (Tornucium.) Isenland may either have been a super-added fiction about Iceland, or the celebrated castle of Isenburgh, on the left side of the Rhine, Charlemagne's favourite place of residence, may be intended. There is great and inexplicable confusion respecting the real meaning of the title of the poem. In some places, Nibelungenland is evidently Norway; but, in general, here, as well as in the Niflunga-Saga, it means Burgundy. The Nibelung heroes in the latter are always Burgundians, but in the poem sometimes warriors of that nation, at others, Siegfried's auxiliaries from Norway. The great Niblung treasure is represented as having come from that coun-

* For this and numerous other notices I am indebted to a learned dissertation in the *Zeitung fuer Einsiedler*, by J. Gœrres.

try where Siegfried slew Prince Niblung and his brother. Bern, the residence of Dietrich, is not the city so called in Switzerland, but was the original Gothic name of Verona.

When we compare these Teutonic romances with those of France, England, and Spain, we are immediately struck with the want of chivalrous courtesy of the knights, and with the praises bestowed upon the most savage and ferocious among them. We have not here that constant obedience and attention to the ladies, who are indeed frequently more savage than their lovers. The peculiar diablerie of these romances, is, perhaps, their most striking feature. The dwarfs, who, by the French minstrels, were represented as mere naturals, and humble attendants upon the knights, are here exalted into creatures of great cunning, having dominion over the interior of the earth, consequently possessing incalculable riches in gold and gems, and having the stronger, but less sagacious, race of giants entirely under their controul. The history of the creation of those three great classes, the dwarfs, giants, and heroes, is given by the author of the preface to the Book of Heroes, in the following manner. "It should be known for what reason God created the great giants and the little dwarfs, and subsequently the heroes. First, he produced the dwarfs, because the mountains lay waste and useless, and valuable stores of silver and gold, with gems and pearls, were concealed in them. Therefore God made the dwarfs right wise and crafty, that they could distinguish good and bad, and to what use all things should be applied. They knew the use of gems—that some of them gave strength to the wearer, others made him invisible, which were called fog-caps.¹ Therefore God gave art and wisdom to them, that they built them hollow hills; he gave them nobility, so that they, as well as the heroes, were kings and lords; and he gave them great riches. And the reason why God created the giants, was, that they should slay the wild beasts and worms, (dragons, serpents,) and

¹ Nebel-kappen, tarn-kappen. In the romances themselves, they are not represented as gems, but as a kind of veils, which rendered every thing covered by them invisible.

thus enable the dwarfs to cultivate the mountains in safety. But after some time, it happened that the giants became wicked and unfaithful, and did much harm to the dwarfs. Then God created the heroes, who were of a middle rank between the dwarfs and giants. And it should be known, that the heroes were worthy and faithful for many years, and that they were created to come to the assistance of the dwarfs, against the unfaithful giants, the beasts, and the worms. The land was then waste, therefore God made strong heroes, and gave them such a nature, that their mind was ever bent on manhood, and on battles and fights. Among the dwarfs were many kings, who had giants for their servants; for they possessed rough countries, waste forests, and mountains near their dwellings. The heroes paid all observance and honour to the ladies, protected widows and orphans, did no harm to women, except when their life was in danger, were always ready to assist them, and often shewed their manhood before them, both in sport and in earnest. It should also be known, that the heroes were always emperors, kings, dukes, earls, and served under lords, as knights and squires, and that they were all noblemen, and no one was a peasant. From them are descended all lords and noblemen."

With respect to the following abstracts of the two principal Teutonic romances, and particularly the passages of which a poetical translation has been given, the reader will not here be troubled with many apologies. We were chiefly anxious to give somewhat more than a mere outline of these ancient romantic relics, which have not hitherto been known in this island, and the value of which we, perhaps, rate too highly. The poetical specimens in the *Nibelungen* are in the exact measure of the original, which closely resembles that employed by the Spaniards, in longer poems, previous to the time of Boscan. The most proper model of translating them was therefore the elegant and spirited version of some passages of the *Poema del Cid*, in the appendix to Mr Southey's *Chronicle of that hero*. The chief difference of this measure from the one employed by the German minstrel, is, the lines terminating in rhymes instead of assonance, and being regularly formed into stanzas of four lines. The original measure of the *Book of Heroes* is not

exactly the same, every stanza containing eight short lines, or rather having a rhyme, (generally feminine,) at the cæsura of each line, corresponding with the rhyme of the cæsura of the next. But as it would have been almost impossible to preserve this exactly in an English version, and as the metre is, at best, very fatiguing, by its uniformity, the same measure has been employed as in the Nibelungen. The variation is, moreover, warranted, by some ancient MS. fragments of the Book of Heroes actually employing the exact form of the stanza in the Nibelungen. In the latter, the translations are line for line, and almost literal. Those from the Book of Heroes are also very close; but it was necessary, on account of the verbosity, and the frequent repetitions, to omit several stanzas, and often to condense two into one. The Nibelungen and the first part of the Book of Heroes are divided into adventures in the original. The other parts of the latter are not; but, for the sake of uniformity, and for the ease of the reader, similar divisions have been introduced here.

exactly the same, every stanza containing eight short lines, or rather six, giving a rhyme, (generally feminine,) at the caesura of each line, corresponding with the rhyme of the caesura of the next. But as it would have been almost impossible to preserve this exactly in an English version, and as the metre is at best very trifling, by its uniformity, the same measure has been employed as in the *Nibelungen*. The variation is, moreover, warranted, by some ancient MSS. fragments of the Book of Heroes actually employing the exact form of the stanza in the *Nibelungen*. In the latter, the translations are line for line, and almost line for line. Those from the Book of Heroes are also very close; but it was necessary, on account of the verbosity, and the frequent repetitions, to omit several stanzas, and often to condense two into one. The *Nibelungen* and the first part of the Book of Heroes are divided into adventures in the original. The other parts of the latter are not; but for the sake of uniformity, and for the ease of the reader, similar divisions have been introduced here.

Das Heldenbuch.

THE

BOOK OF HEROES.

BOOK FIRST.

OF

THE EMPEROR OTNIT,

AND THE

DWARF ELBERICH.

ADVENTURE I.

“IN the town of Surders, in Syria, a book has been discovered, which had been buried there by the savage pagans, containing many marvels, which I will relate to you.” In the realm of Lombardy reigned the mighty King Otnit,¹ and dwelt in his strong castle of Garten. He was possessed of the strength of twelve other men, and by his valour had rendered himself master of Rome, and of all the surrounding countries, counting no less than seventy-two vassal-princes in his train.

His barons advised him, when he was come to a mature age, to espouse some princess, and he professed himself perfectly willing to comply with their desire ; but Hellnot, margrave of Tuscany, declared,

¹ Perhaps this name has been corrupted from Odenetus, the Roman emperor. He is known to have fought against the Goths, and the era in which he lived suits that of the poetical Otnit, or Ottenit, remarkably well.

that, in all Italy and Germany, no damsel existed who could aspire to his bed. At length Eligas of Russia, his most powerful vassal, declared, that he had heard of the fairest virgin on earth :

“ She shines all other dames before, right as the precious gold ;
Believe me, prince, her form is dight with beauties manifold :
Even as the mid-day sun upon the roses gleams
And on the lily fair, the lovely lady seems.”

She was the daughter of Machahol, king of Syria. All who had hitherto endeavoured to obtain her hand had lost their lives, and the battlements of the burgh of Montebure had thus been ornamented with the heads of many heralds and lovers. The paynim king had used this cruelty in the hope of his wife's speedy death, when he himself intended to put his daughter in her place. But Otnit, undismayed at these tidings, declared his resolution to besiege the king in his castle, and obtain the hand of the princess ; nor could the persuasions of Hellnot deter him from his resolution.

Eligas undertook to bring five thousand men to his assistance : Hellnot and Duke Gherwart promised the same number each. Duke Zacheris offered twenty thousand men, and twelve ships laden with provisions. In this manner Otnit collected an army of eighty thousand men, in complete armour, amongst whom he distributed his treasures. He appointed his uncle Eligas standard-bearer. The pagan king of Messina undertook to furnish the ships necessary for the expedition. Then Eligas, with the other dukes and vassals, took leave, in order to prepare the troops they had undertaken to furnish, within the space of one year.

ADVENTURE II.

The queen, his mother, incessantly entreated Otnit to relinquish his design, but finding that all her prayers were in vain, she informed him of a wonderful dream she had dreamt, of a hollow rock. Otnit,

who for some time had been without any adventure, supposed this to be a very marvellous one, and undertook it without hesitation. His mother gave him a ring, and conjured him never to part with it, as it contained a stone of mighty power, which would guide him on his road, and in the space of one year would be of more use to him than thirty thousand marks of gold. She then instructed him to proceed in the following manner :

“ If thou wilt seek th’ adventure, don thy armour strong ;
Far to the left thou ride the tow’ring rocks along :
But bide thee, champion, and await, where grows a linden-tree,
There, flowing from the rock, a well thine eyes will see.

“ Far around the meadow spread the branches green,
Five hundred armed knights may stand beneath the shade I ween.
Below the linden-tree await, and thou wilt meet full soon
The marvellous adventure ; there must the deed be done.”

The hero armed himself, took leave of his mother, who again recommended the ring to his particular care, and set out alone, in search of the promised adventure.

And now the noble champion to a garden did he pass,
Where all with lovely flowers sprinkled was the grass ;
The birds right sweetly chaunted, loud and merry they sung :
Rapidly his noble steed pass’d the mead along.

Through the clouds with splendour gleam’d the sun so cheerfully ;
And suddenly the prince beheld the rock and the linden-tree.
To the ground the earth was prest, that saw the champion good ;
And there he found a foot-path small, with little feet was trod.

Quickly rode the fearless king along the rocky mount,
Where he view’d the linden-tree, standing by the fount :
The linden-tree with leaves so green was laden heavily ;
On the branches many a guest chaunted merrily :

Many a duel sung the birds,¹ with loud and joyous cheer.
 Then spake the noble emperor, "Rightly did I spier."
 Up spake the champion joyfully, "The linden have I found;"
 By the bridle took his steed, and leap'd upon the ground.

By the hand the noble courser led the champion stout,
 And eagerly he looked the linden-tree about:
 He spake: "No tree upon the earth with thee may compare."—
 He saw where in the grass lay a child so fair.

Much did the hero marvel, who that child might be:
 Upon his little body knightly gear had he;
 So rich, no princess' son nobler arms might bear;
 Richly were they dighted with gold and diamonds fair.

And as the child before him lay all in the grass so green,
 Spake Otnit, "Fairer infant in the world may not be seen.
 I rode to seek adventures all the mirky night,
 And along with me I'll bear thee, thou infant fair and bright."

Lightly he weened the child to take, and bear him o'er the plain,
 But on his heart he struck him, with wond'rous might and main;
 That loudly cried Sir Otnit, writhing with pain and woe:
 "Where lies thy mighty power hid, for full weighty was thy blow?"

The combat between the two champions, to all appearance so unequally matched, was of long duration, and notwithstanding Otnit's being possessed of the strength of twelve champions, he found it no easy undertaking to subdue his little opponent, who was named Elberich.² At last, however, he succeeded in throwing him to the ground, where he threatened to slay him for his presumption:

¹ Thus in the original:

Die vœgel mit gebræchte
 Sie sungen wiederstreit.

² If we believe the romantic legends, this dwarf must have lived till the times of Siegfried, as he is mentioned both in the Song of the Nibelungen, and the Wilkina-Saga.

Forc'd by the hero's strength, he knelt upon his knee :
" Save me, noble Otnit, for thy chivalry !
A hauberk will I give thee, strong, and of wondrous might :
Better armour never bore champion in the fight.

" Not eighty thousand marks would buy the hauberk bright.
A sword of mound I'll give thee, Otnit, thou royal knight :
Through armour, both of gold and steel, cuts the weapon keen ;
The helmet could its edge withstand, ne'er in this world was seen.

" Better blade was never held in hero's hand :
I brought it from afar, Almary hight the land :
'Twas wrought by cunning dwarfs, clear as the clearest glass :
I found the glittering falchion in the mountain Zeighelsass."

Elberich informed him that the weapon was named Rosse. He promised to give him also golden armour for the legs, a helmet and a shield of incomparable goodness. He informed him that he was monarch over great numbers of wild dwarfs, and that his dominions were three times as extensive as his own. Otnit, however, would not release him unless he promised him his assistance in the expedition to Syria. The dwarf was very importunate to obtain from Otnit the ring which his mother had given him, and when he was denied, upbraided him with his niggardly disposition, and the fear which he stood in of his mother's displeasure. At last he cunningly drew it from his finger, and disappeared in an instant.

When Otnit found himself alone he was greatly dismayed, and his wrath was much increased by the bitter taunts and reproaches, for his foolish inattention, by the invisible dwarf ; who told him the amount of the loss he had sustained by allowing the ring to be taken from him, which had the quality of rendering the wearer invisible ; jeered him with the scolding he would receive when he got home to his mother ; and refused to give him the armour which he had promised. The emperor, despairing of ever beholding him again, was mounting his steed to depart, when the dwarf stayed him, began to give him

some hopes, and at last, upon his promising not to take any revenge, returned the ring. Being thus rendered visible again, he greatly astonished Otnit, by the assertion that he was his father.

“Thou art my son, Sir Otnit,” the little champion spake,—
 “Then in the fire I’ll burn her, and her faithless love a-wreak;
 Because in the land of Lombardy she loved another knight,
 She shall not live upon this earth another day, I plight.”—

“Softly, noble emperor! When first by her I lay,
 ’Twas when brightly gleamed the sun, in the merry month of May;
 With my might I forc’d the lady, for I found her all alone:
 Bitterly she wept the deed; against her will ’twas done.”

He said that the father of Otnit had incessantly prayed for an heir, and that he had taken compassion upon him, and had procured him one in that manner. Otnit finding that he could not prevent his own illegitimacy, contented himself, and resolved to conceal the circumstance from his vassals.

Elberich entered the cave, and soon returned with the promised arms, which greatly exceeded the expectation of Otnit. The rings of the hauberk were so bright, that his eyes could scarcely endure their splendour, and the helmet was ornamented with two carbuncles, and a diamond of matchless value. Having put on his new armour, he mounted his horse, and took leave of his diminutive father, who, upon obtaining a vow from him never to revenge himself upon his mother, promised to appear whenever he should desire his presence.

Otnit was anxious to prove the vaunted qualities of the arms he had obtained, and for that purpose wandered about the forests for four days; but, to his great mortification, he did not meet with a single adventure. Then he resolved to engage the knights at his own castle in combat.

The king of Lombardy, in the morning-tide,
 Sped him, all alone, to his burgh to ride;

While through the dusky clouds broke the star of morning bright,
And on his helm resplendent gleamed gaily the glitt'ring light.

Silently the knight abode all in a meadow green,
Until the rising sun in the firmament was seen.
Rashly through the castle-moat the noble champion run,
As if he deemed to storm the castle all alone.

Loudly from the battlements shouted the careful wait:
"Though your hauberk gleam like fire, ye come not to the gate."—
"To your lord and master wide your gates unfold;
Bid my knights come forth!" Thus spake the hero bold.

The emperor then pretended that he was a pagan knight, who had slain Otnit in battle, and who was come to challenge his seventy-two vassals to combat with him. When his knights heard this, they threw down the draw-bridge, and issued to the fight, where he found the virtues of his sword and armour fully equal to the commendations bestowed on them by the dwarf. Having unhorsed the burghgrave^{*} and his brother, he suddenly stopped the combat, and revealed himself, to the great content of the combatants. Then he proceeded to visit his mother, whom he found drowned in tears, but whose lamentations were soon quieted by his appearance. He related his adventures with the dwarf, whose paternal connection with him she did not deny.

ADVENTURE III.

When the year came about which had been appointed for the collection of the forces to be employed in the expedition to Syria, the several princes and dukes arrived with their respective quotas, and immediately marched to Messina, where the heathen king had prepared

^{*} The burghgrave is the same officer as the chastellain of the French—sometimes the lord of a castle; at others, only the governor.

every thing for their embarkation. After having sailed for six weeks, the mariner on the mast saw the city of Suders. He at the same time acquainted Otnit how dangerous it would be to enter the harbour, as the town's-people were greatly addicted to robbery.

Otnit was in great perplexity, and cursed the negligence he had committed, in leaving his principal counsellor, the dwarf, behind him. But turning suddenly round, he beheld him close at his side, invisible to any one but himself, and could not help exclaiming with joy, "Ah, father, what has brought thee here?" The dwarf answered, smiling, that he had sat on the top of the mast along with the mariner. When the latter exclaimed that the pagans with great force were coming out of the harbour, he gave it as his opinion, that Otnit should pretend to have come to Syria as a merchant. Eligas was greatly astonished at this conversation, and demanded who the invisible speaker might be :

"I ween some strange adventure of magic this must be."—
 "No," spake the king of Lombardy; "if thou the dwarf wilt see
 Clearly before thine eyes, place this ring thy finger round."—
 A loud laugh laughed the Russian king, when the little knight he found.
 Quickly spake Sir Eligas: "Thou little babe, alas!
 Why, far from friends and kindred, o'er the ocean didst thou pass?"—
 "Not all so young am I as thy wits, sir champion, ween;
 Fifty and three hundred years in this world have I seen."

Otnit objected to the advice of Elberich, that he was not capable of speaking the language of Syria; but the dwarf soon removed the objection :

"Fear thee not, Sir Otnit; here is a gem of mound:
 Thou wilt speak all languages the spacious world around;
 Each one canst thou answer, from the north unto the south,
 When secretly the precious gem lies hid within thy mouth."

This marvel staggered the faith of Otnit at first; but when the heathen ships came within hearing, he soon had reason to dismiss his unbelief; for he found no difficulty in conversing with the pagans on board. He informed them that he was come with merchandize from Kerlingen;¹ and the heathens sent the account of his arrival to the judge of the town, who ordered no one to interrupt their ships, and sailed himself in a war-galley, to convoy them into the harbour with forty trumpeters, bearing crosses on his flags, in token of his amicable disposition.

When Otnit's navy arrived in the harbour, he consulted with the dwarf, and proposed to enter the town during the night, and destroy it, putting men, women, and children to the sword, they being no better than pagans. But Elberich advised him to adopt more honourable measures; and himself undertook to proceed to the king, and declare to him the purport of the expedition. He accordingly set out, and in the morning arrived at the burgh of Montebure, where he sat him down on a stone by the gates. Machahol appeared on the battlements, and being interrogated by the dwarf, where the king was, the monarch informed him that he bore the crown himself. The dwarf recommended to him to leave his false gods; but, though greatly dismayed at the invisibility of his monitor, he refused. Elberich then demanded his daughter in marriage for the emperor Otnit, at which the heathen was greatly enraged, answering him with insults and execrations, and throwing a great stone, which knocked down Elberich, who threatened the king, and scoffed at him, saying, that his master would hang him before his own gates.

The enraged monarch awakened all his attendants, and calling on Apollo and Mahound for revenge, told them of the insults he had received. They descended into the moat, and with their swords pierced and hewed the air, hoping to wound the invisible messenger. But Elberich laughed and scoffed at them, advising the king to spare the useless labour of his attendants.

¹ The country of the Franks, on both sides of the Rhine.

Wrathfully he struck him ; afar the blow did sound
 Cursing fell, and foaming, the evil pagan hound.
 Mother and daughter knelt, lowly on the ground ;
 Loudly the insult did they 'plain to Apollo and Mahound.

ADVENTURE IV.

Elberich returned to his master, and left the king raging mad, and bound with cords by his subjects. By the assistance of his magic lore, he stole the ships of the heathens, five hundred in number, and delivered them to the Christians.

Otnit then disembarked his troops, and marched to the gates ; Eligas taking the charge of the standard, in which a red lion was depicted. When the pagans beheld this army, they collected their troops in great numbers, and met the enemy. They were under the command of a Constantinopolitan general. A most bloody battle commenced, in which all the champions of the Russian king were slain, and himself thrown to the ground. But Otnit came to his relief, and got him again mounted. After a long and severe fight, the pagans were completely defeated. But Eligas was inconsolable for the slaughter of his knights, and loudly called for revenge. The dwarf heard his lamentations, and, to console him in some degree, brought him to a cave where a thousand pagans had concealed themselves, with their wives. Eligas drove them out ; and though the men fell upon their knees, he beheaded them all without mercy ; nor would he spare the women, who offered to become Christians. At this cruelty the dwarf was enraged, and brought the news to Otnit. The emperor strongly upbraided his uncle for his want of inclination to make proselytes ; but the enraged Russian exclaimed,

" Sir Otnit, leave thy preaching ! little for thy wrath care I :
 Another priest thou must appoint to baptize this pagan fry ;
 Wherever I may meet them, their death-wound have they caught ;
 Never will I leave them, till all to the ground are brought."

Otnit, after much persuasion, prevailed upon Eligas to spare the remainder of the women, who were willing to be baptized, and to wreak his vengeance upon the idols, whom he dashed in pieces wherever he found them. When the evening broke in, and Otnit was forced to desist from the combat, he found that no less than nine thousand of his knights had lost their lives in the battle.

ADVENTURE V.

In the morning the army broke up, and marched towards the castle of Montebure; but Eligas declaring that he knew not how to guide them, the dwarf himself took the banner, and rode before the host. The soldiers marvelled greatly when they saw no one upon the horse; and Otnit, by the previous advice of Elberich, pretended that they were guided by an angel, come from heaven to take charge of the souls of such as fell in the fight; whereat they were greatly comforted, and encouraged to fight with greater boldness. When they arrived among the mountains within sight of the castle, Elberich returned the banner to Eligas, who led the army to the walls, and arranged them in the plain.

There the royal tent was struck, wove of the silken twine;
Richly was it furnished, by the pagan of Messyne.
Upon the blooming meadow the noble tent was pight;
Under its shade five hundred kemps stood ready for the fight.

Of ivory were the poles, clear as the mirror-glass;
With many a gem of mound the tent adorned was:
Right in the middle hung a bright carbuncle stone,
Like a flaming torch all around the tent it shone.

Elberich proceeded, unseen of any one, to the battlements of the castle, and threw all the warlike engines and weapons over the wall. The heathens supposed the evil fiend had entered the burgh, and advised the king by all means to give up his daughter. The old queen

admonished him to comply with their request, but was punished for her presumption, by the loss of some of her teeth. He bade the dwarf tell his master, that he would give him battle in the morning, with seventy thousand men. Elberich never ceased to scoff at the enraged monarch, and when the latter threw a heavy stone at him, he sprung aside, and in return tore a handful of hair out of the beard of the pagan,* and then left him raging and foaming at the insults he had received.

When the morning came, both parties prepared for battle, and the pagans issued from the gates of the fortress.

Fiercely raged the battle in the tented field :
 And when the lovely virgin the bloody fight beheld,
 Down into her lap fell full many a tear :
 For her father in the combat she wept with sorry cheer.

Her swelling heart did burn like the ruby bright ;
 Glittering with tears her eyes shone like the moon at night :
 Fairly was her body dight with pearls and roses red :
 No one there consoled the sorrow of the maid.

Tied with a silken snood, hung her lovely hair
 All adown her back : never was maid so fair :
 A crown, with richest gems inlaid, she wore of the gold so red.—
 Quickly Elberich, the dwarf, up to the lady sped.

Right before her crown lay a carbuncle stone,
 Which, like a glitt'ring cross, o'er all the palace shone :
 The hair upon her head clear it was and fine,
 Brightly around it gleamed, as the sun at noon does shine.

Weeping came the mother where stood her daughter fair ;
 Silently she led her to the house of prayer :
 On their knees they lowly fell down upon the ground,
 And told their woe and sorrow to Apollo and Mahound.

* This indignity may have suggested to Wieland the adventure of the Sultan of Babylon's beard in his Oberon.

Suddenly the cunning dwarf took her hands in his.

Affrighted spake the virgin : " What marvel strange is this ?

Some one has caught my hands. Alas ! " she cried, and " woe !

I would the man unseen safely let me go ! "

She demanded of the invisible messenger whether he was Apollo or Mahomet ; but when he had informed her of his real errand, she would not hearken to his propositions, though he threatened that Christ would make her blind and crooked, in case she refused baptism.

Elberich finding his endeavours unavailing, proceeded to the battlements, and was delighted to observe the great number of dead pagans lying in the moat of the castle. He brought the ladies thither, and again tried to persuade the virgin to save her father's life, by accepting Otnit for her husband. Though her mother joined in her entreaties, she steadily refused, and dared him to touch any of her gods. Quickly he seized them, knocked them about the walls, and threw them into the ditch, to the great delight of the combatants below. At last, when she beheld her father in imminent danger, she consented to send a ring to her lover, but wished previously to view him in the fight. Elberich pointed him out to her :

" Behold the knightly champion, all other knights before ;

Heaps of the dead around him lie welt'ring in their gore :

Bright his hauberk gleaming, the battle shines among,

As if a torch were lighted in the warring throng :

With his bloody falchion he fights for all his host. " —

" Of all those champions," cried the maid, " I could love that hero most. "

To his great joy he observed this sudden exclamation of passion, and having obtained the promised ring, departed, to communicate the intelligence to Otnit.

Elberich in vain endeavoured to stop the battle, and to pacify the barbarous rage of Eligas, who drove all the pagans into the castle.

Otnit having consulted with the dwarf how he might gain the virgin into his possession, they resolved to proceed to the moat of the burgh, where the former concealed himself. Elberich went up to the battlements, where the two queens stood, placed himself between them, and reminded the maiden of the vow she had made, to become the wife of his master. The old queen at last consented that her daughter should go to the edge of the battlements, and call upon the gods for assistance: but when they came thither, Elberich led her down into the moat, where they found Otnit fallen into a sound sleep, after the fatigues of the day. He was rudely awakened by the dwarf, and highly gratified by obtaining actual possession of the object of his voyage. Elberich warned him, however, not to commit any indiscretions, nor to espouse her till she had been baptised.

The dwarf, to indulge his jocular humour, carried the idols again into the burgh, and placing himself near them, unseen, spoke words, as it were out of their mouths, indicating that they had been prevailed upon by the curses of the young queen to return to their former places, and admonishing the king not to cross her inclinations.

ADVENTURE VI.

Elberich returning to the emperor, found him, at a considerable distance, with his beloved.—When the king of Syria understood that his daughter had eloped, he plucked out his beard, making woeful lamentations. Immediately he collected his remaining forces, to the number of twenty thousand, and issued from the palace. When Otnit beheld the helmets glittering by the light of the moon, he was sorely dismayed, for his horse was ready to fall down for weariness. By the advice of the dwarf he carried the princess over a rivulet, and there put himself in a posture of defence. The heathen host was at first unable to pursue him across. Meanwhile Elberich proceeded to advertise the Christian army of the dangerous situation of their monarch.

The heathens at last crossed the water, and attacked the emperor, who defended himself with great valour till the evening came ; but then he was so overcome with fatigue, that he offered to surrender, if his life were granted to him. The pagans refused, and Otnit prepared himself to renew the fight, when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and discovered that Eligas was coming to his relief.

Otnit retired from the fight, and laid his head in the lap of the maiden, with whom he commenced a long amorous conversation, which was interrupted by the appearance of Eligas, who admonished him to prepare for battle, as they had not as yet been able to vanquish the pagan host. After a long and bloody combat, in which Otnit granted the Syrian king his life, the heathens took flight, and retired to the burgh of Montebure. The young queen was easily pacified, by the assurance that her father's life had been preserved, and willingly embarked with the emperor and the small remainder of his army. She was baptized in the sea by Eligas and Elberich, and named Sidrat.

On their arrival at the burgh of Garten, they were welcomed by the whole nobility of Lombardy. Six weeks were spent in rejoicings, tournaments, and games of all kinds. One day Queen Sidrat expressed a wish to behold the god of Otnit, for such she supposed Elberich to be ; and, at the desire of his son, he consented to make himself visible to the whole company :

A crown of carbuncle he bore glittering on his head,
And came where sat in royal hall many a knight and gentle maid.
There spake noble ladies, marvelling at his cheer,
That ne'er their eyes had viewed for loveliness his peer.

Elberich, the little wight, bore a harp into the hall ;
Quickly o'er the strings flew his fingers small ;
Loud his tones and sweetly did in the hall resound :
Joyful sat the gentle dames, smiling all around.

The empress interrogating him, how he, being of such a little stature, had dared to throw her gods over the battlements, he declared that he was ready to serve all the pagan deities in that manner, though they filled the bulk of three vessels. Otnit seeing the ignorance of his queen in points of religion, caused learned clerks to teach her reading and writing, and the psalter; and they soon extinguished every remnant of paganism in her mind. By the admonition of Elberich, he distributed great riches among the poor, and armour and horses among the knights.

ADVENTURE VII.

In the mean time King Machahol was raging mad, and for eight weeks would not suffer any one to approach him. But one day a gigantic and sage huntsman arrived, and insisted upon being admitted to the king. He burst into his room, and pacified Machahol's rage, by offering to procure the death of his arch-enemy the emperor. The pagan, highly delighted with the proposal, promised to load him with rewards. The huntsman informed him that his name was Wellè, and that of his wife Rutz.

"One day the hounds I followed in forest drear and dark,
Till to a hollow rock I came, where I heard them fiercely bark:
Sudden two serpents venomous issued from the cave:
I would not fight the monstrous worms, the world in gree to have.

"The man who dared to nigh them would soon his death have found.
Secretly I hid me, and, creeping on the ground,
Sped me to their nest, where two little worms¹ I viewed,
Lying all alone, the monstrous dragons' brood.

¹ The terms worm, drake, dragon, and serpent, are indiscriminately applied to these monsters, as well as lind-drake and lind-worm; probably from their haunt being generally under a linden or lime tree, which, (perhaps from the holiness in which trees were held by the ancient Germans,) were also supposed to be frequented by dwarfs and fairies

"In a cage of iron safely them I brought.
 They shall wreak on him thy vengeance, who thy ruin wrought.
 To Lombardy I'll bear them, and breed them in a cave :
 Evil mischief shall they do, and bring Otnit to his grave."

The pagan monarch hugged himself in the prospect of this diabolical revenge, and at the request of the huntsman, gave him two sumpter-horses laden with gold, as a specious introduction to the empress, whom he was to present with the treasure, and with a letter fraught with the most hypocritical fondness, and congratulations on her happiness.

When Wellè arrived at Otnit's burgh, he unloaded his sumpter-horses, and delivered the treasures with the letter to the empress, who was highly delighted with her father's pretended reconciliation to her husband. Three of the packages had been opened; the fourth, containing the young dragons, remained locked up. The huntsman pretended that it contained a young elephant, and a toad gifted with the faculty of breeding precious stones.¹ "When she comes to maturity," he exclaimed, "she will produce a gem whose like has never been seen in this world." In order to breed up these animals, he demanded a cavern; and one was accordingly delivered up to his use, near the town of Trient, in the Tyrol. There he fed his young dragons, who, as they grew up, demanded such immense quantities of food, that the people of the country refused to furnish any more. At the same time the huntsman found himself in great danger from his monstrous pupils, and therefore sent them into the world, himself escaping with great difficulty from their rage. They spread their devastations over all the dominions of Otnit, even to the gates of Garten.

Leave we now Sir Otnit, the emperor of might:
 With another matchless hero (Wolfdietrich was he hight)
 Merrily we'll pass the time, and speak of his chivalry,
 And say no more of Otnit, by the serpents doom'd to die.

¹ Latterly the toadstone was not considered as a gem, but as a concretion formed in the head of the animal, of matchless medicinal virtue.

BOOK OF HEROES.

BOOK SECOND.

HUGHDIETRICH,

AND HIS SON

WOLFDIETRICH.

PART I.

“IN the abbey of Tagmunde, in Franconia, an ancient volume was discovered. There it was held in high honour, and was sent to the bishop of Eichstædt, who was greatly delighted with the adventures related in it. Ten years after his death, it fell into the hands of his chaplain, and when he began to tire of reading it, he presented it to the abbey of St Walpurg, in the town of Eichstædt. The abbess, a lady of uncommon beauty, was highly amused by it, as well as her nuns. She caused two clerks¹ to copy it in the German tongue, for the good of the whole Christian world. In it were related the following adventures.”

¹ By these two clerks may possibly be indicated the two authors of the Book of Heroes, Wolfram of Eschenbach, who was a native of the bishopric of Eichstædt, and Henry of Ofterdingen.

ADVENTURE I.

In Constantinople resided the mighty King Hughdietrich, enriched with every qualification which might render him a powerful and noble monarch. His father, King Attenus of Greece, when he found himself dying, convened his nobles, and gave his son into the particular charge of Bechtung, duke of Meran,¹ whom he had educated and bred up for sixty years in every chivalrous exercise, in which he was now to instruct the young king. Soon after Attenus died, and the duke began to execute the charge committed to him.

Bechtung bred his lord — till twelve years he had seen :
 Many a game he taught him, and many a fight, I ween.
 The prince's mood was rising, and he spake with eager cheer,
 " By thy noble faith, Sir Bechtung, thy counsel would I hear.

" Full fain some gentle maiden would I gain for wedded fere :
 O'er many a wide dominion am I lord, without a peer ;
 I am rich in lands and honours : then find some maiden fair.
 Should I die or fall in battle, say who should be mine heir ?"

Right joyous was Sir Bechtung, and glad of the saw was he ;
 He spake,— " Far have I traversed Paynim and Christianè,
 But maid so fair and noble never have I seen,
 Who in the realm of Greece might be thy fitting queen :

" For if her mind be noble, she is born of villain-blood ;
 If rich she be, and high of birth, she is black and foul of rode :
 Far and wide around me, know I no queen so fair,
 Who might be good and fitting thy bed and board to share."

¹ Bechtung is a contraction of Berthold, and Meran is a town in the Tyrol. The first duke of Meran was created in the poet's time, and was called Berthold of Andechs ; which makes it very probable that Eschenbach wished to pay his court to that duke, by describing his qualities, shadowed under those of the imaginary Bechtung.

The king convened all his nobles, and required them to give their advice respecting his marriage ; but they all referred him to the duke of Meran ; who at length recollected that the most beautiful damsel he had ever beheld, and the only one qualified to share his throne, was Hiltburg, the daughter of Waligund, king of Salneck ; but he had sworn never to give her in marriage to any one, and had inclosed her in a fortress situated on a rock, surrounded by two walls and a triple moat, where no one had access to her excepting her father and mother, and a maiden who attended upon her. He then informed the king that he had seen her twenty years before, but gave him little hopes of obtaining her hand.

Hughdietrich, who was now twenty years of age, was, however, not so easily to be deterred from an undertaking which he had resolved upon. Knowing himself to be too young to gain her by force, he had recourse to a device, so strange and cunning, that the courtiers complimented him unanimously upon his premature wisdom.

“ Firmly my mind is fixed, Hiltburg the fair to win ;
 Then, if ye think it fitting, I will learn to work and spin ;
 To sew like cunning virgin, quaintly with silken thread ;
 All the mast’ry will I learn which well-taught maidens need.

“ Richly will I clothe me in gentle lady’s guise :
 Then find me, noble Bechtung, a mistress quaint and wise ;
 Bid her come and teach me works fit for ladies mild ;
 On the silk to broider beasts, both tame and wild.”^{*}

The young monarch soon became a prodigy in all kinds of female work ; and when he was dight in ladies’ attire, every one allowed that he personated a female with great propriety. He was now ready to set out, and Bechtung advised him to take fifty knights, four hundred warriors, and six-and-thirty virgins with him, and when he arrived at

^{*} The reader will immediately observe the similarity of this adventure with the classical tale of Achilles and Dejanira.

Salneck, to encamp before the castle. He described the king as being of a very courteous disposition, who would soon send his messengers to inquire where the strange lady came from. Then he was to pretend to be the sister of Hughdietrich, who had left Greece to avoid marrying a heathen king, to whom her brother wished to espouse her. He bade him remain three years at Salneck, and obtain the love of the young lady, at the end of which he himself would come to conduct him back to his dominions.

ADVENTURE II.

Every thing being prepared, the pretended lady set out, with Bechtung and the rest of her train, and safely arrived before the castle. King Walgund viewed their encampment, issued from the castle, and inquired what had brought the feigned princess into his dominions. Hughdietrich told the tale he had been instructed by Bechtung to relate, and concluded by asking for shelter and protection. The courteous king offered to receive her whole suite into his castle, but was answered that the old duke was forced to return. Walgund presented his old acquaintance with rich gifts, and the latter soon departed, after his master had been admitted into the burgh. The king introduced his new guest to the queen, who immediately suspected the trick.

Quaintly she look'd upon her lord,— “ I fear we shall be shent;
Hearken to my words, sir king, nor too late thy courtesy repent:
Much I fear that virgin; like a warrior does she seem,
Who comes to gain thy daughter with cunning arts, I deem.”

“ Lady, leave thy carping,” spake Walgund to the queen;
“ Never such blooming roses on the cheeks of man were seen.”—
“ I will counsel thee no more,” said Lady Liebègart,
“ But much I fear the virgin will gain thy daughter's heart.”

Hughdietrich, who went by the name of Hiltgund, began to amuse himself with exercising the female arts he had acquired, and astonished the whole court by fabricating a table-cloth, on which a great variety of animals were worked to the life. The queen begged him to teach the art to two of her virgins, which he readily undertook : and in order to gain the favour of the king, he worked a cap for him of the most splendid description, and, as a reward, begged to be introduced to the young princess. His request was granted ; and so highly was he honoured, as to be placed opposite to her at the table, after having been six months at court.

Never felt Hughdietrich such joy and such delight,
As when before his eyes he viewed the virgin bright :
The royal guest in courtly guise carved and cut the bread,
And with humble courtesy served the lovely maid.

The two virgins were admired by all the company, and still more the richness of Hiltgund's workmanship, which induced Hiltburg to request her father's permission that the Grecian maid might teach her all the arts of which she was possessed ; and Walgund readily gave his consent. They were shut up together in a tower, and Hughdietrich was so discreet as not to touch the virgin for twelve weeks, though he was her bed-fellow every night. But he could then no longer resist the temptation. He discovered his sex, and the design of his expedition to the maiden, and, after some struggles, he subdued her modesty. In this new character he remained with her for six-and-thirty weeks and a day, at the end of which Hiltburg discovered that she was with child. Her fears were of course violent ; but she succeeded in concealing her pregnancy from her mother, who visited the two companions daily.

One morning, while they were taking the air on the battlements, a troop of horsemen appeared, and Hughdietrich discovered by the banner that his faithful Bechtung was come, according to their agreement, to fetch him from the castle. When the night came, the Grecian king

used every endeavour to pacify Hiltburg, and begged her, in case she was delivered of a boy, to give him in charge to the centinel, and persuade him to bear the child to the cathedral, where he was to be baptised by the name of Dietrich. He also instructed her to take the first opportunity to escape from the castle, and confide herself to the care of the centinel, the porter, to four knights and four maids, who would conduct her to Constantinople, there to be crowned queen on her arrival. Then he took occasion to speak secretly to the centinel and to the porter, to whom he revealed his secret, and, by bribes, engaged them to undertake the enterprise.

When the morning came, Bechtung went before the king, saying, that the brother of the Grecian princess had remitted his anger against her, and had sent him to bring her back to Constantinople. Walgund heard the tidings with great sorrow, and at first refused to permit her return, upon which the duke requested to see the two maidens. Hughdietrich whispered to his master that he should by all means insist upon taking him away, having fully accomplished his design. Then he himself knelt before the king, and asked for permission to return to Greece, which was at last granted. The parting with Hiltburg, whom he presented with a gold ring as a token, was of course very mournful, but the promise of speedy re-union appeased her grief. The king of Salneck presented the fictitious princess with splendid presents, and accompanied her part of the way. The subjects of Hughdietrich at Constantinople heard the news of his return with transport, and received him with every mark of attachment. For a year he remained alone, in continual pain for the absence of his bride.

ADVENTURE III.

Hiltburg, whenever she cast her eye upon the ring, could not restrain her tears, nor keep her hands from tearing out her silken hair. At last she was delivered of a boy, which greatly appeased her melancholy. On his body she discovered a small cross, which

proved subsequently a very useful token. Unfortunately the old queen shortly after came to pay her accustomed visit, which put the young mother into the greatest consternation. But the centinel was ready with an ingenious device, proposing to let the child down into the castle-moat with a rope, and to leave it there during the unwelcome visit of Liebgart. As there was no time for reflection, the proposal was accepted, and executed without hesitation.

Liebgart seeing her daughter very pale, asked the cause, but was put off with the pretence of sudden illness, which, however, detained her in the tower till the evening. During her presence her daughter was in the greatest alarm, and her suspicions proved not to have been unfounded.

In the moat the new-born babe meanwhile in silence lay,
Sleeping on the verdant grass, gently all the day;
From the swathing and the bath the child had stinted weeping:
No one saw or heard its voice in the meadow sleeping.

But prowling for his prey, roved a savage wolf about;
Hens and capons for his young, oft in the moat he sought:
In his teeth the infant suddenly he caught;
And to the mirky forest his sleeping prey he brought.

Unto an hollow rock he ran the forest-path along:
There the two old wolves abode, breeding up their young:
Four whelps, but three days old, in the hollow lay;
No wiser than the child they were, for they never saw the day.

The old wolf threw the babe before his savage brood;
To the forest had he brought it, to serve them for their food:
But blind they were, and sought about their mother's teat to gain;
And safely lay the infant young, sleeping in the den.

When the old queen was departed from her daughter, the centinel descended into the moat, and became desperate when he found the infant gone. All night he remained there, and having resolved what

course to take, returned, and informed the princess that he had carried the child to the church, where it had been baptised, and had then given it in charge to a wealthy nurse, who had undertaken to educate it.

In the morning King Walgund went a-hunting, and pursued the very wolf that had done the mischief to the cave. He ordered one of his knights to enter, and bring the beast forth ; but no one had the hardihood to undertake the enterprise. At last the cave was digged open, and the wolves pierced with the spears of the huntsmen. One of them, who had gone into the cave to bring out the bodies, heard the cries of the infant, and brought it to the king, who was so delighted with the discovery, that he immediately returned to the castle, gave the boy in charge to a nurse, promised to bestow on him a thousand marks of gold when he came to maturity, and ordered him to be presented to him three days in the week.

Liebgart, in one of her visits, had related the history of the child to her daughter, and thereby brought her own to her recollection. She began to suspect the veracity of the centinel's narration, and at last extorted the truth from him. She proceeded to lament the loss of her infant, which would draw after it the wrath of God, and the hatred of Hughdietrich, and began to beat her breasts and tear out her hair. But the centinel hinted the possibility of the child found in the cave being the identical one she had lost, and advised her to procure a sight of it. She soon prevailed upon Liebgart to cause the nurse to bring the young boy to her chamber, when, to her great joy, she discovered the token upon his back. At last she saw the absolute necessity of communicating her history to her mother ; and when she found her in a confidential humour, related the whole affair ; informing her that the fair virgin, Hiltgund, was no other than the Grecian monarch, her pretended brother. The old queen was well content to hear the high quality of the lover, and complimented herself on her sagacity, in having discovered the virility of the princess, at the very first introduction of Hiltgund. She undertook to reveal the truth to the king, and to manage the affair to the complete satisfaction of the Grecian king, and her daughter.

At night, when the king and his spouse had retired to their chamber, she craftily obtained a promise from him not to revenge himself for the tidings she was about to communicate, and then related to him the amour of her daughter and Hughdietrich; reminding him of his having refused to hearken to her suspicions, at the very first arrival of the feigned princess. The king, however, would not so easily give up his belief in her virginity, and caused the centinel and porter, one of whom he suspected to have broken his faith, to be imprisoned and interrogated. By their examination he was at last perfectly satisfied of the truth of their narrations, and caused his barons formally to absolve him of the oath he had taken, never to give his daughter in marriage to any one.

Preparations were now made for the baptism of the infant. Count Wolfelin and the margravine of Gallicia were associated with the celebrated St George,¹ as witnesses at the baptism, in which the child was named Woldietrich, in commemoration of his miraculous preservation. The count presented him with a hundred marks of gold, and the saint gave five hundred, and a ring of great value. It was now resolved to send messengers to Constantinople, and invite the king to come to Salneck for his bride. Wolfelin, with four-and-twenty knights, and St George with fifty, undertook the embassy. On the fifteenth day they arrived in the city of Constantinople, where they were received royally, and richly rewarded for the welcome message.

Hughdietrich summoned Duke Bechtung and many others of his vassals to attend him on his journey. After eighteen days they arrived at Salneck, where the king had prepared a splendid camp for their reception, before the castle. Walgund went forth to meet him, and jocularly reminded him of the part he had played in the castle. Queen Liebgart and her daughter received him at the gates, and the

¹ The poet, though he has thus fabulously introduced St George, is pretty correct in point of time. That saint was martyred in 303, and this period suits very well to that of Hughdietrich, the great grandfather of Dietrich, who was the contemporary of Attila.

nurse brought the infant to his father, on whom Walgund promised to bestow his kingdom at his demise.

After Hughdietrich had been entertained for fourteen days at Salneck, he returned to his own realm, accompanied by his father-in-law. There the feast was renewed, with still greater splendour, for the space of two weeks, and Walgund, with his attendants, sent home with rich presents. Wolfelin was made marshal, and the margravine governess of the child. Nor were the faithful porter and centinel forgotten, and the latter was created an earl.

ADVENTURE IV.

In the following year Hiltburg produced two sons, who were named Boghen and Wassmut. They, with their elder brother, were given in charge to Duke Bechtung, who bred them up in every kind of warlike exercises.

The princes young were taught to protect all ladies fair;
Priests they bade them honour, and to the mass repair;
All holy Christian lore were they taught, I plight:
Hughdietrich and his noble queen caused priests to guide them right.

Bechtung taught them knightly games; on the war-horse firm to sit;
To leap, and to defend them; rightly the mark to hit;
Cunningly to give the blow, and to throw the lance afar:
Thence the victory they gain'd in many a bloody war.

Right before their breasts to bear the weighty shield,
In battle and in tournament quaintly the sword to wield,
Strongly to lace their helmets on, when called to wage the fight,
All to the royal brothers Bechtung taught aright.

He taught them o'er the plain far to hurl the weighty rock:
Mighty was their strength, and fearful was the shock,
When o'er the plain resounded the heavy stone aloud:
Six furlongs threw beyond the rest, Wolfdietèrich the proud.

When Boghen and Wassmut had reached their eleventh, and Wolfdietrich his thirteenth year, they were knighted, at a tournament given in honour of that ceremony. Wolfdietrich did more deeds of arms than twelve others of the boldest knights among the combatants. The king appointed three hundred warriors to serve each of them.

Two years after, Wolfdietrich went in search of adventures to the forests of Transylvania, accompanied by Bechtung and his sixteen sons. Mean time the Grecian realm was invaded by the pagan king Alfán, with a hundred thousand men under his command. Hughdietrich prepared to give them battle on the plain before Constantinople, but could collect only forty thousand warriors to withstand them. The shock of the two armies was dreadful.

Fiercely o'er the plain they spurr'd their coursers good ;
 Together rush'd the warriors to the fight of death and blood ;
 Far they hurl'd around them shafts of wond'rous length ;
 Wide about the splinters flew, for mighty was their strength.

Quickly drew their falchions, Wassmut and Boghen bold ;
 Many a cursing infidel in the dust before them roll'd ;
 Helmets they split asunder, shields to shivers hew'd ;
 Many a glitt'ring hauberk they dimm'd with the gush of blood.

The two royal brothers were however wounded, and the victory, notwithstanding the valour of the Christians, inclined to the side of the pagans, when Wolfdietrich fortunately returned from his expedition, and hearing of the dangerous situation of the Christian host, immediately joined the combat, and encouraging those who had already begun to turn their backs to renew the fight, attacked the pagans, and by his irresistible valour completely routed them. The heathen king fled, leaving eighty thousand of his troops dead in the field. The salvation of the Grecian kingdom was entirely attributed to the timely arrival of Wolfdietrich.

ADVENTURE V.

In those times the mighty emperor Otnit reigned in Lombardy, and ruled over many a wide dominion. One day he boasted before his nobles, that no monarch could withstand him, and that not only Italy, but Swabia, Bavaria, Westphalia, Kerneten, and St Jacob's land,¹ obeyed his command. One of his courtiers observed, that there was a mighty king in Greece, who had never paid tribute to him; and thereby stimulated the emperor immediately to send an embassy, consisting of twelve earls, to demand tribute of Hughdietrich.

Upon their arrival in Greece, they appeared in Hughdietrich's presence-chamber, where Count Herman communicated the message to him. The Grecian king convened his sons, and asked their advice. Wolfdietrich recommended sending back a defiance; but his father, unwilling to risk the life of him and his other sons, sent a sumpter-horse, laden with gold, as tribute. But Wolfdietrich bade the messengers carry his defiance to Otnit, and inform him that he himself would come to wage war with him, when he arrived at man's estate. The messengers returned, each having been rewarded with twelve golden bows.

When Hughdietrich's death approached, he divided his dominions. To his eldest son he gave Greece; to Wassmut, Widren and Zyprian; and to Boghen, Swabia and Profand.² He recommended his first-born to the peculiar care of the faithful duke of Meran.

ADVENTURE VI.

Bechtung proceeded in the tuition of his pupil, and was particularly careful to teach him the art of throwing knives, which he had learned from King Attenus, and in which he was a great proficient. At a

¹ Kerneten is the country of the Franks; St Jacob's land, Spain.

² Zyprian, is Cyprus; Profand, the Provence.

trial of skill, the two combatants were placed upon two chairs, and before they threw, gave notice what part they intended to hit; each taking three knives for the purpose. The young hero warded and threw so well, that Bechtung declared he had far outdone him in the science. He related, that once having had an altercation with King Attenus, he had entered into service with the heathen king Grippigon, to whom, and to whose son Belligan, he had taught all the throws, with the exception of two, the secret of which he had thought proper to retain.

Boghen and Wassmut gave out that their elder brother was illegitimate, and seized upon his kingdom. He asked counsel of Bechtung, who immediately promised him every assistance in his power. The young king was knighted on a Whitsunday, and Bechtung and his sixteen sons swore fealty to him, together with four dukes, twelve earls, and a hundred knights, who entered into his service. He then collected four thousand warriors, and issued from his town of Meran, to attack the unnatural brothers. They embarked, and landed in a forest near Constantinople, where Bechtung ordered his men to wait till they heard the sound of his horn. Himself and the young king proceeded to Constantinople, and came into the hall of audience. Wolfdietrich was utterly neglected, but great attention was paid to the old duke. Wassmut bade him leave the service of the illegitimate offspring of Count Wolfelin, as he termed Wolfdietrich. The latter offered to divide the kingdom with his brothers, but was answered only with abuse and scorn. Boghen, when he saw that he could not succeed in detaching Bechtung from his fidelity to his brother, threatened him, but was so terrified at the menaces of the duke, that he voided the hall with his brother, and escaped into the interior of the palace. Then Bechtung blew his horn at the gate, and his champions immediately entered the city.

A dreadful slaughter ensued upon both sides. Two thousand of the townsmen threw themselves between Bechtung and his knights, but by dint of extraordinary exertions, they rescued him and his lord. The battle lasted for three days, till the whole of Bechtung's forces were slain, excepting his sixteen sons.

Up and spake Sir Bechtung,— “Master, keep thee well;
 Boldly shall my sixteen sons the enemy repel;
 Hundred men shall every one sturdily withstand:
 Oft two hundred in the field repuls’d this wither’d hand.”

They graithed them for the battle, when three days were gone and past:
 But six of Bechtung’s noble sons dead on the ground were cast:
 Cheerfully the faithful duke his master smiled upon,
 That he might not view the fall of each hardy son.

Wolfdietrich was at last thrown to the ground, by a stone hurled on him from the roof, and it required the greatest exertions of his remaining followers to rescue him, and restore him to life. When they at last succeeded, he was forced to fly into the forest, narrowly pursued by the champions of his brothers.

ADVENTURE VII.

Rapidly the Greeks pursued, all the day, until the night:
 Hastily the heroes fled, while their steeds had strength and might;
 To the forest green they hied them, there lay they all concealed,
 Till the morning chac’d the night, and the rising sun revealed.

Down they laid them on the grass, gently to repose,
 (But long they rested not, for with terror they arose:)
 Their bloody armour they unlaced, their weapons down they laid;
 By a fountain cool they rested, beneath a linden’s shade.

But one did keep his armour on; Wolfdietrich he hight;
 Would not lay down his weapons, nor unlace his helmet bright;
 Silently he wander’d through the forest wide,
 And left his weary champions by the fountain’s side.

Twelve giants found the knights all on the grass reclin’d:
 Silently did creep along those sworn brothers of the fiend;¹

¹ Des teufels eidgenossen. *Orig.*—The heavy iron poles are the invariable attributes of the Teutonic and Scandinavian giants.

In their hands huge iron poles and falchions did they hold ;
Naked and unarmed, they seized and bound the heroes bold.

Quick they sent the tidings to the castle of Tremound ;
Glad was Palmund, giant fierce, when he saw the champions bound ;
Cast them in a dungeon dark ; heavily he chain'd them :
Of their woe and sad mischance, there to God they plain'd them.

Scornfully fierce Palmund spake with bitter taunt :
" Alfán in the field ye conquered ; but where is now your vaunt ?
'Would I had in prison dark, King Hughdietrich's son !
He should feed on bread and water, in a dungeon all alone."—

But now Wolfdietèrich back to the fountain sped,
Beneath the linden's shade, where he ween'd the kemps were laid :
All around he sought them : woefully he cried,
" Alas, that e'er I left them by the fountain's side !"

He threw him on the grass, and sighed in mournful mood ;
Many a blow upon his breast struck the hero good ;
Loudly on their names he called, the forest all around.
Up the giants started, when they heard his voice resound.

" Arise, and seize your weapons !" Palmund cried aloud ;
" Quickly to my prison bring that champion proud."
Many falls they caught, running down the mountain,
Ere they viewed Wolfdietèrich, standing by the fountain.

Giant Wilker led them on ; before the king he sprung,
Stamping on the grass with his pole of iron long.
" Little wight !" he shouted, " straight thy falchion yield ;
Captive will I lead thee quickly o'er the field."—

" Proudly I bore my weapon from all the Grecian host ;
No hand but this shall wield it, for all thy taunting boast ;
If thou wilt gain the blade, hotly must thou fight :
Come near, and shield thee well ; I defy thee, monstrous wight !"

The giant was soon laid low by the hero's sword. He was immediately attacked by the second, who struck him down with his pole, and bade him yield to his mercy. But Woldietrich roused himself, and with one blow severed his right leg from his body. Upon this the remaining ten giants attacked him jointly, but were all of them dispatched by the sword of the Grecian king.

Palmund hearing the lamentations of his gigantic companions, quickly armed himself, and when he found Woldietrich standing surrounded by the dead bodies of his champions, he bade him defend himself. But the hero was wary, and struck him a blow, which felled him to the ground. The pagan, however, soon renewed the combat with redoubled vigour; nor did the battle end till the evening, when the giant fled into the forest.

Now the shades of evening came, when a little dwarf appear'd,
Welcom'd the noble champion, and his drooping spirit cheer'd :
" Soon shalt thou strike to death Palmund, that kemp of fame :
For thy father's love, sir knight, to thy relief I came."—

" God reward my father, that e'er he honour'd thee,
For a gentle dwarf thou art, and full of loyalty."
Much lov'd the little wight the noble Grecian king,
And soon upon his finger he thrust a golden ring.

" When the giant back returns, stick thy falchion in the sand,
His hauberk soft as lead will turn ; then pierce him with thy brand.
Now fare thee well, Woldietrich ; to the woods must I be gone."—
Over was the mirky night, the sun with splendour shone.

The giant returned ; Woldietrich followed the directions of the dwarf, who was a rich king, named Bibunk ; and the fight was renewed, and lasted all that day, without any success on either side. When the evening came, Palmund ran into the woods, where he drank of a miraculous fountain, which had the quality of giving the strength of sixteen men to whoever tasted the water.

In the night the dwarf Bibunk appeared again, and informed the king what additional might the giant had received ; but his mind was not dismayed thereat. When he renewed the battle in the morning, he found that the giant's armour was not able to withstand the blows of his sword ; and after fighting all that day, he brought him to the ground at last. He immediately unlaced his armour, and took from his body an invaluable silken shirt, which originally belonged to St George, and which admitted no weapon to penetrate through it. The pagan had found this treasure in a monastery he had destroyed. The Christian hero used every persuasion to convert the giant, but all his endeavours were vain ; the latter expressing himself perfectly content to become a martyr for his faith. After this he could not expect any mercy, and his head was accordingly struck off. The conqueror now unlaced his armour, in order to put the miraculous shirt upon his body, armed himself anew, and proceeded on his way.

ADVENTURE VIII.

At the termination of the forest he found the castle of Tremound, and was discovered from the battlements by the heathen queen. At the gate stood a giant, named Alfán, who acted as porter. The Christian demanded of him to liberate his knights ; but instead of receiving an answer, the giant rushed upon him, and threatened to hang him up at the gate. But Woldietrich gave him a deep wound in the side, and when he still refused to deliver the prisoners, struck off his head.

He rushed up to the hall, where he found the queen and thirteen of her vassal princes, about to regale themselves with a splendid repast. When he entered, they attacked him with benches and tables, but were so well received, that after a severe combat, not one remained alive. None of the servants would give him information who had the charge of the dungeon ; but when he began to employ his sword, a pagan started up, and acknowledged himself to be their jailor, though

he refused to give up the keys. He soon fell, however, beneath the hero's falchion; who could not even then wrench them out of his hands, till he had struck off his head.

Having obtained the keys, he proceeded to the dungeon, and by the help of a leathern thong, drew up his knights to the light of day. Fearing a further attack from the friends of Palmund, they immediately rode into the forest, and towards evening made a fire in the thickest part. Wolfdietrich observed that only ten sons of Bechtung were present, and asking what had become of the other six, the old duke told him what hitherto he had carefully concealed from him,—that they had fallen in Constantinople. This, added to Wolfdietrich's other misfortunes, made him so desperate, that he endeavoured to plunge his sword into his breast, but was prevented by the interposition and the persuasions of Bechtung. When night came, he insisted upon guarding his knights during their sleep, though the old duke warned him that a wild woman had been in search of him for seven years past, in order to obtain him for her husband. Till midnight he stood centinel by the fire.

ADVENTURE IX.

When soundly slept Sir Bechtung, came the rough and savage dame,
Running where the hero stood watching by the flame :
On four feet did she crawl along, like to a shaggy bear.
The champion cried : " From savage beasts, why hast thou wandered here ?"

Up and spake the hairy Else : " Gentle I am and mild :
If thou wilt clip me, prince, from all care I will thee shield ;
A kingdom will I give thee, and many a spacious land ;
Thirty castles, fair and strong, will I yield to thy command."

With horror spake Wolfdietrich,— " Thy gifts will I not take,
Nor touch thy laithly body, for thy savage kingdom's sake :
The devil's mate thou art, then speed thee down to hell :
Much I marvel at thy visage, and I loath thy horrid yell."

She took a spell of grammar, and threw it on the knight :
 Still he stood, and moved not : (I tell the tale aright :)
 She took from him his falchion, unlac'd his hauberk bright.
 Mournfully Wolfdietrich cried, "Gone is all my might.

"If my faithful kempes eleven should from their sleep awake,
 How would they laugh, that woman's hand could from me my weapon take !
 Scornfully the knights would say, that, like a coward slave,
 My falchion I had yielded, this wretched life to save."

But vain were his laments ; for through the forest dark,
 With arts of witching grammar, a path-way she did mark :
 Following through the woods, with speed along he past ;
 For sixty miles he wander'd, till he found the Else at last.

"Wilt thou win me for thy wife, hero young and fair?"—
 Wrathfully Wolfdietrich spake with angry cheer :
 "Restore my armour speedily ; give back my weapon bright,
 Which thou with witching malice didst steal this hinder night."

"Then yield thy gentle body, thou weary wight, to me ;
 With honours will I crown thy locks right gloriously."—
 "With the devil may'st thou sleep : little care I for my life.
 Well may I spare the love of such a laithly wife."

Another spell of might she threw upon the hero good ;
 Fearfully she witched him ; motionless he stood :
 He slept a sleep of grammar, for mighty was the spell :
 Down upon his glittering shield, on the sod he fell.

All above his ears, his golden hair she cut ;
 Like a fool she dight him, that his champions knew him not :
 Witless rov'd the hero for a year the forest round ;
 On the earth his food he gather'd, as in the book is found.*

* A very similar adventure occurs in the beautiful romance of Ywaine and Gawaine, where the former hero roves about the forest in the same manner as Wolfdietrich.

When Bechtung awoke, and found that Woldietrich was gone, his sorrow was boundless. He awakened his ten sons, and communicating the woeful intelligence to them, bade them go to Constantinople, and offer their service to his brothers, under the condition of being allowed to rejoin Woldietrich as soon as he should again make his appearance. Himself, in the garb of a palmer, wandered about many countries, till he came to the land of Troy, where he found the rough Else standing before a castle situated on a high rock. He immediately charged her with having borne away his pupil, and begged her to deliver him out of her bondage; but she swore that he was not in the castle, and threw a spell upon him; the duke was however wary, and escaped her toils. He wandered around all the countries of Paynim, and not succeeding in his search, concluded that his pupil was killed, and returned mournfully to Constantinople, where he viewed his sons standing upon the battlements, to whom he communicated the ill success of his pilgrimage. The two kings, Bohen and Wassmut, offered to take him into their service, but would not hearken to the condition he proposed, to return to his original lord as soon as he should reappear. They ordered him and his sons to be heavily chained, and forced them to do nightly watch upon the battlements of Constantinople.

ADVENTURE X.

Now roved Woldietrich, the prince without a peer,
 Around the mirky forest, witless for a year:
 But God his sorrows pitied, when he saw the hero shent;
 Quickly to the ugly witch message did he send.

An angel bright before her suddenly she viewed:
 "Say, wilt thou bring," he questioned, "to his death the hero good?
 God has sent his sord, to warn thee, woman fell;
 If thou wouldst save thy life, quickly undo the spell.

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When the threat'ning message the savage woman heard,
 And that at God's supreme command the angel had appear'd,
 Rapidly she sped her where rov'd the champion
 Around the mirky forest, witless and alone.

There naked, like an innocent, run the hero bold :
 Strait the spell of grammary from his ear she did unfold :
 His wits he soon recover'd, when the spell was from his ear,
 But his visage and his form was black and foul of cheer.

" Wilt thou win me for thy wife, gentle hero, say ?"—
 Speedily he answer'd to the lady, " Nay ;
 Never will I wed thee, here I pledge my fay,
 Till in holy fount thy sins are wash'd away."—

" Son of kings, oh care thee not ! If thou my love wilt gain,
 Soon, baptis'd in holy fount, will I wash me clean :
 In joy and sweet delight merry shalt thou be,
 Though now my body rough and black with loathing thou dost see."—

" No, since my knights are lost, not for woman's love I long,
 When wild about the woods drove me thy magic strong."—
 " To thy brothers hied they, gentle hero, hark !
 But heavily they chain'd them ; threw them in dungeon dark."—

" How may I woo thee in the woods, lady, quickly speak ?
 Or how embrace thy hairy form, or kiss thy bristly cheek ?"—
 " Fear not : I will guide thee safely to my realm ;
 Give thee back thy falchion, thy hauberk, and thy helm."—

By the hand she led Wolddietrich unto the forest's end ;
 To the sea she guided him ; a ship lay on the strand :
 To a spacious realm she brought him, hight the land of Troy.
 " Wilt thou take me to thy wife ? all around thou shalt enjoy."

To a rich and gorgeous chamber she led the wond'ring knight ;
 There stood a well of youth,¹ flowing clear and bright ;

¹ The well of youth is probably an oriental fiction, and occurs in the French fabliau of Coquaigne :

The left side was full cold, but warmly flowed the right:
She leap'd into the wond'rous well, praying to God of might.

Rough Else, the mighty queen, in the baptism did he call
Lady Siegheminn,^{*} the fairest dame of all.
Her bristly hide she left all in the flowing tide;
Never gazing champion lovelier lady eyed.

Her shape was form'd for love, slender, fair, and tall,
Straight as is the taper burning in the hall;
Brightly gleam'd her cheeks, like the opening rose:
Wond'ring stood Woldietèrich, and forgot his pains and woes.

"Wilt thou win me to thy love? gentle hero, say?"—
Quickly spake Woldietèrich,— "Gladly, by my fay;
Mirrour of ladies lovely, fain would I lay thee near,
But alas! my form is laithly, and black am I of cheer."

To the loving youth she said, "If beauteous thou wilt be,
In the flowing fountain bathe thee speedily:
Fair thy visage will become, as before a year;
Nobly, champion bold and brave, will thy form appear."

Black and foul he leaped into the well of youth,
But white and fair he issued, with noble form, forsooth.
In his arms, with gentle love, did he clip the maid;
Merrily he kissed the dame, as she led him to her bed.

Woldietrich considered that the best mode of delivering his knights
was to fight his promised battle with the emperor Otnit, and thus to
induce him to become his sworn brother at arms. He communicated
his purpose to his queen, who, perceiving his resolution unalterable,

— *la fontaine de Jovent,*
Qui fet rajovenir le gent.

Barbazan, ed. 1808, IV. 180. A curious wooden cut, representing a well of youth, and
the effects of bathing in it, is in the possession of F. Douce, Esq.

^{*} The name is compounded of *sieg*, victory, and *minne*, love.

furnished him with a ship, the sails of which were made of the wings of griffons, and with every thing necessary for the voyage, amongst which were the shirt of St George, and the precious holy unguent of St Beatrix.

After a prosperous voyage he arrived in Lombardy, close to the burgh of Garten. There he beheld a linden tree, under which no one was suffered to repose without being attacked by the emperor. Having given provisions for two years to the mariners, to await his return, he proceeded to the tree, and laid himself down in its shade.

Merrily sung the birds all under the linden tree;
Rapidly their notes they chaunted; sweeter none might be:
Full joyously the hero heard their melody arise:
Nightingales and thrushes strove to gain the prize.

Right winsome was their voice, as they flew the tree around:
Cheerful was Wolfdietrich's mood, when he heard their song resound:
Lull'd to gentle slumber, he lay beneath the tree;
But Otnit from the battlements soon the sleeping knight did see.

The empress in vain endeavoured to dissuade Otnit from the fight: he even accused her of being favourable to the strange knight; nor would he allow any of his vassals to accompany him to the tree. He awakened the Grecian king somewhat harshly, ordered him to prepare for the combat, and, at his request, assisted him in putting on his armour. Wolfdietrich refused to tell his name, but the emperor guessed who he was, and was answered,—

“Defend thyself, King Otnit; ’tis the Wolf dares thee to fight.”

The battle between the two heroes lasted for three hours. Wolfdietrich was struck to the ground, but soon revenged his fall. Lifting his sword with both his hands, he inflicted such a blow upon Otnit, that he fell senseless to the ground, bleeding profusely from his mouth and ears. The empress, who had approached to view the combat, re-

requested the victor to bring some water from a neighbouring fountain ; which he cheerfully complied with, filling his helmet with the liquid. When Otnit recovered from his swoon, he requested to be admitted brother at arms to his opponent, who swore fidelity to him, under the condition of receiving assistance for the liberation of his imprisoned knights.

The noble guest remained, to the great discontent of Lady Sieghemin, twelve weeks with his newly-acquired friend, who could not behold the amorous looks which the empress threw upon him without jealousy, and gave him frequent hints, recommending him to rejoin his own spouse. The Grecian therefore took leave, to make a pilgrimage, as he pretended, to the holy sepulchre.

ADVENTURE XI.

At the sea-shore Wolddietrich found his queen, who, impatient of his absence, had come to search for him. They returned to Troy, and there remained for half a year, in the full enjoyment of their matrimonial felicity. One day they issued from the castle, to amuse themselves with the chace.

They sped them to the forest in the merry month of May,
When for the glowing summer the fruit-trees blossom'd gay.
A gorgeous tent was pitch'd upon the meadow green :
Straight a stag of noble form before the tent was seen.

Round his spreading antlers was wound the glittering gold ;
Full of joy and marvel, gaz'd on the stag the hero bold :
'Twas done with arts of magic, by a giant fierce and wild,
With subtle sleights to win to his bed Dame Sieghmin mild.

* A fiction similar to this occurs in the legend of St Julian, the tutelary saint of travellers, who was informed by a stag, bearing a cross between the antlers, that he would kill his father and mother ; which accordingly came to pass. His legend is the subject of a comedy, by Lope de Vega, which, notwithstanding the absurdity of the fable, has considerable merit.

And when Wolfdietèrich beheld the noble deer,
 Harken how the hero spake to his gentle peer :
 " Await thou, royal lady ; my meiny soon returns ;
 With my hounds I'll hunt the stag with the golden horns."

To their palfreys speedily the king and his meiny flew :
 Through the woods they chac'd the stag, with many a loud halloo.—
 But silently the giant came where the lady lay ;
 With the tent he seiz'd her, and bore the prize away.

O'er the sea he brought the dame, to a distant land,
 Where, deep within a forest, his castle strong did stand.
 Though for half a year they sought all around that lady fair,
 They never found the castle where she lay in woe and care.

Around the forest hunted Wolfdietrich and his men ;
 Down they brought the noble stag, and proudly turned again :
 Merrily they spurred through the wood with speed,
 Where they left the gorgeous tent on the verdant mead.

When Wolfdietrich returned, found his tent carried off, and heard the lamentations of the queen's attendants, he was nearly distracted, and leaving the charge of governing the kingdom to one of his knights, clothed himself in the garb of a palmer, and concealed his sword in his pilgrim's staff. Thus he wandered through many a land, without hearing any tidings of his queen ; and, at last, came again to the castle of Otnit, where no one recognised him excepting the empress, who, sitting opposite to him, knew him by his eyes, and by his adroit manner of carving. She spoke secretly to him, and inquired his reason for wandering about in such a mean guise. He related his misfortunes to her, but charged her not to acquaint the emperor with the secret. Notwithstanding this injunction, she awakened Otnit, and communicated to him the welcome intelligence of his brother in arms being in the castle. The emperor immediately proceeded to Wolfdietrich, upbraided him with his want of confidence, and, when he heard of the purport of his expedition, declared his resolution to accompany him, notwithstanding

the remonstrances of his friend, and to the great sorrow of Dame Sidrat.

ADVENTURE XII.

The two companions set out on their perilous expedition, as palmers, and towards evening entered a forest, where they met with an old woodman, and were entertained by him with great hospitality. Otnit, tired with the fatigues of the day, fell asleep, and his friend bade the woodman not awake him, fearing he should fall in the expected combat. Inquiring for adventures, he was told, to his great joy, that an old giant, named Tressan, had carried a lady to his castle of Altenfellen. When Woldietrich requested the woodman to point out the way to him, he was unwilling, fearing the anger of his gigantic lord; but when he understood the high rank of the palmer, and obtained the promise of being made sovereign of a country, he consented.

The king followed the instructions, but, losing his way among the wild thickets of the forest, he wandered for fourteen days about, feeding upon the leaves of trees, and such game as he happened to find on his way.

Wearily he wandered, for gone was all his strength :
Before a woody rock came the knight at length :
From the rock a flowing well issued, bright and clear ;
And o'er the well was laid, a stone of the marble fair.

Many a herb of virtue bloom'd the well around :
By the marble laid him the champion on the ground :
O'er his head their melodies sung the birds aloud,
Cheering up the weary soul of the palmer proud.

Lady Sieghemin was leaning over the battlements of Tressan's castle, and beheld the pilgrim lying by the well. She sent her damsel to gather some of the medicinal herbs which flourished round about it.

When the maiden approached the well, the palmer inquired by whom she had been sent thither. She informed him that her mistress was the disconsolate Sieghmin, who had made a covenant with the giant, to fulfil his desires at the end of six months, which expired that evening. At her departure the knight gave her a ring, bade her show it to her mistress, and demand of her to give him lodging for the night.

When Sieghmin beheld the ring, she knew that Woldietrich had come in search of her; and promising to become the wife of the old giant that night, she prevailed upon him to bring the palmer into the castle, and entertain him till day-break.

He led the weary pilgrim into the castle-hall,
Where brightly burnt the fire, and many a taper tall:
On a seat he sate him down, and made him right good cheer:
His eyes around the hall cast the hero without fear.

With anxious care he looked for his lady bright,
And he view'd the gorgeous tent once in the forest pight.
Cheerfully the hero thought, "Rightly have I sped:
In the perilous adventure God will be mine aid!"

From the glittering flame straight the champion sprung;
Sharply he eyed the tent, which the giant stole with wrong.
Wondering, spake Sir Tressan,— "Weary palmer, stay;
Rest thee by the fire, for long has been thy way."

Up and spake Woldietrich,— "Strange marvels have I seen,
And heard of bold adventures, in lands where I have been;
Once I saw an emperor, Otnit is his name,
Would dare defy thee boldly, for mighty is his fame."

When he had spoke the speech to the giant old,
Grimly by the fire sate him down the palmer bold;
Waiting with impatience, long the time him thought,
Till into the glittering hall the supper-meat was brought.

But to call them to their meat, loud did a horn resound,
 Soon entered many high-born men, and stood the hall around :
 In the giant's courtly hall, winsome dwarfs appeared,
 Who the castle and the mount with cunning arts had reared.

Among the dwarfs the gentle queen up to the deas was led :
 The palmer straight she welcomed, her cheeks with blushes red.
 " With that palmer will I sit at the board," she cried.
 Soon they plac'd Wolfdietèrich by the lady's side.

The queen inquired of the pilgrim if he had been in Troy, or had heard of Wolfdietrich. He answered, that since the loss of his spouse that hero had never been seen, which brought the tears into her eyes. Tressan prepared to avenge the sorrow which the palmer had occasioned, but, at the intercession of the lady, he mitigated his anger. The feast was now over.

Suddenly Sir Tressan seized his struggling bride.
 Ho ! how soon Wolfdietèrich his slaveyn threw aside :
 Out he drew his falchion ; " Hold !" spake he wrathfully ;
 " That lovely bride of thine, sir giant, leave to me."
 " Dar'st thou fight me, silly swain ?" cried Sir Tressan fierce ;
 " But shame befall the champion who an unarmed knight would pierce !
 Dight thee in hauberk quickly, and he who in the fight
 Strikes his opponent down, let him take the lady bright."

Glad was the palmer when he heard that thus the giant said.
 Speedily the cunning dwarfs upon the ground have laid,
 Right between the champions, three weighty coats of mail :
 " Palmer, choose in which thou wilt the giant fierce assail."

Here lay an ancient hauberk, fast was every ring ;
 There lay two of glittering gold, fit for the mightiest king :
 But soon the palmer seized the hauberk old and black.
 " Who bade thee take that hauberk old ?" in wrath the giant spake.

While the giant armed himself, Sieghmin assisted her lord. The combat lasted for three hours. Woldietrich was thrown to the ground, and the dwarfs cast stones upon him; but his lady encouraged him, bade him call to God for help, and reminded him of his former deeds. He leaped from the ground, and lifting his sword with both hands, split the giant to the girdle. He wished to seize upon Tressan's treasures, but the malicious dwarfs had locked themselves in the treasury, to escape his wrath. Immediately he set fire to the house, and burnt them alive. Now he wished to depart with his lady, but was informed that he had previously to encounter a more perilous adventure than the one he had just achieved. She related to him, that in a neighbouring cave dwelt Sir Tressan's sister, named Grel, a most unwieldy and warlike giantess; who would, upon seeing the castle in flames, instantly attack him. Woldietrich resolved to await her arrival before the gate, where she soon made her appearance. Her form was most hideous,¹ and in her hand she bore a sharp pole of steel, which she threw at the hero's shield. Unable to stand the shock, he fell upon the ground, and was seized and bound by the monster, who bore him away, to hang him on a neighbouring willow. But previously she took his weapon, and leaving him lying on the ground, carried it to her cave. At this very time a most seasonable shower came on, and he had soon the satisfaction of finding himself disencumbered of his bonds.

But mournfully he sighed, for Dame Grel his sword had ta'en :
 A dwarf 'gan hear and pity the hero's woeful strain :
 He saw where she had hid in the rock the noble blade ;
 Straight he run where on the sod Woldietèrich was laid.
 O'er the champion did he cast a tarn-cap² speedily,
 And has led him to the cave, where his falchion he did see.

¹ The original describes her form at length. The following may serve as a specimen.

Gross waren ir die brueste,
 Als ichs vernommen han,
 Wenn sy lauffens gelueste
 So stiess sy sich daran.

² See p. 41.

Now, with leathern thongs, the savage giantess
Run where the hero she had left, bound upon the grass.

But when there no more she saw him, back to her cave she came :

Scornfully Woldietrich laughed, when he saw the uncouth dame :

Off he throws his tarn-cap, and in her sight appears :

Wrathfully upon him grins that fiend-like woman fierce.

With the first blow he cut off the right breast of the giantess, who soon fell down dead. Then he proceeded to the castle with the friendly dwarf Otwell, whom the queen loaded with thanks, and to whom half the possessions of Tressan were promised ; the other half being reserved for the woodman who had shown him the way to the giant's castle.

They departed from Altenfellen, and rejoined the woodman, whom they informed of his advancement. He brought them where they found the emperor Otnit, whose colour they were surprised to find had become perfectly black. He related to them that he had sought his companion for many days in the forest, and, among other adventures, had come to a hollow hill, guarded by a savage giant, whom he subdued, and entered the cavern, which he found inhabited by malicious giants and dwarfs. When they found his force superior to their own, they filled the cave with sulphureous smoke, which forced him to evacuate it, and changed his complexion to that of a negro.

They proceeded to the emperor's castle of Garten, where the empress received them, but did not recognise Otnit, and for some time would not believe the sable knight to be her husband. When Woldietrich and the emperor parted, they again swore fidelity to each other ; and the former renewing his resolution to visit the holy sepulchre, was promised every assistance to recover his country, by Otnit. After Woldietrich had dwelt twelve weeks in peace with his spouse, in the castle of Troy, the latter departed out of this life, to the great sorrow of her husband.

ADVENTURE XIII.

It was about this time that Machahol, the father-in-law of Otnit, had sent the gigantic huntsman Wellè, with the brood of dragons, into Lombardy. The terrible devastation which they committed brought the emperor to the resolution to attempt their extermination; nor could the prayers of his empress divert him from his purpose. He charged her, in case he should perish in the attempt, to take that man for her husband who should revenge his death, and particularly recommended his companion Wolfdietrich for the enterprise.

Accompanied only by a grey-hound, he set out to the forest, and blew his horn under a linden tree. The gigantic huntsman soon appeared, and the battle commenced. He was armed with an immense pole or iron, with which he struck down one half of the tree, but Otnit hewed the weapon asunder with his blade. Wellè now drew his sword, the length of which was eleven ells, and struck the emperor to the ground. Supposing him dead, he called to his wife Rutz, who yielded nothing to him in size and strength, and bade her prepare to ascend the imperial throne with him. During her presence, Otnit thought it prudent to lie still, but fortunately she heard the barking of his dog, and ran into the wood, to pursue him. The emperor took this opportunity of her absence, arose, and again attacked the giant, whose legs he hewed from the body, one after the other. But Dame Rutz hearing her spouse roaring with pain, ran to his succour, and for want of a better weapon, tore up a whole tree by the roots. Otnit was, however, so alert, as to avoid the blow, and with one stroke cut off her head, which he proposed to present to the empress, but found himself unable to lift it.

Otnit returned with the tidings of his success to the empress, and demanded his mother's ring from her; informing her that the person who returned the ring to her would bring her tidings of his death;

he who brought the heads of the two serpents had slain them, but she should not believe him unless the tongue was in the head ;¹ but him who brought his hauberk to her she should immediately make lord of her person, and of the realm. Again he set out on his perilous enterprise, and found the dwarf Elberich standing before his cave, who strongly advised him to abandon his intention, and when he found his resolution firm, demanded the ring, which Otnit delivered to him. Having taken final leave of the dwarf, he pursued his journey, and in the evening kindled a large fire, to induce the serpents to come and attack him. Having refreshed himself, his horse, and his dog, during the night, he proceeded at day-break, and rode on till he came to a linden tree, which had been enchanted by a female magician. All who lay down under the tree fell into a profound sleep, which lasted for three days. Otnit being fatigued, and lying down on the grass, was immediately thrown into the magic sleep. One of the serpents in the mean time approached. In vain did the horse endeavour to wake the hero, by biting, and scratching him with his hoofs, and the dog with barking. The serpent threw down the tree, swallowed Otnit entire, and bore him towards its nest. But the female enchantress had beheld the fact, recovered him out of the serpent's maw, and bringing him back to life by a root of great virtue, carried him into a hollow hill, where he was courteously received by a number of dwarfs, and detained for a year among them.

ADVENTURE XIV.

In the mean time the faithful dog returned to Garten, where every one concluded that the emperor had fallen in the attempt. The dog endeavoured, by pulling them by their garments, to induce some of the knights to go and attack the dragons ; and one of them actually

¹ This was a common expedient among dragon-slayers. The reader will recollect an adventure in Sir Tristrem, very similar to this, and will find a complete parallel to its conclusion in the sequel of this romance.

undertook the enterprise. He was led by the dog to the cave; but when he viewed their enormous footsteps, he abandoned his resolution, and returned. The barons endeavoured to induce the empress to take another husband, and when she would not hearken to them, they turned her out of the palace, obliging her to gain her sustenance by the work of her hands. The burghgrave, however, received her, and entertained her according to her quality.

When God beheld the affliction of the empress, and of the whole realm of Lombardy, he sent an angel to the enchantress, charging her to deliver Otnit out of the cave. She obeyed the divine mandate, and Otnit proceeded to the cave of his father, who returned to him the magic ring, and proceeded in his company to the burgh of Garten, where they were received with all manner of rejoicings. A tournament was proclaimed, to which all the vassal princes repaired. The gifts distributed by the emperor and the dwarf Elberich were of inestimable value. He who begged one mark received three; and many who never had a shilling in their possession, obtained a hundred pounds at the tournament.

Soon after the conclusion of the high feast, the mother of Otnit died. After her interment, Elberich took his leave of the emperor, and informed him that he would no more see him; charging him never to attempt battle against the serpents. Notwithstanding every entreaty, he departed to his subterraneous dominions, where he was received by his numerous subject dwarfs and giants.

ADVENTURE XV.

Otnit now reigned in peace over his realm for the space of eleven years, but the damage done by the serpents, who had now increased to the number of twelve, was so dreadful, that he again resolved to go and attack them; closing his ear against all the entreaties of the empress and his barons. Accompanied only by his faithful grey-hound, he proceeded to the forest, and had not rode far when he found an

elephant fighting with one of the serpents. As he bore an elephant in his shield, he considered himself bound to assist the distressed animal. After wounding the monster in three different places, he put him to flight, and asked the elephant if he would assist him in the accomplishment of his adventure. The sagacious beast answered with a significant nod. The two companions proceeded on their way, but Otnit unfortunately laid himself under the enchanted tree, and yielded soon to its soporific effects. Meanwhile the worm approached, and was attacked by the elephant; but when the latter found himself unable to overcome the monster, he endeavoured to aid the horse and the dog in waking their master; but they could not rouse him from his magic sleep. The serpent again attacked the elephant, and tore him in pieces; then he swallowed the emperor in complete armour, and bore him to his cave. By the way he awoke, and endeavoured to draw his sword in the belly of the dragon, who, perceiving his intention, killed him, by running his head against a tree.

The horse and the dog returned to the emperor's castle, whose death was now concluded as certain. The empress incessantly wept for his loss, and would not hearken to any proposition of marriage. For the space of three years no one dared to withstand the ravages of the dragons.

After the death of Siegmund, Wölfnich resolved to execute his long-projected pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre. Entering a forest, he was perceived by twelve robbers, who immediately divided the expected prey between them, and expressed their gratitude to him. One of them, Jove, and Apollo, and to their lord Tressan. One of them reserved the shield for himself, another the horse, the third his helmet; the rest claimed his leg-armour, hauberk, and sword, the foot-
 * In the more modern editions of the Book of Heroes, the second book begins here, but that of 1809 is divided more properly, and has been followed in this edition.
 * In the William-saga occurs a similar battle, between Víga the Strong, and Gram-
 left, with his twelve companions. In the Danish ballad of Child Veneved, the armour and equipment of that knight are also divided previous to the battle, by his twelve opponents, as in the text.

THE
BOOK OF HEROES.

BOOK SECOND.

OF
HUGHDIETRICH,

AND HIS SON

WOLFDIETRICH.

PART II.*

ADVENTURE I.

AFTER the death of Sieghmin, Wolddietrich resolved to execute his long-projected pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre. Entering a forest, he was perceived by twelve robbers,² who immediately divided the expected prey between them, and expressed their gratitude to Mahomet, Jove, and Apollo, and to their lord Tressan. One of them reserved the shield for himself, another the horse, the third his helmet; the rest claimed his leg-armour, hauberk, and sword, the foot-

* In the more modern editions of the Book of Heroes, the second book begins here, but that of 1509 is divided more properly, and has been followed in this abstract.

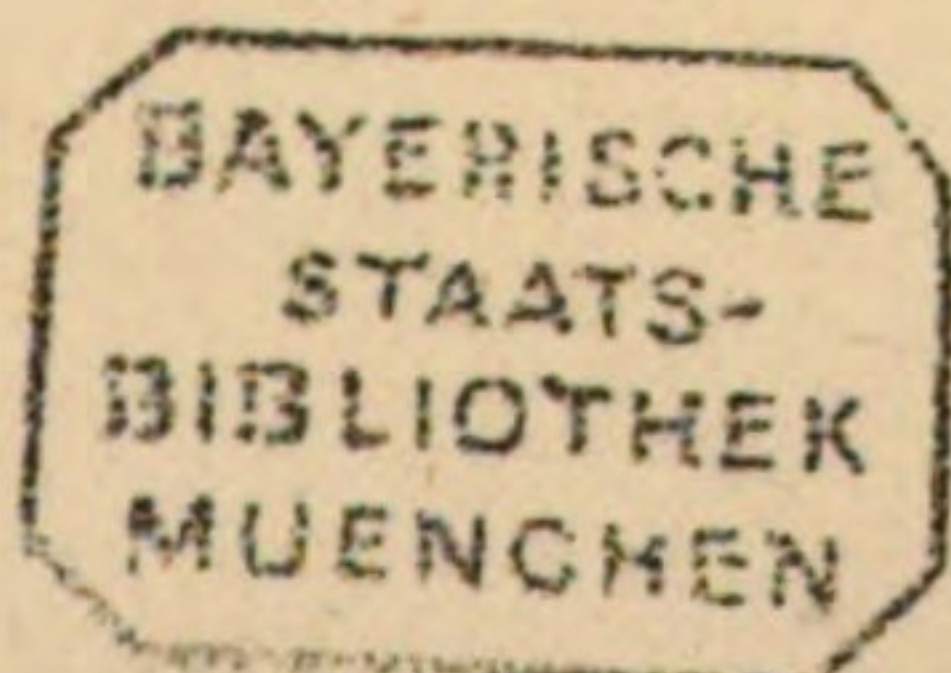
² In the Wilkina-Saga occurs a similar battle, between Vidga the Strong, and Grama-leif, with his twelve companions. In the Danish ballad of Child Vonved, the armour and equipment of that knight are also divided previous to the battle, by his twelve opponents, as in the text.

cloth and trappings of his horse, his silken mantle, his collar, his steel cap, &c. Then they attacked him, but after a long fight they were all of them put to death by Woldietrich.

At the end of the forest he discovered the castle of a friendly baron, named Ernest, by whom he was courteously received and entertained. Every thing was done to accommodate him, particularly when he revealed his quality to the beautiful daughter of the old knight. Having taken his leave, he traversed many a country, and passing through Austria, Lombardy, and Tuscany, proceeded to Bullen,¹ and from thence to Meffrit, where he took a ship, and crossed the Mediterranean. He landed on a desert shore, and commanded the mariner to await his return. During his absence a most ghastly giant seized the mariner, and throwing him over his shoulder, bore him to his hut. The head of the monster was an ell broad, his eyes yellow, the nose shaped like the horn of a ram, his hair rough as gum, and white as a swan, his mouth of an enormous width, and the ears of the length of those of an ass. He was clothed in the skins of bears.

Woldietrich on his return beheld the giant's hut, and entered it at the moment when he was preparing to roast his murdered victim over the fire. The giant viewing the champion, conceived he would be a more delicate morsel than the mariner, and attacked him with a tremendous club, but soon repented his enterprise; for Woldietrich with one blow struck off both his hands, and then finished his life by severing the head from the body. Then he returned to the vessel, and consulted with the ship-boy on the possibility of their navigating the ship. He was soon instructed how to govern the helm, and they stood out to sea; but had not sailed far before they were attacked by a pirate, manned by seventy pagans, who did such damage to the ship with their cross-bows and wild-fire, that Woldietrich, whose breast-plate began to burn with the heat, leaped into their ship, and began a most dreadful slaughter. All the mariners were killed, with the exception

¹ Bullen is Bologna, and Meffrit probably Manfredonia.



of one, who craved for mercy, and expressed himself willing to be baptised. For this purpose, he was thrown into the sea, and named Werner, and became a most faithful servant to the Grecian hero.

ADVENTURE II.

Wolfdietrich, accompanied by Werner and the ship-boy, landed in the harbour of Acres, and proceeded to the house of the Teutonic order. They were received courteously, but the grand master of the order complained of the misfortunes which had befallen them, and that no less than eleven hundred of the knights had fallen in battle with the Saracens, who, on the following morning, were expected to renew the attack. Wolfdietrich undertook to defeat them, and only required forty knights to accompany him.

The night was spent in conviviality, and in the morning the hero issued with his little troop, and soon discovered the pagan host advancing, to the number of a hundred thousand.

The Christians rushed into the throng of their enemies, and commenced such a terrible slaughter, that not one of them escaped. Eighty thousand lay dead on the field, and the rest were drowned in the sea.¹ Wolfdietrich returned in triumph to Acres, and the following day, to the great grief of the brethren of the order, proceeded on his pilgrimage.

¹ The poet, conscious of having here exceeded the bounds of probability, thinks it necessary to mention his name, in order to induce his readers to believe the miraculous victory, for the sake of his poetical celebrity. He says,

Das ist mir gar wol kund,
Mir Wolffaram dem werden
Meyster von Eschenbach.

i. e. "Those deeds are well known to me, Wolfram, the worthy master of Eschenbach."

ADVENTURE III.

Accompanied by his two companions, he arrived, after seven days, at Jerusalem, without having met with any adventures. They found the city surrounded by a great host of heathens, and, undismayed at their number, immediately commenced the attack, upon a detachment of a thousand. Woldietrich was unhorsed by the pagan Telfigan, but calling upon God, who died on the cross, he roused himself again, and attacked and slew him, while his companions fought in other parts of the field.

'Twixt the champions and the host was fought a sturdy fight.
Against the Christian hero advanced, with falchions bright,
Beneath their waving banners, with loud and savage shout,
Dimming the air with arrows, many a pagan rout.

Their heathen tongues with blasphemy at the Christians railed.
Many a youthful Saracen the knight of Greece assailed ;
Round him did they crowd, and struck him many a blow ;
But where his glittering falchion fell, they cried alas and woe !

On their bucklers loud his blows did to the sky resound,
And the blood his wrath had spilt in torrents rolled around ;
Many a ring of steel from their hauberks down he felled,
Blows of death and horror his trusty weapon dealt.

Warriors from their prancing steeds to the ground he thrust ;
The number was right marvellous, whom he rolled into the dust.
The battle's din resounded in the firmament like thunder.
Thrice he cleft, with sword in hand, the pagan host asunder.

The ship-boy, who had been left under a tree, was pierced by the sword of a Saracen ; but Woldietrich soon revenged his death, and

was so incensed, that he speedily finished the battle, and by the assistance of his fellow, Werner, left all the pagans dead on the field. Then he retired into a neighbouring forest to rest, after the fatigues of the fight.

The heathen king Mertzigan soon heard of the defeat of his knights, and of the death of his nephew Telfigan. He sent out another detachment of a thousand knights, under the conduct of Terferis. The Christian champions came out of the forest to meet them. Terferis was killed by Werner, and the fight continued till the night. It was renewed in the morning. Werner, after performing wonders of chivalry, was slain. This misfortune made Wolfdietrich desperate. He pursued the flying pagans into the middle of the royal camp, where his horse fell, and himself being entangled among the tent-ropes, made captive, and brought before the king, who adjudged him to be hanged the following morning. But a pagan having beheld his matchless valour with admiration, and unwilling that such a champion should die an ignominious death, released him, restored his horse, and assisted him to arm himself. When he found himself again at liberty, he rode into the tent of Mertzigan, and made his table flow with the blood of his vassal princes. The pagan host was summoned to arm themselves, and Wolfdietrich again found himself in great danger.

Fortunately a Christian knight in the city beheld the battle, and immediately admonished his brother knights to issue for the relief of the hero. Five hundred followed his advice, and found Wolfdietrich in the midst of an innumerable host of pagans. After a terrible combat, they succeeded in completely defeating them, and Mertzigan was happy to escape, with a few followers, into his realm of Martzfell.

The Christians returned into the city of Jerusalem with the rescued hero, after having buried two hundred of their knights, who had fallen in battle. Wolfdietrich now accomplished his vow, and paid his devotions at the holy sepulchre: then he departed, repelling every solicitation of the knights to remain amongst them.

ADVENTURE IV.

And now the Grecian hero from the holy city hied :
 His ship with gentle gales sailed o'er the ocean-tide :
 Among the savage Paynims he came to Russian land ;
 His ship he left at Budin,¹ and leaped upon the strand.

A gorgeous castle stood upon the meadow green,
 (Never fairer did he view,) built of the marble sheen,
 With battlements five hundred, and hundred turrets high ;
 But there a sight of horror met his wondering eye.

Hearken, gentle lordings ! that marvel will I tell :—
 If Christian knight adventurous came to the burghgrave fell,
 Rest and ease he purchased dear : in the morn he left to wed,
 Pight upon the battlements, with treachery, his head.

Belligan, the pagan fierce, had a daughter fair and young ;
 She could not be more beauteous, but she wrought with woe and wrong :
 By her evil arts of grammary each wand'ring Christian knight
 Left his head in pledge, high on the turrets pight.

When Christian to the castle came, weary and alone,
 Courteously Dame Marpaly received the champion ;
 Without his arms she led him to her chamber, richly dight,
 There to rest him from his travel with the lady all the night.

But when, full of love, he hied him to the bed,²
 And thought within his arms to clasp that matchless maid,
 A potion mix'd with potent herbs the wanton youth she gave :
 Soon into a magic sleep fell the warrior brave.

¹ If by Budin the poet means the city of Buda, in Hungary, he is no better geographer than most of his fellow-romanciers.

² See the beautiful fabliau of The Knight and the Sword, translated by Way, where a similar adventure is told of Sir Gawain.

Secretly Sir Belligan into the chamber crept,
 When the morning sun had dawned, where by the maid he slept :
 In fetters strong he bound him, and struck the champion dead,
 And pitched, in triumph of the deed, on the battlements his head.

One tower exceeded all the rest in beauty and strength, being surrounded by nine ditches, and the pinnacles ornamented with an unusual number of heads. It was covered with transparent glass, and no bird of the air could enter it. Wolfdietrich could not refrain from the wish to be enabled to transfer such a splendid castle to Constantinople. He did not greatly admire the manner in which the battlements were ornamented, but, being greatly fatigued, resolved to enter the castle.

Belligan was charmed with the appearance of the knight, and observing one of the highest battlements, which was not as yet adorned in the same manner as the others, resolved to honour his head with such a distinguished place. He issued with his meiny to receive the champion, and ordered his daughter to be in readiness to play her part. The porter took the horse ; but when his sword was demanded, Wolfdietrich alleged that it was not the manner of his country to deliver up that weapon, and persisted in retaining it by his side. The pagan king finding his resolution firm, offered him his daughter in marriage, and acquainted him with the penalty of not having accomplished the amorous enterprise. Many hundred knights had lain by her side, but she was as yet a virgin. Hearing the perilous condition, the Grecian hero resolved to leave the castle, and his horse was accordingly returned to him.

Now before the castle gate spurred the noble knight ;
 But he viewed a swelling sea, wrought by magic sleight.
 " Who caused the roaring waves to flow the burgh around,
 Where grass and flowers blossomed before upon the ground ?"

Into the roaring waters he spurred his courser good ;
 But raging all around him rushed the magic flood ;

The power of the swelling waves his strength could not withstand ;
With mighty force they drove him aback upon the land.

He called upon God and St George to assist him in his perilous situation, and kneeling before the king, prayed him to present him to his daughter, and to give him an opportunity of judging whether the damsel was worthy to be his spouse. She appeared with a train of sixty maidens, and Wolfdietrich was so struck with her beauty, that he declared himself willing to make her his queen, if she would permit herself to be baptised. She prevailed upon him to take off his armour, very courteously assisted him in unlacing it, and then led him to the hall. But his charms had an effect upon her heart, which no knight had as yet been able to produce. Against the instructions of her father, she declared her love to him, and giving him many tokens of her real affection, bade him be without fear.

In midst the gorgeous hall stood of gold a linden tree,
And on the branches many a bird was framed right cunningly;
Cast of the precious gold, inlaid with many a gem,
And brightly pearls of mound glittered upon the stem.

Through the stem and branches silver reeds ascended,
Quaintly framed by master's hand, in the birds they ended:
Bellows drove the wind through the reeds along;
Nightingales and thrushes there sweetly tun'd their song.

Around this superb piece of machinery was placed an ivory table, of a size sufficient for a thousand knights to sit around it. Belligan now entered the hall with his attendants, who ranged themselves around the table, giving the place of honour, by the side of the princess, to Wolfdietrich. Many of the pagan knights, and amongst them, Gramaly the porter, pitied his fate. The king insisted upon his taking his daughter to wife that night, and when the supper was over, conducted him to the fatal chamber. The chamberlain brought the

sleeping potion, but Marpaly advised the hero not to touch it, warning him of the consequences; so it was poured upon the ground. Seeing the unwillingness of Wolfdietrich to approach the bed, she upbraided him with his unmanlike coldness, but was answered, that he could not touch an unbaptised woman, under the penalty of being condemned eternally to the pains of hell. Nothing, however, could induce her to part with her attachment to Mahound, who had enabled her, notwithstanding such numerous temptations, to preserve her chastity for fifty years, in the hopes of meeting the Grecian hero Wolfdietrich, whom she found, by the magic books of Sybilla, to be at that time exactly thirty years, twelve weeks, and two days old, and who was destined to reign over all other kings. Then Wolfdietrich discovered himself to her, and each of them endeavoured to convince the other of the superior power of their deities, but without effect. Marpaly made every effort to tempt him, and had nearly succeeded, but a salutary prayer to the Virgin Mary soon banished every wicked idea from his mind.

In the morning, Belligan came to the chamber with a drawn sword, and inquired of his daughter, whether the Christian knight was ready for execution. But she called out aloud, cursing him, and lamenting that all her temptations had proved fruitless. The pagan then defied him to battle, which Wolfdietrich immediately accepted. They issued from the chamber, and proceeded to another, where an image stood, which Belligan alleged to be Death; and said, that any one who dared to approach too near was sure to feel the penalty of his rashness instantaneously. But the Grecian king took up the image, and dashing it against the walls, broke it into a thousand fragments; ironically complimenting the pagan upon the long life he would enjoy, now that his Death was no more.

A heathen knight then defied him to leap over a ditch nine fathoms wide, bearing a shield on his arm. He accepted the defiance, and leaped a fathom beyond his adversary. Then he demanded his steed, but was informed that he must first fight a duel, of a very singular nature, with Belligan. A chair was placed at some distance on the cas-

tle green, upon which were laid three sticks, and upon these the champion was to stand, and not to touch the ground, under the penalty of immediate death. Each combatant received three sharp knives, and a small buckler, scarcely the breadth of a hand. Before proceeding to the combat, Wolfdietrich, who fortunately wore the impenetrable silk shirt of St George, knelt down, and addressed prayers to God, for himself and his eleven knights imprisoned in Constantinople. The heathen upbraided him with the length of his oration, and shewed the empty battlement destined to be ornamented with his head; saying, that he himself feared no champion but Wolfdietrich, king of Greece, by whose hands he was destined to fall; and offering him his whole kingdom, in case he was that hero. But the Christian concealed his rank, and called himself a poor knight-errant.

“Look to thy foot, sir knight,” spake the heathen Belligan;
 “Thou must leave it here to pledge, nor bear it hence again;
 Fast unto the ground I will pin it with my knife;
 Such is my skill and mastery: Christian, guard thy life!”

The heathen threw the weapon rathly through the air;
 But cunningly Wolfdietrich leapt quickly from the chair,
 And down upon the sticks again he did alight;
 No bird in air had done it, to tell the truth aright.

Foully cursed the pagan, when he had tint that throw,
 And to Mahomet, his god, he plained him of his woe:
 “Never will I leave thee, thou god of might and main,
 If thou wilt grant thy help, when I throw the knife again.

“Who taught thee thus to leap? say, thou bold compeer.”
 But Sir Wolfdietrich spake with cunning cheer:
 “Say no more, Sir Belligan: what boots that speech of thine?
 With thy second throw, alas! I must lose this life of mine.”

Again the heathen cried, “That leap I learnt of yore,
 From my noble master, Bechtung; right wonderous was his lore.

Say, is thy name Woldietèrich, and art thou bred in Greece?
If thou be, thou shalt baptise me, and our enmity shall cease."

But when the Christian knight his fear and terror viewed,
"May knight be born of savage wolves?" cried the champion good:
"Alas! my rank I must conceal; but thou shalt know my name
When thrice thy blows have missed. Come, renew the bloody game."

Again with wrath the pagan heaved his hand on high;
Again he threw the weapon, and prayed for victory:
Two locks from the hero's temple he cut with cunning skill,
As if the shears had clipt them; but he did none other ill.

Speedily Woldietèrich cried to God his life to save.
"Heathen hound, how cunningly a tonsure thou canst shave!
I shall need a priest no more, to shrive me of my sin;
By the help of God on high, I hope the fight to win."

"Have I not hit thee yet?" spake Belligan with wrath.
"Ay, thou hast shav'd my crown, but done no other scath:
As yet I bear no wound, then throw the other knife:
If once again thy weapon miss, it's I have gained the strife."

"Christian, guard thy heart!" cried the heathen king accurst;
"Soon a bloody well from thy side shall burst.
Keen is the trusty weapon, and bears the name of Death!
Thou need'st not guard thy life; thou hast breathed thy latest breath."

The Christian wound St George's shirt his body all about.
Quickly passed the weapon keen through the buckler stout;
But from the wonderous shirt, to the ground the knife did start,
Shivered into splinters, nor touched the champion's heart.

"I have stood thy throws, Sir Belligan," spake the knight aloud:
"Better I can cast than thou the knife, thou pagan proud."—
"Boast not of thy cunning," cried King Belligan;
"Thy knives with magic art are dight, thou foolish Christian man."

Safe he thought his body ; but the knight bade him beware
 His right foot and his left eye, that the heathen cried, with care,
 " How may I guard them both? In this fearful stound,
 Save me from that Christian fell, with thy power, Sir Mahound !"

Wolfdietrich quickly threw the knife, and he heaved his hand on high ;
 He pinned the right foot on the chair, and laughing did he cry,
 " My skill it is but little ; much I feared thy flight,
 So I pinned thee to the chair : now thou canst not quit my sight."

The second knife he threw, and he hit him in the side :
 " Heathen, thou must die, for all thy boast and pride."
 Woefully spake Belligan,— " Knight without a peer,
 Quickly tell thy name, for much thy throws I fear."—

" I am the king of Greece, Wolfdietrich is my name."—
 Trembling cried the pagan, " Save me, thou knight of fame.
 In the fount thou shalt baptise me, and teach me Christian lore :
 Save me, noble champion ! I pray thee, throw no more."—

" Thou must die, Sir Belligan ; many Christians hast thou shent :
 Alas ! I view their bloody heads upon thy battlement."—
 The pagan bade his meiny his gods before him bring :
 Vainly by their might he ween'd to quell the Grecian king.

But over them Wolfdietrich signed the holy cross,
 And instantly the idols false broke down to dust and dross.
 Up and spake fair Marpaly,— " He works with magic sleight :
 Much I dread the malice of that Christian knight."

With sorrow cried Sir Belligan, " Mahoun, help with thy might :
 I will give thee to thy spouse Marpaly the bright."
 Laughing, cried the champion, " A god full strange is thine !
 Does he seek to spouse the dame ? but his marrow he shall tine.

" Guard thy heart, sir king ; I warn thee, guard it well ;
 Quickly will I pierce it, with this weapon fell ;

If I fail asunder straight thy heart to cleave,
This head upon the battlement, in forfeit, will I leave."

Speedily Woldietrich the third knife heaved on high :
Trembling stood Sir Belligan, for he felt his death was nigh.
The pagan's heart asunder, with cunning skill he cleft :
Down upon the grass he fell, of life bereft.

When the pagans beheld the death of their sovereign, they rushed upon Woldietrich, to the number of five hundred. He grasped the sword of one of them, and made great slaughter amongst them ; but the mother of Marpaly, who was a great magician, caused a fog to come over him, that he could not see any of his adversaries. The hero took the knife with which he had pierced the heart of Belligan, and fortunately laid the enchantress dead on the ground. Instantly the sun shone again in all his splendour, and the hero recommenced the slaughter. Unfortunately his sword broke. His friend the porter beheld him in this extremity, delivered another to him, and rushed to his assistance. The two knights stemmed their backs against each other, and soon forced their assailants to give over the battle, and to crave baptism of their conqueror. This he refused, unless God caused a manifest token of his pleasure that they should receive baptism, by causing a well to flow from the rock. The infidels laughed at what they supposed an impossibility, but were soon convinced of the superior power of the God of the Christians over that of Mahomet, and were baptised in the well. The young queen refused baptism, but was informed by Woldietrich that she must prepare herself to accompany him. To the faithful porter Gramaly he transferred the possession of the castle and the country ; and the heads of the Christians on the battlements he caused to be taken down and buried.

His armour and horse being re-delivered to him, he exclaimed on the folly of any knight who gave up his weapon on entering a castle. The

young queen he bound on his horse before him, and having mounted,
issued from the gate.

With magic art all o'er the lake a broad bridge threw the dame;
But onward as they rode, still narrower it became:
In wonder stood the hero; to the maiden he 'gan say,
"Damsel, truly tell, who has borne the bridge away."

"Little care I though thou drown," cried Dame Marpaly.
"Then graithe thee," spake Wolfdietèrich; "'tis thou must plunge with me."
"No harm the waves can do me; with magic am I dight."
"Then speed we to the castle back," cried the Christian knight.

Back the fearless hero turned his trusty horse;
But down the bridge was broken, by the lady's magic force.
In his sorrow, cried the champion, "Help, God, in this my need!
Say, how may we hither pass, damsel, right areed."

From the courser Marpaly suddenly would fly.
"Stay thee here, thou woman fell! quickly must thou die."
Piteously she wept, prayed him her life to save.
He tied her to his body fast, and plunged into the wave.

In the name of God he leapt into the lake amain;
But the water suddenly was gone; on the mead he stood again.
"Lady, say, how passed the waters? How bloomed the mead so green?"
"Alas!" she cried, "thy God is strong, or dead thou sure hadst been."

"Let me pass, Wolfdietèrich, for thy chivalry!
Knightly deed it were not, but evil treachery,
If thy hand thou didst imbrue in gentle lady's blood."
Straight her bonds he loosened, and she leapt from the courser good.

Suddenly, upon the mead, her garments down she threw,
And shewed her beauteous form to the wondering champion's view.

Her hands she clapt together,* on the hero did she look,
And straight, by arts of grammary, a raven's form she took.

High upon a tree perched the raven black.
"The devil's fere thou art; to hell then speed thee back!
Had I done thy will, by the foul fiend had I lain."—
He grasped his courser's bridle, and away he rode amain.

But suddenly around him a laithly fog she cast;
Fouler it grew, and thicker still, as he onward past:
And straight beside his courser stood a champion fell
A club the black man brandished, and seemed the hound of hell.

Up and spake Woldietèrich,— "Say, thou doughty knight,
Why wilt thou give me battle? I have done thee no despight."
But fiercely struck the monster on his helm a blow of might:
Down he fell upon the mead, and saw nor day nor night.

Full of shame he rose again; his glittering shield he clasped,
Run against the fiend of hell, and fast his falchion grasped:
In the dreadful stour he took the monster's life.
Fondly he weened the fight was done, nor thought of further strife.

But suddenly two other fiends, fouler than the other,
Brandished on high their iron clubs, to avenge their fallen brother.
Down they struck him to the ground, in deadly swoon he fell;
Gone was all his strength, and his face grew wan and pale.

But God on high was with him: quickly he arose,
Run upon the hell-hounds, and struck them mortal blows.
When the two were dead, behold! by his side four others stood,
And rushed upon the Christian, thirsting for his blood.

Hotter was the battle, bolder the champion grew;
Quick his might o'ercame them; to the ground the fiends he threw;

* This is a very common way of producing an enchantment in the Arabian Tales.

Down he felled the four, dead lay they by his side;
But, alas! upon the plain, eight fouler he descried.

The uncouth champions black upon the hero rushed;
With their weighty clubs of steel, him to the ground they pushed;
Mickle was his pain and woe; his force was well nigh spent:
Loudly of his sorrow to the heavens did he lament.

Again he grasped his buckler, and from the plain arose;
Again, with his good falchion, he dealt them heavy blows,
And all the evil hell-hounds rathly made he bleed;
Deep were the wounds his weapon carved; dead fell they on the mead.

But the battle was not over; he came in greater pain;
Sixteen fouler fiends than they stood upon the plain;
And as their clubs they wielded, the champion cried amain,
"When a fiend, alas! I vanquish, two fiercer come again."

Amongst the hell-hounds fierce he rushed, and thought to be awroke:
With their iron clubs they struck him, that his helmet seemed to smoke.
He feared his fatal hour was nigh; astounded and dismayed,
On the ground in crucial form he fell, and called to Heaven for aid.

O'er him stood the foul fiends, and with their clubs of steel
Struck him o'er the helmet, that in deadly s wound he fell:
But God his sorrow saw; to the fiends his sond he sent:
From the earth they vanished, with howling and lament.

And with them to the deep abyss they bore the sorceress fell:
Loudly did she shriek, when they cast her into hell.
The Christian hero thank'd his God; from the ground he rose with speed;
Joyfully he sheathed his sword, and mounted on his steed.

ADVENTURE V.

On the fifteenth day, after he had passed, without any adventure, through many countries, he arrived at the Straits of St George,¹ where he was overtaken and attacked by five hundred Saracens. He behaved with his usual bravery, but when the night came, was forced to leap into the sea, after having killed two hundred of his adversaries. His horse, who had been wearied in the battle, began to sink. In his need he called to God for assistance, and immediately heard himself called by his name. Turning round, he discovered a dwarf, who, in a very diminutive ship, came to his assistance, and carried him over to the shore of Greece. He saw the royal burgh of Constantinople, but did not recognise it in the dark, till the dwarf informed him that his brothers dwelt there, and that his eleven faithful champions were forced to mount guard upon the battlements. Approaching to the walls, he heard the lamentation of Bechtung and his sons, which affected him so much, that he fell to the ground, and cursed his unfortunate fate. But the dwarf warned him that two hundred of his brothers' knights were on the watch, and that he had little chance of escaping, if they discovered him. Again he mounted his courser, and taking his leave of the dwarf, continued his journey. But his knights had heard his voice, and in vain consoled themselves in the prospect of being speedily relieved from their bondage.

Wolfdietrich rode on till he came to the ocean, which he crossed, and was rejoiced to see on the opposite shore, at some distance, a splendid castle, built of white marble. He pursued a narrow path through the forest, and soon met a giant, taller than any he had yet encountered. His head reached far above the tallest trees, his iron pole was twelve ells in length, and his shield appeared like a great

¹ No uncommon appellation for the Hellespont, and which was used as late as the twelfth century.

rock. But the champion's courage and aversion against giants was not subdued. He ran to the monster, and calling him the devil's companion, defied him to the combat. The latter answered contemptuously, that he would suffer him quietly to depart, upon delivering him either a foot or an arm, which was no more than the usual toll he exacted from passengers. But when he felt the heavy blows of the hero, he soon changed his opinion, and was content to engage in the battle. The combatants were very equally matched; what the one wanted in size was fully made up by his superior skill. Woldietrich first cleft his opponent's shield, and then shivered his pole to splinters. The giant then drew his tremendous falchion; but being unable, by the loss of his shield, to cover his body, he was soon wounded in the heart, and his enormous body fell thundering to the ground. When he found himself dying, he cursed Apollo and Mahound, that they had suffered him to die such a shameful death, and that he had not received his mortal wound honourably matched with one of his own size. The Grecian having struck off the monster's head, proceeded to the tree to which he had tied his steed, who welcomed him with every mark of joy. Exhausted with the fight, he lay down by its side, and fell asleep.

The gorgeous castle he had beheld belonged to the heathen king Marsilius of Messina, the vassal of Otnit, whose land had long been ravaged by the giant; and no merchant had dared to land in his dominions, in dread of being forced to pay the cruel tribute exacted by the monster. At the very time when the Grecian hero had struck off his head, an old astrologer was reading the stars, and discovered the fall of their uncouth enemy. He straight awakened the king with the welcome intelligence, and advised him to cause the deed to be proclaimed throughout his dominions, in order to produce a revival of commerce. But the old king preferred first to show his gratitude and hospitality to the doughty champion, sent four-and-twenty of his knights to conduct him to the castle, and issued himself with his queen to receive him. Unfortunately Woldietrich mistook them for ene-

mies, and mounting his steed, unhorsed twenty of the knights, some of whom fell to rise no more. In the mean time the king and queen arrived, and made use of every persuasion to sooth the hero's anger, and convince him of their friendly intentions, in which they succeeded at last, and conducted him in triumph to the palace. Every exertion was made to entertain the noble stranger, and the king recommended to his queen to pay every attention to him. She offered him one of her beauteous damsels for his wife, but he answered,—

“ I did not hither hie with ladies fair to sport :
The weighty spear and buckler, gentle queen, I court ;
For the love of bloody battles around the world I rove ;
Leave then, royal dame, to talk of ladies' love.”

The queen presented him with the richest garments, and with a crown inlaid with the most valuable gems. She accompanied him herself to the chamber, to assist him in unlacing his armour, and put on the garments she had prepared.

But when his hauberk she would doff, the champion blushing said,
“ Lady, 'tis far unmeet to stain thy hand with the rusty red.
Whilst I dight me in those garments, leave me for a while :
Lady, spare my blushes.”— She departed with a smile.

When he entered the hall, dressed in the gorgeous garment, and crowned with the rich coronet, he was received by five hundred ladies, and allowed by all to be a miracle of beauty : And when he related his adventures, every one praised him as matchless, and the minstrels sung his actions to the sound of their harps.

Ever the host's right noble fame will I praise and sing,
Who richly for his guests prepares the feast like that proud king ;
And the guest I praise him too, who shows his high-born blood,
By honouring the landlord, as a courteous champion should.

After he had been entertained for the space of thirteen days, Wolfdietrich took his leave, to the great sorrow of his royal host and his queen. He travelled towards Lombardy, and soon entered a dark forest.

ADVENTURE VI.

He had not proceeded far before he was encountered by a giantess of the most horrible appearance, and of enormous size, who grinned upon him in a very friendly manner. But Wolfdietrich, who did not much relish her appearance, nor covet her friendship, began to draw his sword. The lady, however, informed him that her name was Runy, that she had the best intentions towards him, and would entertain him for any length of time, and, finally, that she was a near relation of his, no less than his aunt. The hero began to repose confidence in her, and followed her into her fastness, where he was welcomed in a most courteous manner by seven other women, equal to her in size, over whom she reigned as queen. For three days he was most royally feasted; and when he signified his resolution to proceed to Lombardy, she took him under one arm, as if he had been a squirrel, and his horse in the other, and carried them above a hundred miles with ease that day. When she had set him down in the realm of Lombardy, she returned back, having received many thanks from her nephew.

Wolfdietrich passed through Lombardy, and on the fifth day came to Terfis, which was possessed by the rich burghgrave Werner. He was just holding a tournament, at which his daughter, the beautiful Amey, presided. Hitherto Count Herman of Tuscany had bore the prize away; but the lady having hung a ring on a small thread, and challenged the knights to throw their spears through it, for which they were to be rewarded with a kiss, no one could accomplish the enterprise. At this moment Wolfdietrich arrived, and the lady supposing him to be a knight adventurous, prayed her father to invite him to partake of the games. Werner rode towards him, but was obliged

to start aside; for the Grecian supposing him to come with hostile intentions, had laid his lance in rest. When he understood the real intentions of the burghgrave, he proceeded with him to the throng of knights, and was courteously received. Count Herman begged him to try his skill in piercing the ring. At first he pleaded the fatigue his horse had undergone, but the count offered to lend him his own, which was found incapable of bearing him. His own steed had been fed in the mean while, and when it was perfectly recovered, he mounted, and the horse making a leap twelve fathoms high, he pierced the ring, and presenting it to the lady of the tournament, received three kisses for his reward.

Count Herman seeing the skill of the unknown knight, defied him to joust with him for a thousand marks; and when the latter answered that he had not a single one in his possession, he upbraided him for joining the company of such wealthy and high-born knights. But Amey, unwilling to lose the sport, and enraged at the insolence of the count, undertook to stand good for the knight, and vowed to become Herman's spouse, if he could unhorse the unknown champion; stipulating, however, that the latter should be allowed fourteen days to recruit himself and his courser. During the interval he was entertained very splendidly, and distinguished before all other knights by the fair Amey.

When the day appointed for the jousting arrived, the count was ready upon the field, and, at the request of the lady, pledged himself that his knights should attempt nothing against the unknown champion, if he vanquished him. She armed Woldietrich, presented him with an excellent old hauberk, which had belonged to Otnit, and ornamented his helmet. Upon his arriving in the field, Herman proposed to him to be allowed to have the first jousting, and if Woldietrich was not unhorsed, he would receive the shock of his lance in return. The proposal was accepted, and the count, who had the strength of eight other men, chose a heavy lance. Eight hundred knights had assembled to view the tournament, and the lady-arbitress was seated among her maidens, to decide the combat.

Count Herman spurred his courser, and galloped o'er the plain;
With anger burnt his heart, and he hoped the prize to gain:
Against the Grecian hero he ran with envious force,
But he could not stand the shock, and tumbled from his horse.

Firmly sat Woldietrich, his shield repell'd the spear,
From his courser to the ground leap'd he without fear;
But Sir Herman bowed full courteously to the unknown knight:
"Take the gold, thou champion, for I may not stand thy might."

"Nay," cried the king of Greece, "it must not, count, be so,
For first before the lady my power must I show."
A long and weighty spear he chose, as in the book is told;
And the spear a fathom in the ground thrust the hero bold.

Amongst the knights resounded, aloud, a joyful cry,
When, withouten stirrups, on his steed he leaped on high.*
Count Herman on his courser mounted, full of care;
But through his shirt of mail ran the sweat of fear.

O'er the court in full career the Grecian did advance,
And above the saddle bow he hit him with the lance;
Little could the count withstand that thrust of might and main;
Fathoms eight it cast him, down upon the plain.

The knights of Count Herman, to the number of two hundred, when they beheld the fall of their master, drew their falchions, and rushed upon his conqueror. But Woldietrich wielded his lance so well, that he unhorsed sixty of them. The burghgrave parted the fray with his champions, and was glad to find that no harm was done, save the breaking of a few limbs.

The unknown champion had made such an impression upon the fair

* This was reckoned one of the requisites of a knight; and in some countries no nobleman could succeed to certain lands possessed by his ancestors, without leaping upon his horse completely armed, and without touching the stirrups.

Amey, that she declared to her father that he was the man of her heart, and notwithstanding his objections on the score of his apparent low rank and poverty, insisted upon having no other husband. Werner accordingly made the proposal, which he was surprised to find rejected. The guest declared his resolution to visit the emperor Otnit; and when Werner informed him that he had been destroyed by the serpents three years before, he resolved to combat against them, and in case the empress was as yet a widow, to obtain her hand. Werner returned, and acquainted his daughter with the bad success of his errand, upon which she declared to the Grecian, that she would take no husband, if he was not recommended by him, and returned with a mantle of ermine, which she then gave him. He promised her the most worthy among his eleven imprisoned champions. As he stood in need of a hauberk, above a hundred were offered to his choice. In order to try their strength, he threw them on the ground, and, to the great astonishment of the spectators, shivered twelve of them in pieces, before he met with one upon which he could rely.

ADVENTURE VII.

The burghgrave accompanied Wolddietrich to the castle of Garten, and by his advice he remained under the walls till night, in order to hear the lamentations of the empress, and thereby to understand whether she was as yet unmarried. Meantime Werner took his leave, and returned home. When night came, the Grecian hero rode up to the castle-moat, but the centinel hearing his approach, and calling out to him not to approach the walls, he thought it prudent to leap from his horse, and silently to conceal himself in the moat. The centinel began to lament the death of Otnit, and the unfortunate situation of the empress; and the latter hearing his complaints, arose from her chamber, and joined him. They began mutually to deplore her misfortunes; her being kept from any share in the government by the barons, and obliged to gain her livelihood by spinning and embroidery; and

sorrowing for the death or absence of Wolfdietrich, the best friend of Otnit. The hero could not endure her lamentations, but, in token of his presence, threw a heavy stone up to the battlements. The empress swooned for fear, and the centinel was scarcely less terrified. When she recovered, and considered the strength of the throw, she exclaimed that no one had so much force since the death of Otnit, except Wolfdietrich; and sighed for the absence of the latter, who was alone capable of destroying the dragon-brood, and to whom she would willingly deliver up the realm of Lombardy, in case he succeeded in the enterprise.

When she had recovered from her consternation, she called out from the battlements whether any one lay concealed there, and why he had so rudely interrupted her lamentations. He answered that he was come to do battle with the serpents, and had thrown the stone to give her a specimen of his strength. She promised to make him master of Lombardy and Germany, if he was successful; but he declared that he would never undertake the enterprise, unless she promised to become his spouse, and gave him a ring in token. After some difficulty she consented, and bade him enter the castle, which he refused. Then she let down a ring tied to a thread, and informed him that it would give him the additional strength of two men, and preserve him from the effects of the fiery breath of the dragons. When she inquired his name, he refused to discover it, but leaped upon his horse without stirrups, which again brought the strength of Otnit and his brother in arms to her recollection.

ADVENTURE VIII.

Having taken leave of the empress, he proceeded on the perilous adventure, and entered the forest. At the very entrance he found a knight dying, and incapable of giving any answer to his offers of assistance. As he stood over him, he heard the cries of a woman at a distance, and immediately ran to her assistance. He found her naked

above the girdle, and clasping a tree with great agony. He threw the ermine mantle given to him by the damsel Amey over her shoulders, and inquired the cause of her misfortunes. She related, that having been married to a young knight, she was proceeding to her mother, in order to be delivered of her first child, when they were attacked by the dragon called Schadesan,¹ who had devoured eleven knights of their train, and had left her husband lying on the ground bleeding. She had escaped the dragon's fury, but was then in labour. The courteous knight of Greece offered her his assistance, and directed her to blindfold his eyes, that he might play the part of a midwife modestly.² But she refused what she considered incompatible with a lady's honour, and begged the hero to bring her some water, in order to be rid of his presence. He fetched water from a neighbouring well in his helmet; but when he returned, he found both the lady and her new-born infant dead.

The knight, the mother, and the child, he lifted from the ground,
 And bore them to the forest's end, where a chapel old he found;
 Amongst the mouldering ruins he bore the bodies three:
 With his falchion he digged a grave right mournfully.
 With sorry cheer he digged the grave with his trusty blade;
 Many bitter tears he shed, and many a prayer he pray'd.
 In the grave he laid the knight, the child, and lady fair,
 And for their souls to God he prayed the funeral prayer.

The champion having performed this pious office, proceeded in search of the dragons, and soon discovered their den. He defied them aloud, but found that they were gone in search of prey. Anxious to conclude his adventure, he traced their footsteps through the forest; but being aware of the soporific effect of the magic linden, he avoided

¹ Literally, "without damage;" a very improper name for the monster, as indeed the poet himself observes in another place.

² See the Danish ballad of Fair Midel, in this volume.

approaching every tree of that species. He had not proceeded far before he heard a great noise at a distance. Upon his approach, he found a lion giving battle to one of the dragons; and as he bore a golden lion in his shield, he considered himself bound to give every assistance to the distressed animal. The latter signified his gratitude by an inclination of the head, and redoubled his exertions in support of the champion. The dragon's head was of a horny consistence, his shoulders were two ells in length, and he walked upon four-and-twenty feet. The battle lasted all the day, but, notwithstanding the faithful assistance of the lion, Woldietrich found himself unable to inflict any wound upon his enemy. By the monster's fiery breath his sword became soft, and the rings of his hauberk glowed with heat. He lamented the lion's inability to understand his directions, wishing him to maintain the fight whilst he cooled his armour. But the noble animal guessed his intentions, and rushing upon the dragon, kept him at bay for some time, till he was driven back to his preserver. The latter then leaped on the back of the serpent, but unfortunately broke his falchion against the impenetrable scales. Now he despaired of accomplishing his undertaking, and was proceeding to mount his horse, when the dragon threw his tail around his body, and took him prisoner. The faithful lion attempted to rescue him, but was himself made captive, and carried away in the mouth of the monster.

The dragon bore his prisoners over hill and dale, to the den where his young brood were famishing with hunger. He threw down the lion, who was soon devoured, without satisfying their appetite. Woldietrich was then cast before them, but he covered himself among the bones of his predecessors, and eluded their fury for some time. At last they discovered him, but the miraculous shirt of St George bade defiance to their teeth. When the parent saw their rage, he issued from the cave, and returned with the champion's horse, which at last put a stop to their appetite. They now bore Woldietrich into the middle of the cave, and amused themselves with throwing stones upon him, which cast him into a swoon. The young ones at last tired

of their diversion, and fell into a sound sleep. The hero having recovered from his swoon, had time for recollection, and roused himself by considering the dangerous situations in which Noah, Jonas, and Daniel, had been preserved. He resolved to follow their example, and confide in Providence. Stumbling about in the dark, among the dead bodies, he fortunately found a sword, which had once belonged to the giant Egkeleit. To try its mettle, he struck it several feet in the rock, and filled the cave with fire occasioned by the stroke. By this light he discovered the old worm Schadesan, lying amongst his young ones. Convinced of the excellence of the weapon, he struck a heavy blow at the dragon, who found himself severely wounded when he awoke. The battle was very severe, and lasted all the day. The champion was obliged to fly, and hide himself behind a corner of the cave. But he soon renewed the fight, and was at last so fortunate as to sever the monster's head from his body. In the agony of death, the dragon striking his tail against the rock, illumined the whole cave with the fire he struck out of it, very opportunely for Woldietrich, as he was thereby enabled, though with much difficulty, to find his way to the entrance of the cavern.

But the combats of the champion were not over. He was soon encountered by the oldest and fiercest of the dragons, whose head he cut off, after a severe battle. Then he entered the cave, and slew ten of the young brood. Unfortunately an old dragon and a young one escaped. One of these was not destroyed till eighty years after, when he fell by the sword of Dietrich of Bern.¹ Woldietrich cut out the tongues of the dragons which he had subdued, and proceeded to the place where Otnit's body lay, and appropriated to himself his crown, his cross, and his armour, praying the dead body to forgive the deed. An angel suddenly entered the body, and bade him take them, promising him at the same time the crown of Lombardy, and the empress for his spouse. Woldietrich armed himself in the dead emperor's ar-

¹ His battle with the remaining dragon is described in a Danish ballad, a translation of which will be found in the Appendix. Most of the circumstances are closely copied from the combat related in the text.

mour, and placed his bones in a corner, to distinguish them from those of the other dead knights. He then issued from the cave, in search of the worms who had escaped, but found his new armour so heavy, that he could not proceed.

ADVENTURE IX.

In the mean time Duke Gherwart came to Garten, with eighty of his knights, and craved the permission of the empress to proceed to the forest, and give battle to the dragons. But she denied her consent, informing him that a stranger knight had already undertaken the adventure. The duke, however, would not desist, but went with his knights into the forest, where he found the dragon Schadesan lying dead before the cave. He struck so many blows upon the body with his sword, that the forest resounded with them. Then he declared his resolution to be emperor, and made his knights swear that they would make a false report that he had killed the monsters. But two brothers, Count Hartman and Count Herman, refused, for which they were threatened with the vengeance of Gherwart, when he should bear the imperial crown. They left the duke, who took the dragon's head, and set out on his return. He found Wolfdietrich standing under a tree. The duke offered him a horse, if he would enter his service. But when the Grecian beheld the head of the dragon, he scornfully asked him on what adventure he had rode; and when the duke asserted that he had slain the dragon, he gave him the lie. Gherwart ordered his knights to strike down the champion, but he defended himself so well, that, with the assistance of Hartman and Herman, he unhorsed two-and-twenty, though he himself was on foot. The duke struck him to the ground, but he soon arose again, and wounded his opponent in three places, so that he was glad to own his treacherous intention, and to present his conqueror with his own courser. Wolfdietrich convinced him of his folly, by showing the tongues which he had cut out

of the dragons' heads; and they all confessed that he deserved the crown and the empress.

One of the fugitive knights galloped to Garten, with the intelligence of the destruction of the serpents by the stranger knight, and was richly rewarded for the intelligence by the empress. He was soon followed by the two counts Hartman and Herman, who recounted to her the intended treachery of the duke, and the valour of the unknown champion. Hartman undertook to carry a message from the empress, who advised him to bear a falcon on his fist, in token of his intentions being peaceable. The precaution was very seasonable, for Woldietrich supposing him one of the fugitive knights, ashamed of his cowardice, and returning to give him battle, galloped against him with his lance couchant; but beholding the token of peace, threw it away, and inquired his errand. The count asked him why he did not proceed to court, after having destroyed the dragons. The Grecian answered, that two had escaped, so that he had not wholly fulfilled his vow; and gave him the empress's ring, in token of his having executed the message. When the empress beheld him, she concluded that the stranger despised her love, and fell into a swoon. On her recovery, the count informed her of the reason of his absence, with which she was not entirely satisfied. Duke Gherwart, who now arrived, she would not suffer to remain in her presence; so he returned into his own country.

Woldietrich meanwhile proceeding in search of the two dragons, came to a lake, where he found a lion fighting fiercely with a very diminutive worm, and roaring out with pain. At first he could not discern the worm, but the latter beholding him, flew at his golden shield, and threw fire at it so fiercely, that the gold began to burn and consume away. His whole armour became glowing hot, and every effort to strike the animal was in vain, as it avoided all his blows, leaping over his head, and again attacking him with the greatest celerity. The heat was so intense, that he threw himself into the lake, to quench the fire. In the mean time the lion had caught the worm, which the

knight perceiving, leaped upon the land, struck it asunder with his sword, and threw the fragments into the water. The whole lake was soon in a flame, and continued burning when the hero left it. "I will now tell you of that marvellous worm: In French it is called Zunder, in German, Saribant, and in the country of Sittelenland,¹ Viper. Only two of them exist in the world at a time; for when the young ones are grown to a certain age, they fall upon their parents, and devour them. You have heard of these strange animals: I will now return to the knight."

Having obtained the fellowship of the lion by a significant nod of the head, he proceeded to Garten, to have the wounds of the animal cured. On their road they encountered the two fugitive dragons, and Wolfdietrich having instructed the lion to remain quiet, unless he beheld him in imminent danger, attacked the old dragoness. The latter, astonished at the blows which she received from the champion, run against him, and struck him to the ground. The lion immediately came to his assistance, but when the monster found herself assailed on both sides, she sent forth a doleful cry, and fled so speedily, that the attempt to overtake her proved fruitless.

ADVENTURE X.

Wolfdietrich proceeded with the lion to the burgh, and calling to the watchman, informed him that he was the knight who had killed the dragons, and instructed him to request the empress to heal the wounds of his faithful lion. Then he departed, refusing to enter the castle. The watchman bore his message to the empress, and she arose to comply with the request of her champion. But when the burghgrave, who was now inimical to her, heard her rising, and inquired the cause, she pretended that she had dreamt of the arrival of the knight and of his lion. She issued from the castle-gate where the

¹ Perhaps Sicily.

lion stood, whom she conjured, for his master's sake, to submit quietly to her operations. The animal was borne into a chamber, where she cauterized and bound up his wounds.

The following night she silently arose, and joined the watchman, in the expectation of the champion's arrival, in search of his lion; nor did she wait long, for he soon rode up to the castle walls, and demanded his companion. The empress used every persuasion to induce him to enter the castle, and at last succeeded. The centinel opened the gates, took his horse from him, and led him to the empress, by whom he was well entertained, but at whose request he lay at the furthest side of the bed, fearing the malice of her knights.

But the burghgrave had observed the entrance of Woldietrich, and came in the morning, accompanied by two hundred knights, to the chamber door, accusing the empress of having committed adultery with the murderer of Otnit, whose armour they had observed upon the hero. The lion was now let loose, and committed great havoc amongst the enemies. As soon as his master was armed, he joined him, and commenced a dreadful slaughter, but his faithful companion fell in the fight; and the hero, though he re-doubled his exertions to avenge him, was at last forced to yield to numbers. A heavy stone thrown upon him benumbed his senses, and he would have become a prey to his enemies, had not the two faithful knights, Hartman and Herman, bestridden and defended him till he recovered from his swoon. Then he re-commenced the slaughter, striking so many knights to the ground, that the empress, fearing the destruction of all her vassals, prayed him to desist, and persuaded the burghgrave to accompany her to the forest, where the truth might be discovered, whether he had murdered the emperor, or had actually killed the serpents.

The empress issued to the forest, accompanied by her knights. They soon came to the place where the little Saribant lay dead, at which sight Count Helnot of Tuscany scoffed at the boasted prowess of Woldietrich. But he was soon convinced of his folly, when one of the fugitive dragons appeared, which put him and the other knights of

Lombardy into such a panic, that they were glad to escape, and climb the neighbouring trees. The dragoness attacked Wolfdietrich, and notwithstanding a severe wound which he inflicted upon her, he found himself unable to bear her fiery breath, as he had not the preservative ring upon his finger. But the empress beholding his danger, bade him enter the cave, and take the shield of Otnit, which was inlaid with gems, having also the virtue of rendering the fire innocuous. When he had obtained the shield, he attacked the monster, and allowed himself to be driven to the place where the terrified knights had concealed themselves. Then he employed his falchion so well, that he struck her into two pieces. Four young ones who fell out of her body then attacked him, but soon shared the fate of their parent.

The knights were now satisfied of the valour of Wolfdietrich, and unanimously offered the imperial crown to him. He insisted upon their entering the cave, and viewing the dragon Schadesan, which they could hardly be prevailed upon to do. Above eighty bodies of dead knights were brought out and buried, and amongst them the head of Otnit, which removed every scruple in the mind of the empress and her barons.

ADVENTURE XI.

Great preparations were made for the marriage and coronation. Duke Helnot was appointed to invite the neighbouring princes to the high feast, and a splendid encampment was made before the castle of Garten. Thither resorted, among others, three noble kings, with their knights; Hartenit, king of Spain, Adelgar of France, and Fridolt of Sicily. The high feast was held for fourteen days, and in the jousting the new emperor bore the prize from all the competitors. Immense sums of money were distributed among the poor, and many squires received the order of knighthood from the monarch.

Notwithstanding these rejoicings, Wolfdietrich mourned in his heart for his companions imprisoned at Constantinople; and his spouse ha-

ving one night understood the cause of his sorrow, upbraided him for his neglect, and for preferring eleven of his knights to her, and to the innumerable champions whom she had placed under his command. But when he answered that he preferred his faithful eleven to a thousand empresses, she waxed wroth, and assembling thirty thousand warriors, complained of her husband's neglect, and called upon them for vengeance. They were just proceeding to attack him, when one, more prudent than the rest, stayed their fury, and requested the emperor to explain who the champions for whom he had such an affection were. Wolfdietrich then related the matchless fidelity of Bechtung and his ten sons. When the empress understood that her new spouse was no other than the companion and brother at arms of Otnit, she fell upon her knees, prayed his forgiveness, and offered all the assistance of her empire to procure the release of his knights. Out of the thirty thousand warriors he chose twelve thousand to accompany him. The realm of Westria he gave to the faithful counts Hartman and Herman, pardoned the treachery of Duke Gherwart, and permitted him to embark, with his thousand knights in his company. The empress bade him beware of the beauty of the Grecian ladies, and prevailed upon him to spare the life of his two treacherous brothers.

ADVENTURE XII.

After having sailed twenty days, the emperor arrived near Constantinople, and landed five miles from the city. By the advice of Count Herman, the camp was struck in a dark forest, and Wolfdietrich, with twelve of his bravest knights, proceeded to the walls, disguised as palmers, where he heard two of Bechtung's sons, Hache and Herbrant lamenting their misfortunes. Approaching to the walls, he prayed them to bestow alms upon him and his brother pilgrims, for the souls of his dead friends. Herbrant lamented his inability to give him any money, but threw down a hauberk, and bade him sell it in the city, saying,

that he had bestowed the gift for the souls of Wolfdietrich and of their father Bechtung, who shortly before had died of grief at a feast prepared by the two brother kings, at which they had been forced to officiate in wretched raiment. When the emperor heard of his faithful master's death, he sunk to the earth with grief, and revealed himself to his faithful knights.

Herbrant blew his horn aloud ; to his brothers did he call,
 " Quickly speed ye hither, brethren, to the wall !
 Behold that palmer on the green ! boldly did he speak :
 'Tis I your king Wolfdietrich, come your sorrows to awreak."

On the walls the champions knelt, lowly on their knee ;
 To God on high they called to aid them speedily :
 " Help us," cried Sir Herèbrant, " help us for thy might !
 Still we kept our faith and truth, then our chains asunder smite."
 God did help them in their need, those faithful brothers young ;
 Suddenly asunder broke their fetters strong :
 Their care was past, a shout of joy was heard the knights among,
 And down upon the meadow, from the battlements they sprung.

The sons of Bechtung did not at first recognize their master, who, during an absence of ten years, had become hoary. But when he shewed them the wound on his head, which he had received when his brothers expelled him from his inheritance, they were immediately satisfied. By their advice the city was set fire to in four places, and a loud war-cry informed the citizens of Wolfdietrich's arrival. Twenty thousand opposed his entrance, whom himself and his two-and-twenty champions kept at bay, until he had sounded his horn, and given warning to his concealed troops to join him. After a long and bloody battle, an ancient knight stepped before his fellow-citizens, reminded them of their allegiance to Wolfdietrich, and recommended to throw themselves on his mercy. Instantly all their banners were cast to the

ground, and the town was delivered up to the rightful owner, who gave it in charge to Duke Gherwart, and marched to the burgh of Atnis, where his brothers resided.

When Boghen and Wassmut understood his approach, they proposed to give him battle after seven days. They sent their messengers to the different parts of Greece, and soon collected an army of forty thousand, against whom Woldietrich could only bring into the field his twelve thousand Lombards, and four thousand citizens of Constantinople.

And now the truce was over, and on th' appointed day
The armies rushed together, all to the bloody fray;
From their tents they issued in glittering array,
Before the city on the plain, their fortune to essay.

Proudly marched the Grecian host, their helmets laced they on;
Bright their gleaming falchions, and bright their brunies shone.
O'er the blooming meadow trampled the destrers proud,
And all around resounded the horns of war aloud.

Woldietrich the brave straight his helmet laced,
And all his host in ireful mood, fast their hauberks braced:
He chose the boldest of his knights, the trusty Herèbrand,
Grasped the storming banner, and placed it in his hand.

The banner of the faithless kings bore a noble duke:
Tow'rds Herèbrant he spurred his steed that all the meadow shook;
But he recked not for his boasting: together have they sped,
Herbrant pierced him with his lance, on the meadow fell he dead.

Together flew the heroes, the steeds together rushed;
'Gainst the weighty bucklers their spears to splinters crushed;
Many a warrior in the press lost his courser's rein,
Fell among the horses' hoofs, ne'er to rise again.

Many a noble courser, lances sharp did pierce:
There lay many riven shields, and many shivered spears.

Then their glittering falchions from the sheaths they drew,
Down they cast with deadly blows warriors brave and true.

Ever their noble chivalry and courage will I sing,
How their blades cut many a helm, and many an iron ring,
How they struck from hauberks, sparks of fire on high,
How the dust in clouds arose, darkening all the sky.

All the field was streaming with the tide of blood ;
From many a dying warrior's side rushed the gory flood.
But bolder far than other kemps, Wolfdietrich waged the fight ;
Steeds and champions dead lay around the noble knight.

There his matchless force he showed, burning in his wrath ;
Habergeons he hewed asunder, striking blows of death ;
All the Grecian chivalry fled before his brand :
E'en the boldest of them all feared his deadly hand.

After a most bloody combat, the forces of Bohen and Wassmut were completely routed ; and they, with the principal barons of their party, taken prisoners. They were brought to Constantinople, and there swore fealty to their conqueror and rightful sovereign.

Wolfdietrich proceeded to the cathedral, where he saw the tomb of Bechtung. He heaved up the stone, and beheld the dead body of his beloved master. He called upon God to give him some token of his soul's welfare, and immediately the bones assumed a glittering whiteness. Many masses were sung for his soul by the command of the emperor.

ADVENTURE XIII.

Having established the Grecian kingdom in peace, Wolfdietrich returned to Lombardy, where the empress received his captive brothers with so much courtesy, that he upbraided her with bestowing such favours upon his enemies, and neglecting his faithful companions. He

resolved, notwithstanding his promise, to execute the two kings; but his knights understanding his purpose, persuaded the empress to ask their lives of him. At length he yielded to her intreaties, took their oaths of allegiance, and sent them to the possessions which his father had bequeathed to them.

The emperor having prevailed over all his enemies, proceeded to Rome, where he was crowned, and held a splendid plenar court. Sitting on his throne, he received the oaths of all the vassals of the Roman empire. On his return to Garten, he recollected the promise he had made to the beautiful daughter of Count Werner of Terfis, and sent Hartman with twelve knights to her father. Having expedited this message, and received a hundred marks of gold, and rich dresses of scarlet silk in reward, he returned to the emperor, and was soon followed by the count and the fair Amey, accompanied by eight hundred knights. A tournament was given in their honour, but no one dared to run a course against Wolfdietrich. Herbrant exchanged rings with the beauteous Amey, and they were that night married.

And when the evening sun was down, under pall they laid,
And oh! how full of love was Herbrant and the maid!
Gently in her snowy arms lay the loving champion;
But ere they weened the night half past they cursed the morning sun.

After another tournament had been held in the morning, the emperor rewarded his faithful knights with rich possessions. To the new bridegroom he gave the burgh of Garten, where he lived many years with his wife, who bore three sons, from whom the Wolfings (Guelphs) are descended. The eldest was named Hildèbrand, and proved the faithful tutor and companion of Dietrich of Bern, the grandson of Wolfdietrich; the second was Ner, a brave champion; and the third the renowned monk Ilsan. He had also a daughter named Mergant, from whom the doughty Wolfhart descended. The second of Bechtung's sons, Hache, was created duke of Brisac; he was father to Eckart, surnamed the true; on the third, who bore his father's own

name, the emperor bestowed the duchy of Meran, which the old duke had possessed; the fourth, Bechtwin, was made lord of Kernerland;¹ the fifth and sixth obtained Saxony and Brabant; and the other four were sent to Greece, and rewarded with large dominions in that country. After they had sworn fidelity to the emperor, they departed to their several possessions.

Wolfdietrich reigned for twenty years over the Roman empire, and had a daughter, called after the empress, Sidrat, and a son named Hughdietrich the young. The latter was given in charge to Herbrant, who educated him with his own son Hildebrand, in all knightlike exercises. When the young prince was twelve years old, his mother Sidrat died, and the emperor calling his barons together, declared his resolution to retire into a monastery, for the welfare of his soul, and to give up the crown to his son. All the vassals swore fealty to the young emperor, nor could their most pressing solicitations dissuade the old monarch from his pious intentions.

ADVENTURE XIV.

At the very furthest extremity of Christendom stood the monastery of Tuskal, dedicated to St George. Thither Wolfdietrich proceeded, became a monk, and led a most exemplary life. Having sent back his son and his knights, who had accompanied him thither, he laid his arms and his golden crown upon the altar, and commenced his holy occupation.

But the friars' wicked gluttony he saw with angry mood;

Unequally amongst them they dealt their drink and food.

"Brethren," he spake, "to poor and rich alike the food divide:

Alas! for your poor souls little boots your pride.

"Thus into your filthy maws your precious souls ye eat;

But, gluttons, in the fire of hell, hotly shall ye sweat."

¹ Carniola.

He snatched the dainty viands, and the poorer friars fed :
" Thus, brethren, let us honour him, that on the cross has bled."
Wrathfully two princes old, 'gainst the hero hied ;
But by their chins he caught them, and their beards together tied ;
O'er a pole he hanged them ; for mercy loud they cried,
Swore to honour the poor friars, and leave their wicked pride.

The heathen king Tharigas had long borne enmity to the abbey, and sent a messenger thither, ordering the monks to deliver themselves into his hands. But Wolfdietrich consoled them, and bade the messenger return and defy the pagan king. The latter was glad to escape his fierce looks, and when he reached the capital of Tharigas, refused to carry any further messages to the abbey. When the pagan heard that the renowned champion Wolfdietrich was become a friar there, he convened a great host, and marched to the abbey. Five other kings served under him, all thirsting to revenge the injuries they had sustained from Wolfdietrich. But when they sent to demand the hero from the monks, he issued out of the abbey, and made a great slaughter amongst them. For half a year he continued these excursions, and seldom returned without having killed sixty of them.

In the mean time he sent word of the perilous situation of the abbey to his son, who immediately assembled his army, and was joined by the sons of Bechtung. With eighty thousand troops they marched to the relief of the abbey, and were met by Wolfdietrich with his five hundred friars. The host of the young emperor, according to his father's direction, attacked the pagans on one side, while he with the friars rushed against them on the other. The young Hughdietrich, and his fellow Hildebrand, shewed themselves worthy of their descent ; but they were at last surrounded and unhorsed. Herbrant seeing them fall, flew to their assistance, rescued them, and slew an incredible number of the enemies. But the deeds of the regular troops were not to be compared to the achievements of the friars and their leader.

Up and spake an ancient pagan, and plained him to Mahound :
" Alas and woe ! that friar old was born in evil stound !

With his letters long and red, foully we are perplex'd,
 For where that evil priest doth write we dare not read his text."

The heathen king Borok, brother to Palmunt the giant, was killed by Wolfdietrich, and Tharigas himself was struck to the ground, and taken prisoner, after the pagan banner had been cast down. Sixty thousand of their host lay dead on the field, and the rest fled with precipitation. The Christians had lost two thousand, amongst whom were six sons of Bechtung. They were buried with many lamentations in the abbey, and subsequently a splendid repast was provided in the refectory. Tharigas was pardoned on his consenting to be baptised, and swearing eternal fealty to the monastery. He sent for his vassals, who were all christened, and swore allegiance to the abbots and monks. Then they returned to their possessions, remaining ever after faithful to their superiors.

Wolfdietrich now took leave of his son and companions, and promised to visit them once every year. Hildebrand begged him to give him armorial bearings; and he gave him a shield with a wolf depicted upon it, which his descendants have borne ever since, and from which they have derived the denomination of Wolfings.*

Strictly Sir Wolfdietrich kept his holy state,
 But to cleanse him of his sins he begged a penance great:
 His brethren bade him on a bier in the church to lay,
 There to do his penance all the night until the day.

When the night was come, to the church the hero sped:
 Sudden all the ghosts appeared who by his sword lay dead.
 Many a fearful blow they struck on the champion good;
 Ne'er such pain and woe he felt when on the field he stood.

Sooner had he battle fought with thousands in the field,
 Striking dints with falchions keen on his glittering shield.

* The German writers abound in fabulous genealogies of this race of princes. See Metrical Romances, &c. Edinburgh, 1810, I, p. xliii.

Half the night against the ghosts he waged the battle fierce :
 But the empty air he struck when he weened their breasts to pierce.

Little recked they for his blows : with his terror and his woe,
 Ere half the night was past his hair was white as snow.
 And when the monks to matins sped, they found him pale and cold :
 There the ghosts in deadly swoon had left the champion bold.

Having restored him to life, the friars thanked God for having granted
 him such a severe penance, and cleansed him of his sins. He conti-
 nued for sixteen years in this transitory life, and when his soul left its
 mortal habitation, the angels appeared and conducted it to eternal
 glory.

THE
BOOK OF HEROES.

BOOK THIRD.

OF THE

GARDEN OF ROSES,

AT

WORMS.

ADVENTURE I.

ON the banks of the Rhine is situated the magnificent city of Worms, where in ancient time King Ghibich¹ reigned. He had three sons, and a daughter of great beauty, named Chrimhilt, who was promised in marriage to Siegfried, a hero from Netherland, whose courage was so superlative, that "he caught the lions in the woods, and hung them over the walls by their tails." Chrimhilt had a garden of roses before the city, seven miles in length, surrounded only by a silken thread; but no one was suffered to enter it without giving battle to the twelve gigantic guardians. These were the old King Ghibich, Gunter, Ghernot, Haghen, Folker, Pusolt, Schruthan, Ortwin, Asperian, Walter of Wachsenstein, Staudenfuss, and Siegfried himself.

¹ So he is denominated also in the older Scandinavian romances, but in the Nibelungen and the Wilkina-Saga he is called Aldrian.

One day Lady Chrimhilt was boasting of the invincibility of her champions, when Folker of Alsace upbraided her for her pride and presumption, and bade her beware of the Wolfings at Bern, in Lombardy, and particularly of their leader, the renowned Dietrich. She immediately called upon him to bear a message of defiance to him ; but he refused, on account of the bravery and fierceness of the heroes of Bern. But the youthful Duke Sabin of Brabant came before her, and expressed himself willing to undertake the expedition, on the condition of obtaining the beautiful Saba, one of Lady Chrimhilt's damsels, for his spouse. The damsel consented reluctantly, apprehensive of never beholding her lover again.

The duke having collected five hundred knights, set out on his journey, and on the sixth day arrived within sight of the castle of Bern. To guard themselves against any sudden attack, they grasped their shields, and made themselves ready for battle. Dietrich was just sitting at the high table, with his thousand knights and their ladies, and when he beheld the strangers, bade his champions prepare for the fight. But the noble duchess of Ghisel, in Lombardy, recognised the duke of Brabant, and issuing from the castle, demanded the reason of his entering the dominions of Dietrich without his safeguard. He explained the nature of his message, and she conducted him into the presence. It was, however, not easy to pacify the wrath of the enraged Lombard. The chaplain read the letter of defiance, in which the knight of Bern was challenged to come to Worms, with eleven of his champions, every one of whom was to fight with one of Chrimhilt's, and the conqueror to be rewarded with a chaplet of roses, and a kiss from the young queen. In the conclusion she threatened to drive him from his possessions, if he refused the challenge ; which so enraged Dietrich, that he swore none of the messengers should return alive. Both the parties prepared themselves for the engagement, but the duchess begged the bold Sir Wolfort to intercede for the Burgundians, offering to bestow on him one of her fairest damsels. He declared that his mind was not bent on lady's love, but promised to defend the guests, and to strike down the first who lifted up his hand

against them. He armed himself, collected his knights, and rode up to the Berner, declaring his resolution to defend the guests, and upbraiding him with his treacherous intention. Old Hildebrant applauded his purpose; and at last Dietrich saw his error, and received the duke of Brabant courteously. They were splendidly entertained for ten days, and a thousand marks of gold distributed amongst them. Dietrich accompanied them through his dominions, and bade them bear message to Lady Chrimhilt, that he would shortly appear before Worms with twelve champions, and an army of sixty thousand men. The duke returned to Burgundy, and having dispatched his message, was rewarded with the hand of the beauteous Saba, with whom he returned to his own dominions.

ADVENTURE II.

Dietrich sitting in counsel, prayed Hildebrand to choose the several champions who were to fight against the twelve guardians of the garden of roses. The old hero advised Dietrich to fight with Siegfried of Netherland. He himself undertook to challenge the old King Ghibich. Against the other ten he directed Wolfort, Sighestab, Heyme, Wittich, young Ortwin, Eckart the true, Helmschrot, Duke Amelolt, Monk Ilisan, and Dietlieb of Styria. Sighestab was sent as messenger to Styria, with five hundred knights, to induce the latter to accompany them. But when he came thither, Bitteroff, the father of Dietlieb, admonished him to abandon such a dangerous and fruitless enterprise, and informed him that his son was gone to Bettelar. Sighestab cared little for his admonitions, and immediately proceeded in search of Dietlieb. But the old margrave Rudiger informed him that the hero whom he sought was at the time in Transylvania, where he had been wounded by a sea-monster. The indefatigable messenger renewed his journey, but had the satisfaction of finding Dietlieb standing before the cathedral of Vienna; who accepted the fight in the gar-

den of roses without hesitation, and proceeded to Bern with Sighestab.

Dietrich had now assembled his army and all the champions, with the exception of the warlike monk Ilsan, who dwelt in the abbey of Eisenburg. Thither he marched with his host, and encamped before the walls. When Ilsan beheld the army lying on the territory of the abbey, his face waxed green and yellow with anger. None of his brethren dared to inquire the cause of his wrath. He explained to them his alarm, bade them bring his armour, and declared his resolution singly to attack and drive away the supposed enemies. He took an iron pole, twelve fathoms long, and issued from the abbey. His brother Hildebrand was the first to descry him, and perceiving his menacing attitude, bade the host beware, armed himself, and came out to meet him. He endeavoured to avoid the blow of the monk's pole, but was hit on the head, and his helmet struck off. Then Ilsan discovered him to be his brother, and demanded the reason of the warlike encampment before the abbey. Hildebrand related the challenge from Worms, and Ilsan bade him ask the abbot to grant him leave of absence. Dietrich, with all his champions, proceeded to the gate of the monastery, and the abbot issued with all his monks. He did not at first grant the request, but expatiated on the impropriety of friars engaging in temporal warfare. But Ilsan threatening to make him and the friars answerable for the death of any of the Lombard champions, the abbot granted him leave to accompany Sir Dietrich, on the condition of his bringing him a chaplet of roses from Worms. Ilsan exclaimed, that every one of the friars should receive one, if they would pray for his success, and for the welfare of his soul; and that to obtain them, he would fight with a number of champions equal to that of the friars. They promised to pray for him day and night; but they were weary of such a savage companion, and offered up daily prayers that he might fall under the blows of the giant Staudenfuss.

Hildebrand guided the host towards Worms, and on the fifth day they arrived on the opposite shore of the Rhine. There he acquainted

his companions that the ferryman was the most fierce and savage one in Christendom, and that he and his twelve sons demanded, as reward, a foot and a hand from every one whom they ferried over.

Up and spake Monk Ilsan,— “Quickly will I ride,
And beg the savage ferryman to lead us o’er the tide;
When he views my mickle beard, and this grey cowl of mine,
He will deem us friars, and speed him o’er the Rhine.”

“Marvel strange,” spake Welfort, “were it thus to beg,
And for such a host as our’s to lose a hand and leg.
Pray him as ye pray an ass, when the sack he will not bear;
Tell him his lord and master, Satan, give him care.”

Quickly sped Monk Ilsan, and cried to the ferryman bold,
“Say, wilt thou ferry over and fetch twelve friars old?”
When he viewed his beard he spake,— “Yes, holy father mine.”
He took his oars and rudder, and ferried o’er the Rhine.

But when he beheld the armed champions instead of the twelve cowed monks, he heaved up his oar, and struck a weighty blow on the monk, who had leaped into the boat. But the latter returned his blows so forcibly, that he was obliged to pray for mercy, exclaiming that he had never before met his match. And when he understood that the heroes came upon Lady Chrimhilt’s invitation, he quickly provided ships for them, and ferried them to the opposite shore.

ADVENTURE III.

When the arrival of the Lombard heroes was made known, King Ghibich went forth to receive them, accompanied with five hundred knights. A splendid encampment was prepared for the guests before the city. Queen Chrimhilt soon appeared, with a train of three hundred virgins, richly apparelled, to welcome Dietrich and his cham-

pions. Welfort was so enraged at her pride and presumption, that he declared he would give her a blow if she approached him; but Hildebrand upbraided him for his want of courtesy, and Dietrich commanded every mark of honour to be paid to her. On her approach she bade them be without fear, and gave them a truce of eight days, during which they were splendidly entertained with feasts and tournaments.

On the ninth morning the truce was at an end, and Chrimhilt came to propose the conditions; but old Hildebrand, who had little courtesy towards the ladies, bade her beware, and leave the camp. She complained of his uncourteous behaviour to the old king, who commanded the giant Pusolt to revenge her injury. When the Lombards beheld him, they armed Welfort, who leaped into the garden, treading the roses under his feet. The giant struck him to the ground, but Hildebrand called to him, and encouraged him, that he arose again, and, after a fierce fight, struck off the giant's head; upon which Lady Chrimhilt gave him the stipulated chaplet and the kiss. The old king called upon Pusolt's brother, the giant Ortwin, to avenge his death, against whom Sighestab appeared. They drove one another about the garden for a long time, but in the end the giant shared his brother's fate, and his opponent received the promised reward. Ghibich cursed the fatal garden of roses, and begged Schruethan to revenge the fall of his champions, promising him half his kingdom if he succeeded. The giant called out aloud, and demanded upon whom he should take vengeance for the death of his two nephews. Heyme was called upon to engage him, but was not immediately willing, pleading the enormous strength of Schruethan. At last Hildebrand encouraged him to the fight, and he leaped into the garden, felled the giant to the ground, and was rewarded with the chaplet and the kiss. Asperian, a bolder giant than the former, now appeared, and defended the garden, bearing a sword in each of his hands. Wittich, a champion of little size, but great strength, was called upon, but felt little inclination to encounter the uncouth champion. Not even the proffer of a dukedom could prevail upon him. Hildebrand advised Dietrich

to offer his invaluable grey horse in exchange for Wittich's falcon, to which the Berner was very unwilling to consent. But when he saw nothing else would induce Wittich to hazard the combat, he made the offer, which was immediately accepted. The champion assaulted the giant with the two swords, and after receiving many severe wounds, put his opponent to flight, and received for reward from Dietrich the horse, and from Chrimhilt the kiss and the chaplet. The old king could not stifle his wrath, and called upon Staudenfuss, the fiercest of all the giants, who lamented that he had not been the first, as he would have put all the knights of Bern to flight.

'Mongst the roses Staudenfuss trod with mickle pride ;
With rage and with impatience, his foe he did abide ;
Much he feared no Longobard would dare to meet his blade ;
But a bearded monk lay ready for the fight arrayed.

" Brother Ilstan, raise thine eyes," spake Sir Hildèbrand,
" Where, 'mongst the blooming roses, our threatening foe does stand !
Staudenfuss, the giant hight, born upon the Rhine.
Up, and shrive him of his sins, holy brother mine!"—

" It's I will fight him," cried the monk ; " my blessing shall he gain ;
Never 'mongst the roses shall he wage the fight again."
Straight above his coat of mail his friar's cowl he cast,
Hid his sword and buckler, and to the garden past.

Among the blooming roses leaped the grisly monk :
With laughter ladies viewed his beard, and his visage brown and shrunk ;
As he trod with angry step o'er the flowery green,
Many a maiden laughed aloud, and many a knight, I ween.

Up spake Lady Chrimhilt,— " Father, leave thine ire !
Go and chaunt thy matins with thy brothers in the choir."
" Gentle lady," cried the monk, " roses must I have,
To deck my dusky cowl in guise right gay and brave."

Loudly laughed the giant, when he saw his beard so rough,—
 “Should I laughing die to-morrow, I had not laughed enough.
 Has the kemp of Bern sent his fool to fight?”—
 “Giant, straight thy hide shall feel that I have my wits aright.”

Up heaved the monk his heavy fist, and he struck a weighty blow,
 Down among the roses he felled his laughing foe.
 Fiercely cried Sir Staudenfuss, “Thou art the devil’s priest!
 Heavy penance dost thou deal with thy wrinkled fist.”

Together rushed the uncouth kemps; each drew his trusty blade;
 With heavy tread below their feet they crushed the roses red;
 All the garden flowed with their purple blood;
 Each did strike full sorry blows, with their falchions good.

Cruel looks their eyes did cast, and fearful was their war,
 But the friar cut his enemy o’er the head a bloody scar;
 Deeply carved his trusty sword through the helmet bright:
 Joyful was the hoary monk, for he had won the fight.

They parted the two champions speedily asunder:
 The friar’s heavy interdict lay the giant under.
 Up arose Queen Chrimhilt, to Sir Ilsan has she sped,
 On his bald head did she lay a crown of roses red.

Through the garden roved he, as in the merry dance;
 A kiss the lady gave him, where madly he did prance.
 “Hear, thou lady fair; more roses must I have;
 To my two-and-fifty brothers I promised chaplets brave.

“If ye have not kemps to fight, I must rob thy garden fair,
 And right sorry should I be to work thee so much care.”
 “Fear not, the battle shalt thou wage with champions bold and true:
 Crowns and kisses mayst thou gain for thy brothers fifty-two.”

The next combat was fought between Walter of Wachsenstein and
 the noble Dietlieb of Styria, both of them young heroes. By the

persuasion of Hildebrand, Chrimhilt consented to allow them to be parted, and to bestow the stipulated reward on each of them. Then King Ghibich called Folker of Alsace, surnamed the Fiddler, to the fight, who bore a golden fiddle on his back. Young Ortwin was opposed to him, and put him to flight. The giant Haghen was now ordered to defend the garden, and the true Eckart defied him to the combat. After a courteous salutation, they commenced the fight; but Chrimhilt, when she found her champion in danger, relieved him, by crowning Eckart with the chaplet; he, however, refused the kiss of a maiden so cruelly inclined, and without truth. The young kings Ghernot and Gunter fought successively with Helmschrot and Duke Amelolt, and were both forced to fly to the ladies for shelter, cursing the bloody disposition of their sister. When King Ghibich saw the evil success of his champions, he armed himself, and was attacked by old Hildebrand. The two aged champions waged a long and bloody fight. At last the king was felled to the ground; but Hildebrand spared his life, at the intercession of his daughter. He received the chaplet, but refused the kiss.

“Lady, keep thy kisses,” spake Hildèbrand the bold;
 “Mine will I carry home with me, to my housewife old;
 Far her love is famed around, her steadfast faith and sooth;
 Why then should I kiss a maiden without truth?”

No champions now remained but Dietrich of Bern, and the horny Siegfried. The latter leaped into the garden, and loudly upbraided his opponent for making him wait. The knight of Bern was admonished by Hildebrand and Wolfart to the fight, but he accused them of conspiring his death. He feared particularly three things:—Siegfried's sword Mimung,¹ his hauberk, made by Master Eckenbrecht,

¹ We have here another instance of the confusion which has taken place among the writers of these romances. Mimung, according to the Wilkina-Saga, was the sword of Vidga, or Wittich, not that of Siegfried, to whom the former lent it in the adventure corresponding with this portion of the Book of Heroes. (See page 35.)

and the horny consistence of his skin, in consequence of his having bathed in the dragon's blood. Hildebrand used every persuasion to stimulate his master to the fight, and at last gave him a severe blow, which Dietrich returned, and threw him to the ground. Ghibich upbraided him with the disgrace he had received; and at last, growing ashamed of his fears, he mounted his horse, and entered the garden. This battle was the fiercest that had yet been fought. Siegfried gave the knight of Bern a severe wound, and was very near gaining the victory, when Welfort, to rouse his rage, cried out aloud, that Hildebrand had been murdered. This had the desired effect. Dietrich cut through the hauberk and the horny hide of his opponent, and forced him to fly into the lap of Chrimhilt, who covered him with a veil, and begged his life of the conqueror. But Dietrich would not be pacified till Hildebrand shewed himself. Then he received the reward from Chrimhilt, and retired.

Up spake the queen,—“Monk Ilsan, see your chaplets ready dight;

Champions two-and-fifty stand waiting for the fight.”

Ilsan rose, and don'd his cowl, and run against them all;

There the monk has given them many a heavy fall.

To the ground he felled them, and gave them his benison;

Beneath the old monk's falchion lay twelve champions of renown,

And full of fear and sorrow the other forty were;

Their right hand held they forth, begged him their lives to spare.

Rathly ran the monk, to the queen Chrimhilt he hied:

“Lay thy champions in the grave, and leave thy mickle pride:

I have dight them for their death; I did shrive them and anoint them:

Never will they thrive or speed in the task thou didst appoint them.

“When again thy roses blow, to the feast the monk invite.”

The Lady Chrimhilt gave him two-and-fifty chaplets bright.

“Nay, lady queen, remind thee! By the holy order mine,

I claim two-and-fifty kisses from your lips so red and fine.”

And when Chrimhilt, the queen, gave him kisses fifty-two,
With his rough and grisly beard full sore he made her rue,
That from her lovely cheek 'gan flow the rosy blood:
The queen was full of sorrow, but the monk it thought him good.

Thus should unfaithful maiden be kissed, and made to bleed,
And feel such pain and sorrow, for the mischief she did breed.

The old King Ghibich was obliged to swear fealty to Dietrich, and take his dominions from him in fee. Chrimhilt never re-established the garden of roses. The Lombards returned to Bern, where their victory was celebrated with feasts and tournaments; at the expiration of which the monk took his leave, and returned to the abbey. When he knocked at the gate, every thing was in consternation, and the friars issued forth in procession, to deprecate his anger.

"Brothers mine, approach! coronets I bring:
Come, your bald heads will I crown, each one like a king."
He pressed a thorny chaplet on each naked crown,
That o'er their rugged visages the gory flood ran down.

They sighed that all their prayers for his death had been in vain;
Loud they roared, but silently they cursed him in their pain.
"Brothers we are," so spake the monk, "then must ye have your share;
For me to bear the pain alone, in sooth it were not fair.

"See how richly ye are dight! beauteous still ye were;
Now ye are crowned with roses, none may with ye compare."
The abbot, and the prior, and all the convent wept,
But no one, for his life, forth against him stept.

"Ye must help to bear my sins, holy brethren all;
For if ye do not pray for me, dead to the ground ye fall."
A few there were who would not pray for Monk Ilsan's soul:
He tied their beards together, and hung them o'er a pole.

Loud they wept, and long they begged, "Brother, let us go;
 At vesper and at matins will we pray for you."
 Ever since, where'er he went, they knelt, and feared his wrath;
 Helped to bear his heavy sins, untill his welcome death.

Thus should unfaithful maiden be kissed, and made to bleed,
 And feel such pain and sorrow, for the mischief she did breed.

The old King Ghibich was obliged to swear fealty to Dietrich, and
 take his dominions from him in fee. Christlieb never re-established
 the garden of roses. The Lombards returned to Bern, where their
 victory was celebrated with feasts and tournaments; at the expiration
 of which the monk took his leave, and returned to the abbey. When
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 friars issued forth in procession, to deprecate his anger.

"Brothers mine, approach! coronets I bring;
 Come, your bald heads will I crown, each one like a king."
 He pressed a thorny chaplet on each naked crown,
 That o'er their ragged visages the gory blood ran down.

They sighed that all their prayers for his death had been in vain;
 Loud they roared, but silently they cursed him in their pain.
 "Brothers we are," so spake the monk, "then must ye have your share;
 For me to bear the pain alone, in sooth it were not fair.

"See how richly ye are dight! Now ye are crowned with roses,
 The abbot, and the prior, and all the convent wept,
 But no one for his life, forth against him stepped.

"Ye must help to bear my sin, holy brethren all;
 For if ye do not pray for me, dead to the ground ye fall."
 A few there were who would not pray for Monk Isum's soul;
 He tied their beads together, and hung them o'er a pole.

THE
BOOK OF HEROES.

BOOK FOURTH.

OF

THE LITTLE GARDEN OF ROSES,

AND OF

LAURIN, KING OF THE DWARFS.

HEARKEN, knights of noble cheer !

Many marvels shall ye hear ;

Wonders done in times of old,

In ancient parchments truly told :

How, in many distant lands,

Champions fought with glittering brands,

With giants bold, and dwarfish knights,

Many fierce and sturdy fights.*

* These lines are given as a specimen of the versification employed in this part of the work, (perhaps the most valuable of the four,) in the printed copy. To have translated all the specimens in this metre, would not have been very eligible, as the nakedness of the original, and the frequent repetition of the same epithets and the same rhymes, would have appeared too evident in a close version ; and to avoid this, great latitude in the translation would have been necessary, to make it any way palatable, and more poetical imagination than the present writer can make any pretensions to possess. But the most valid confirmation of the propriety of employing the same metre as in the other parts of the Book of Heroes, is the circumstance, that the MS. copy of this part, in the library at Dresden, is actually in the same stanza as the other parts.

In the land of Styria dwelt a youthful kemp of fame;
 Far was spread his high renown, and Dietlieb was his name.
 A fair and lovely sister bred the noble blade:
 Ever with laud and honour will I crown the gentle maid.

One morn, with all her virgins, she issued to the plain;
 Dietlieb, with three noble earls, followed in her train:
 With many knights and squires she rode to an ancient linden tree;
 There in mirth and feasting lay the gallant company.

But sudden from their wondering eyes vanished Similt the bright:
 With arts of cunning grammar, the robber wrought the sleight.
 A tarn-cap o'er the fair he cast, and his prize he quickly bore,
 Many a day and many a night, through forests dark and hoar.

He bore her to his cavern, where he ruled in royalty,
 O'er savage hills and valleys, with his little chivalry.
 The gentle maid he welcomed: "Thou shalt wear the crown of gold,
 And reign o'er many cunning dwarfs, and many giants bold."

"Hear, thou king of might and main," cried the beauteous may;
 "If Dietlieb gave me for thy bride, I will dwell with thee for aye:
 If not, no pleasure shall I know, but rest in dark despair,
 Till back to the land of Styria a maiden I repair."

Up and spake the royal dwarf,— "Cast thy fears away:
 Fifteen lordly kings thy sceptre shall obey.
 On this middle-earth, not the richest king commands

Nobler peers and champions, nor rules o'er richer lands."

"But say," cried Lady Similt, "thy name, thou little knight;

Why so small thy body, and so great thy royal might?"—

"Lady, my name is Laurin; bloody fights I fought,

Before I gain'd my royal crown, and deeds full knight-like wrought."

"Then," cried the lovely damsel, "since thy pow'r so great and wide,

Here I pledge my faith to thee."— The dwarf smiled on his bride.

In the mean time Dietlieb and his knights had sought the lady in vain, but fearing themselves the spells of the magician by whom she had been borne away, they abandoned the pursuit, and returned to the castle. But Dietlieb was inconsolable for the loss of his sister. He left his castle, and proceeded to the burgh of Gärten, to consult with old Hildebrand, whose wisdom was renowned in those days. The old hero marked his dejected countenance as he approached, and led him into his chamber, where he received the news of the sudden disappearance of Similt. He consoled the young knight, and promised to make every exertion to discover and punish the ravisher, and bring the lady back. Having armed themselves, they proceeded into the forest, accompanied by the knights of Hildebrand, where they met a forester, and were about to take him prisoner, when he deprecated their wrath, and informed them that he had been outlawed by Laurin, the mighty king of the hills and valleys.

He dwells among the mountains, and rules with royal might;
What though his form be little, he bears him like a knight.
Should hundred armed champions against him wage the fight,
They would fall in fearful jeopardy, before that little wight.

For two-and-thirty years he has graithed a spacious mead,
And a garden fair has planted all with the roses red;
A silken line is drawn around: there many a champion good
Upon the blooming meadow has shed his purple blood.

Four portals to the garden lead, and when the gates are closed, A
No living wight dare touch a rose, 'gainst his strict command opposed.
Whoe'er would break the golden gates, or cut the silken thread,
Or would dare to crush the flowers down beneath his tread,
Soon for his pride would leave to pledge a foot and hand:
Thus Laurin, king of dwarfs, rules within his land.

In this manner Laurin committed great ravages in the forest of the Tyrol, and Hildebrand resolved to communicate his intelligence to

Dietrich and his heroes, and to stimulate younger knights than himself to undertake the enterprise, and punish the presumption of the dwarf. Having returned to Bern, and remained there some time, he one day related to Wittich, the son of Wieland, who was extolling the matchless prowess of Dietrich, the strange and perilous adventure. But Dietrich overheard him, blamed him for having so long concealed it, and immediately resolved to put down the pride of the little monarch. Wittich undertook to accompany him in the expedition. Having put on their armour, they issued from the burgh of Bern, and entered the thick and mountainous forest of the Tyrol; and after having proceeded about thirty miles, they discovered the spacious meadow, and the garden of roses. The knight of Bern was so charmed with its beauty, that he was unwilling to begin the work of destruction; but Wittich exclaiming against the pride and presumption of Laurin, immediately began its desolation.

Wittich, the mighty champion, trod the roses to the ground,
Broke down the gates, and ravaged the garden far renowned:
Gone was the portals' splendour, by the heroes bold destroyed;
The fragrance of the flowers was past, and all the garden's pride.

But as upon the grass they lay, withouten fear,
No heed they had of danger, nor weened their foe was near:
Behold, where came a little kemp, in warlike manner dight;
A king he was o'er many a land, and Laurin was he hight.

A lance with gold was wound about, the little king did bear:
On the lance a silken pennon fluttered in the air;
Thereon two hunting grey-hounds lively were portrayed;
They seemed as though they chased the roebuck through the glade.

His courser bounded like a fawn, and the golden foot-cloth gay
Glittered with gems of mound, brighter than the day.

Firmly in his hands he grasped a golden rein;
And with rubies red his saddle gleamed, as he pricked along the plain.

In guise right bold and chivalrous in the stirrups rich he stood :
Not the truest blade could cut his pusens red as blood :
Hardened was his hauberk in the gore of dragons fierce,
And his golden bruny bright not the boldest knight might pierce.

Around his waist a girdle he wore of magic power ;
The strength of twelve the strongest men it gave him in the stour.
Deeds of noble chivalry and manhood wrought the knight ;
Still had he gained the victory in every bloody fight.

Cunning he was, and quaint of skill, and when his wrath arose,
The kemp must be of mickle might could stand his weighty blows.
Little was King Laurin, but from many a precious gem
His wondrous strength and power, and his bold courage came.

Tall at times his stature grew, with spells of grammar ;
Then to the noblest princes fellow might he be :
And when he rode, a noble blade bore he in his hand ;
In many fights the sword was proved worth a spacious land.

Silken was his mantle, with stones of mound inlaid,
Sewed in two-and-seventy squares, by many a cunning maid.
His helmet, strong and trusty, was forged of the weighty gold,
And when the dwarf did bear it, his courage grew more bold.

In the gold, with many gems, a bright carbuncle lay,
That where he rode the darkest night was lighter than the day.
A golden crown he bore upon his helmet bright ;
With richer gems and finer gold no mortal king is dight.

Upon the crown and on the helm birds sung their merry lay ;
Nightingales and larks did chaunt their measures blithe and gay ;
As if in greenwood flying, they tuned their minstrelsy :
With hand of master were they wrought, and with spells of grammar.

On his arm he bore a gilded buckler bright ;
There many sparhawks, tame and wild, were portrayed with cunning slight,

And a savage leopard ranging, prowling through the wood,
Right in act to seize his prey, thirsting for their blood.

When Wittich beheld the gorgeous array of the dwarf, he imagined some angel, most probably St Michael, appeared to them; but Dietrich immediately supposed him to be the lord of the garden, and advised his companion to fasten his helmet, and lace his armour tight. Upon the dwarf's approach, they saluted him courteously, but were overwhelmed with the most insulting reproaches in return. He ordered them instantly to quit the garden, and to choose between death and the usual penalty he had imposed upon all those who transgressed his commands—losing the left foot and the right hand. Wittich, who possessed great valour, but little prudence, said to the knight of Bern, that he would revenge the insults they had received; and taking the horse, which was the size of a goat, and the dwarf in one hand, throw them against the rock. But Dietrich counselled him to beware, knowing the miraculous strength which was often inherent in the most diminutive dwarfs; and recollecting what unprovoked injury they had done to the little king, he wished himself safely returned to his castle of Bern, and advised his companion to collect all his strength when he attacked their diminutive opponent. Wittich was wroth at what he supposed cowardice in his master, and boasted that he would hang up a thousand such champions, if they dared to oppose him. King Laurin heard his bravadoes, and courteously invited him to try the combat. Wittich, having laced his helmet fast, leaped upon his courser, and run against him. But his force was of no avail against the magic power of his opponent, whose lance hit him on the helmet, and struck him to the ground, where he writhed with shame and anguish. The dwarf leaped out of his stirrups, bound him, and was about to take the forfeit he usually exacted upon the knights whom he vanquished, when Dietrich struck his falchion aside, and defied him to the combat. King Laurin upbraided him for the insults he had dared to commit against him, and rejoiced in the hope of subduing the far-famed hero of Bern.

They both mounted their horses, and were just about to run the course, one against the other, when the sage Hildebrand arrived, with Dietlieb and Sir Welfort. The old hero advised Dietrich to beware of the dwarf's strength, and to recollect that he could never appear with honour at the court of princes, if he should be felled to the ground by such a diminutive opponent. He counselled him to try the combat on foot, and not to attempt to penetrate his armour, but strike him a heavy blow upon the ear. Dietrich followed the old hero's advice, leaped from his horse, and defied the dwarf to close combat, which he immediately accepted. King Laurin at the first outset struck the shield out of Dietrich's hand, but the latter gave him such heavy blows upon his helmet, that he began to despair of the victory, and cursed the untimely arrival of Hildebrand, without whose intervention he could not have failed to gain the day. When he found that he would fall under the sword of his opponent, he took a tarn-cap out of his pouch, cast it over his head, and instantly disappeared from the sight of the five knights. But though invisible, he continued to strike at his foe, and wounded him in twelve different places. The rage of Dietrich was boundless, and his breath became fiery; a quality which it always possessed when he was greatly enraged, and which proved very useful to him in the sequel of this adventure. He struck the air in all directions, and cut into the rocks the depth of an ell, but the dwarf knew well how to avoid his blows. Hildebrand continually encouraged his master to keep up the battle; and when he found that all was vain, he counselled him to challenge his little enemy to wrestle with him, and if he once caught him, not to let him escape. The dwarf accepted the defiance, and, pulling him by the legs, threw him to the ground. There they wrestled for a long time, till Hildebrand called to the champion of Bern to seize him by the magic girdle, and endeavour to break it asunder. Dietrich followed the advice, heaved the dwarf up by his girdle, and threw him so violently against the rocks, that all the valleys re-choed to the fall. The necromantic girdle was broken asunder, and fell on the ground. Hildebrand immediately seized it, and thus left to King Laurin no more than the ordi-

nary strength of a dwarf. He was now forced to submit to the victor, and humbly to pray for his life. But though he offered to deliver up all the immense treasures concealed in his subterraneous dominions, Dietrich was so enraged at the opposition he had experienced from an enemy apparently so contemptible, that he bade him prepare for death, nor indulge in the hope of being suffered to live longer.

Laurin had now recourse to the only resource he had left. He called upon Dietlieb, flattered his vanity, by extolling his prowess, and begged him to save his life, for the sake of his sister, whom he had in his possession. The knight of Styria promised to intercede for him, and prayed him of Bern to deliver up the dwarf to him, offering to continue in his service for his whole lifetime. But Dietrich refused to hearken to any of his offers, whereupon the brother of Similt laced fast his helmet, took his horse by the bridle, and coming up to Dietrich, told him that he was prepared to be the dwarf's champion, and to defend his brother-in-law to the last extremity, against any one who dared to offer him an injury. Having given this defiance, he took the little king by the hand, led him away, and concealed him in the forest.

Dietrich did not say a word, but by his angry eye Dietlieb saw his rage, and knew that he would be obliged to combat with him. The knight of Bern grasped his shield and spear, and bade Hildebrand bring his steed. Having mounted, he rode to the course, and found the Styrian ready to abide his fury. They rushed together with such force, that both the knights fell over the crupper of their horses. Dietlieb struck his opponent's shield out of his hand, but Dietrich, heaving up his sword with both his hands, felled him to the ground. He rose again, and the fight was renewed; but Hildebrand, seeing the fury of the champions, bade Welfort and Wittich part them, and began to negotiate a peace, in which Laurin was to be included. When the dwarf understood this, he came forth from his retreat, and gave Dietlieb an account of the manner of his having obtained his sister, who was as yet a virgin, vaunting to him the power and immense riches which were at her command. Dietlieb demanded to see her,

and promised, in case he found his account true, to give her to him for his spouse. Hildebrand had in the meantime advised the knight of Bern to endeavour, by every concession, to obtain the service of the valorous Dietlieb, to which he consented; and a general peace was concluded between the champions and King Laurin, who promised to lead them into his subterraneous dominions, and to show them their wonders.

To his brother spake the king of dwarfs,— “ Since fellows now we be,
I will subject all my treasures and all my might to thee:
With your knights I'll lead you into the hollow hill;
There many a dwarf, alert and fair, shall serve ye at your will.

“ There, my fellows, shall ye find pastimes blythe and gay;
With song of birds and play of harps, a week will seem a day:
All the merry pastimes never may I tell:
There, without all guile and fear, in pleasures shall ye dwell.”

Dietrich and his companions counselled with Hildebrand, on the propriety of believing the fair promises of King Laurin. The old hero advised them, as they trusted their reputation, to accept the invitation, and not to cast any imputation upon their courage. Wolfort expressed great curiosity to view the wonders of the caverns, but Wittich warned them not to confide in the deceitful words of the little king, and to beware of “ his lies and idle phantasies, wrought by the devil's cunning;” for which he was upbraided and laughed at by his companions. Enraged at their ridicule, he leaped on his courser, and, without uttering a word, galloped on before them. When the other knights came up, they inquired of the dwarf what distance they were from his cavern, and were informed that they had yet fifteen miles to ride.

Darker grew the night, and the little monarch cried,
“ Follow me, you heroes bold, through the forest wide;

Soon before a cavern shall ye view a fountain :
We'll spend the night with mirth and glee in the hollow mountain."

The little king they followed, but the night was dark and dreary,
And as through the forest's shade they rode, the kemps grew wroth and weary;
But soon their anger past away, when the fountain clear they viewed:
There King Laurin bade them leap from their coursers good.

To the mountain's gate he hied; there hung a bell of gold;
Quickly he drew the string, and the bell has loudly tolled;
Through all the hollow hill aloud the sound did ring:
Soon the portals they unclosed, to their master and their king.

And when the gates were opened, forth a splendour gleamed;
Brighter than the day it shone, and around the forest beamed;
From many a gem the splendour came, hung in the cavern bright:
Wond'ring stood the heroes, when they viewed the magic light.

Up spake the trusty knight of Bern,— "Marvels strange we view!
I ween, carbuncles in the cave, are hung of glittering hue."—
"Leave your coursers on the mead,"— spake King Laurin, bold and free;
"Come, ye kemps, we'll spend the night in mirth and jollity.

"A knight of worth and courage high that hollow hill commands;
In fee I gave him castles strong, and many spacious lands;
He will graithe ye noble cheer, the bread and sparkling wine:
Follow me without all fear, gentle brothers mine."

The champions sped into the cave, where many dwarfs appeared;
There the merry song of birds, and the sound of harps they heard:
The trumpets clear resounded in the royal hall aloud:
To the deas had sped the host, when he viewed the champions proud.

There they brought him tiding of his royal guest:
Laurin, his mighty suzerain, bade him graithe the feast.
The heroes five he welcomed, and bade his meiny dight
Noble cheer and chambers fair, to rest them for the night.

They placed them all the table round, and made them royal cheer;
Costly meats and wine they brought for each bold compeer;
At the feast the noble host made them blythe and gay:
When they had supped in royal guise, the deas was borne away.

To Laurin spake the host,— “ Say, thou king of might,
How long the royal feast for these champions shall I dight?”—
“ To-morrow, with the rising sun, to my palace will we ride,
There to shew these noble kemps all its gorgeous pride.”

The night they spent right merrily, with pastimes blythe and gay.
Leave took the little monarch, and prepared to pass away.
When the dwarfs unclosed the portals, quickly 'gan he say,
“ Pale grows the moon, and speedily in the east will gleam the day.”

The champions having severally taken leave of the ruler of the cave,
and thanked him for his noble entertainment, departed. The sun
broke out in all its splendour, and King Laurin led the way. They
travelled through the forest with speed, and, after riding fifteen miles,
arrived before the habitation of the little king of the mountains.

Before the hollow mountain lay a meadow green;
So fair a plain upon this world never may be seen;
There with the fruit full many a tree was laden heavily;
No tongue e'er tasted sweeter, fairer no eye might see.

All the night and all the day the birds full sweetly sung,
That the forest and the plain to their measures loudly rung;
There they tuned their melody, and each one bore his part,
That with their merry minstrelsy they cheered each hero's heart.

And o'er the plain were ranging beasts both wild and tame,
Playing, with merry gambols, many a lusty game:
On the noble champions fondly 'gan they fawn:
Each morn, beneath the linden tree, they sported on the lawn.

The meadow seemed so lovely, the flowers bloomed so fair,
 That he who had the plain in rule would know nor woe nor care.
 Up and spake the knight of Bern,— “ So high my heart doth rise,
 So full of joy the meadow, that I hold it paradise.”

Up spake hero Wolfort,— “ Bless him who brought us here !
 So fair a sight did ne’er before to mortal eye appear.”
 “ Enjoy the scene, young kemps,” cried Hildèbrand the proud ;
 “ Fair day should in the evening be praised with voice aloud.”

But Wittich spake a warning word,— “ Hark to my reed aright !
 The dwarf is quaint, and full of guile, then beware his cunning sleight ;
 Arts he knows right marvellous, if to his hollow hill
 We follow, much I dread me, he will breed us dangerous ill.”

“ Fear not,” cried King Laurin ; “ doubt not my faith and truth ;
 The meadow blythe your own shall be, and my treasures all, forsooth.”
 Proudly cried bold Wolfort,— “ Wittich, stay thee here ;
 Enter not the hollow hill, if his treachery thou fear.”

“ Never,” cried fierce Wittich ; “ here will I not stay.”
 In wrath he left his courser ; without fear he sped away :
 Before the mountain-gate he run, there hung a horn of gold ;
 Quick he blew a merry strain : Loud laughed Sir Dietrich bold.

Soon toward the mountain sped the little knight,
 And with him all the heroes of high renown and might :
 King Laurin blew upon the horn a louder note, and shrill,
 From all the mountains echoing, and resounding on the hill.

Quickly ran the chamberlain where he found the golden key,
 And threw the spacious portals open speedily.
 King Laurin led his guests through the golden gate ;
 There many dwarfs, alert and fair, their coming did await.

When through another gate of steel the noble knights had passed,
 At the little king’s command, were closed the portals fast.

A necromancer, old and sage, dwelt in the hollow hill;
Soon he came to Laurin, and asked his master's will.

"Look upon those strangers," spake the little knight;
"Kemps they are of high emprise, and love the bloody fight:
Cast upon them, master mine, for the love of me,
A magic spell, that none of them may the others see."

Upon the knights his magic charms cast the sorcerer fell;
None could behold his brothers, so mighty was the spell.
Loudly cried Sir Wittich, "Mark my counsel now;
I told ye that the little king would breed ye cares enow."

"What think ye now, Sir Wolfort?" spake the hero stern:
"I warned ye all to shun the dwarf, and speed ye back to Bern."
About the cavern roved they, in mickle woe and care;
Fiercely to the king they cried, "Is this thy promised fare?"

But up spake little Laurin, "Fear not, my noble guests;
All my courtiers shall obey - quickly your behests."
Many a winsome dwarf was seen, graithed in rich attire;
Garments bright with gold and gems bore each little sire.

From the gems full mighty strength had the dwarfish chivalry:
Quaintly they danced, and on their steeds they rode right cunningly;
Far they cast the heavy stone, and in their warlike game,
They broke the lance, and tourneyed before the knights of fame.

There many harpers tuned their lay, and played with mirth and glee,
Loudly, in the royal hall, their merry minstrelsy.
Before the table high appeared four learned singing men,
Two short, and two of stature tall, and sung in courtly strain.¹

¹ The lines stand thus in the original:

Auch sah man vor dem tische stahn,
Vier wol gelehrte singend man,
Zwen kurz, und auch darzu zwen lang,
Die sangen hoefelichen gsang.

Soon to the table sped the king, and bade his meiny all
 Wait upon his noble guests, in the royal hall.
 " Chosen knights, and brave they are," he spoke with friendly cheer :
 Guile was in his heart, and cunning ; but his treach'ry bought he dear.

Similt, the lady fair, heard of the royal feasts :
 Of her meiny did she speir, " Who are the stranger guests ?"
 " Noble knights of German birth," spake a kemp of stature small ;
 " Laurin bids ye speed to court, for well ye know them all."

Quickly spake the lady,— " Up, my damsels fair ;
 Deck ye in your richest guise, for to court we will repair."
 Soon they dight them royally in glittering array ;
 Full blythe they were to speed to court with Similt, the gentle may.

There came many a minstrel, tuning his lay of mirth ;
 Shawms and trumpets shrill they blew, the sweetest on the earth.
 There full many a song was sung, by learned singing men ;
 Of war and chivalrous emprise they tuned the noble strain.

Now to court, in bright array, all the maids are gone,
 With many a knight not two feet long ; one leaped, the other run ;
 Merry were they all : and before the lovely dame,
 Two tall, two little gleemen sung the song of fame.

Before the queen they chaunted the merry minstrelsy,
 And all who heard their master-notes dwelt in mirth and glee.
 There fiddlers quaint appeared, though small their stature were,
 Marching, two and two, before the lady fair.

Similt into the palace came, with her little maidens all ;
 Garments they wore which glittered brightly in the hall,
 Of fur and costly ciclatoun, and broches of the gold :
 No richer guise in royal courts might mortal man behold.

The gentle lady Similt bore a golden crown ;
 There full many a precious stone around the cavern shone ;

But one before the others glittered gorgeously :
The wight who wore that noble gem ever blythe must be.

And now the spell was ta'en away from the champions bold :
Full glad they were when openly their feres they might behold.
Right noble cheer was offered to the champions brave ;
In royal guise the feast was held the whole day in the cave.

Similt received the guests, and particularly her brother, with the greatest affection ; and when the latter inquired whether she wished to stay with the dwarf, or whether he should endeavour her liberation, she answered, that though she had all her heart's wishes in the cave, and was attended upon in the most splendid manner, she could not endure the absence of her friends, nor the paganism of her present pigmy attendants. Dietlieb promised to effect her liberation by whatever means he could devise.

The guests were now invited to the high table, after having unwarily laid off their armour and weapons, which were borne away by two chamberlains. The high table was of ivory, quaintly carved with figures of men and beasts, and the benches covered with scarlet velvet. During the feast they were entertained with singing, reading, and juggling ; and when it was over, King Laurin bade Similt go into her chamber : but as soon as she quitted the hall, the knights were again spell-bound, and unable to see one another. The king proceeded to the chamber of Similt, and related to her all the injuries he had received from the guests, dwelling particularly on the loss of the girdle. He excepted, however, her brother, against whom he had no malice, and whom he promised to treat with all manner of courtesy. Similt having obtained his vow, that he would merely punish the four heroes, but not touch their life, gave him a ring, endued with the same qualities as the magic girdle. Feeling his strength increased twelve-fold, he sent for Dietlieb, and endeavoured, by every persuasion, to win him over to his service, and to separate him from his companions. But Dietlieb steadily refused, declaring, that he wished

to share the same fate as his brethren ; for which refusal King Laurin locked him up in a chamber, apart from his companions.

The little king returned to the four knights, and challenged them to drink, having previously prepared a strong potion, which threw them instantly into a death-like sleep, that they fell off the benches upon the floor. Then Laurin sent for a giant, who took them up, and tied them to a pole, which he lifted upon his shoulders. Following the king through many vaults, he bore them to a black and deep dungeon, and threw them into it. There they lay all the night, and awoke in the morning in terror and despair. Fortunately Dietrich was seized with his habitual rage, and the fiery breath which issued from his nostrils burnt the cords with which one of his hands was fastened, and liberated it. He soon released the other, and struck the iron chains with which his legs were bound asunder. Then he freed his companions, one after the other, from their bonds ; but without their armour they could not issue from the dungeon, where they lay, without food or drink, for three days.

Dietlieb was in the mean time confined in the chamber ; but his sister having at last found the key, liberated him. He immediately asked after his companions ; and when he heard of their imprisonment, called for his armour, which she delivered to him, giving him at the same time a ring of magic virtue, which gave victory to him who bore it in battle. Then she led him to the place where the armour of his companions lay, which he took up, and bore to the dungeon. He endeavoured to call to them, but the depth of the prison prevented his voice from reaching their ears. Then he threw their arms down to them, and prepared to oppose himself to King Laurin, who, observing his liberation, had blown his horn in the cavern. All the dwarfs flocked around him, to the number of a thousand, clad in glittering hauberks. He bade them attack the great Christian knight, and immediately three hundred rushed upon him. A champion, scarcely an ell in length, stepped before the host, and defied the knight, who felled him to the ground with a weighty stone. Laurin bade his little army rush against him in a body, and at the same time to guard the

entrance to the dungeon, and prevent the imprisoned knights from escaping. But Dietlieb standing with his back against a wall, defended himself so well with his good sword Walsung, that he felled many of the little knights to the ground. Meanwhile Dietrich and his knights had issued from the dungeon, but, by reason of the spell, they could not see any of their friends or enemies. Hildebrand gave the magic girdle which Laurin had borne to the knight of Bern, which at once undid the spell, and gave him the power of twelve men; advising him to take the magic ring from the hand of the king, if he could subdue him. Dietrich instantly rushed into the little multitude, the number of which had now increased to twenty thousand, amongst whom he made such slaughter, that above two thousand lay dead around him. King Laurin viewing his valour, opposed himself to him, but was struck to the ground by the knight of Bern. His ring was taken from him, and given to Hildebrand, who, recovering his sight, and obtaining the additional strength of twelve men, rushed into the midst of the dwarfs, and made great havoc amongst them.

One of the pigmy knights seeing the jeopardy in which King Laurin was placed, issued from the hollow hill, blew the horn aloud, and rung the alarum bell. Five giants dwelt in the forest, who were subject to the little king. When they heard the sound of the horn, and of the bell, they armed themselves, convened together on a meadow, and resolved to succour their sovereign. When the horn was blown the third time, they appeared before the cavern. The three champions had in the mean time killed twelve thousand of the dwarfs, and the others fled, or concealed themselves in the different chambers. When the five giants saw the streams of blood which flowed in the cave, they defied the three champions, and grasping their iron poles, attacked them. Hildebrand had advised Wolfart and Wittich to remain quietly in the cave, as they were unable to view their enemies; but they could not subdue their courage, when they heard the blows of their companions resounding in the cavern. They laced their helmets, grasped their swords and bucklers, and leaped into the throng. Similt had heard their discourse, and admiring their valour,

gave each of them a ring, which instantly restored their sight. Two thousand dwarfs rushed against them, and endeavoured to oppose their junction with their companions; but their valour was irresistible: they hewed their way through the host, and found Dietrich, Dietlieb, and Hildebrand engaged with three of the giants. They engaged the two others, who, with their brothers, endeavoured to escape from the hollow hill, but were soon felled by the falchions of the five knights. King Laurin viewing the destruction of all his chivalry, gave himself up to despair, and was forced to surrender as prisoner. No living creature was found in the cavern, with the exception of himself and Lady Similt. Many waggons were laden with the riches of the hollow hill, and King Laurin was brought to Bern, and there obliged to serve in the disgraceful office of juggler to the court. On their return, they found Bitterolf, the father of Dietlieb, under the linden tree where Similt had been borne away. He invited them to the castle of Styria, where they were entertained splendidly, and Similt was married to a worthy knight. After some days, Dietrich, Hildebrand, Wittich, and Welfort took leave of Bitterolf and Dietlieb, and returned to Bern, where they celebrated their victory with feasting and tournaments.

“ Here ends the adventure of Similt the beauteous queen, of the little Laurin, and of Dietrich and his companions, who lived in mirth and joy; and God send us his help, that at all hours we may live in joy, and succeed in our undertakings. Henry of Ofterdingen has sung this adventure so masterly, that princes loved him for it, and gave him silver and gold, pennies, and rich garments. Here ends the Book of the chosen Heroes. God give us all his blessing!”

Der Nibelungen Lied.

THE SONG OF THE NIBELUNGEN.

ADVENTURE I.—OF THE NIBELUNGEN.

IN ancient song and story marvels high are told,
Of knights of high emprise, and adventures manifold ;
Of joy and merry feasting ; of lamenting, woe, and fear ;
Of champions' bloody battles many marvels shall ye hear.

A noble maid, and fair, grew up in Burgundy ;
In all the land about fairer none might be :
She became a queen full high ; Chrimhild was she hight ;
But for her matchless beauty fell many a blade of might.

For love and for delight was framed that lady gay ;
Many a champion bold sighed for the gentle may :
Full beauteous was her form, beauteous without compare ;
The virgin's virtues might adorn many a lady fair.

Three kings of might and power had the maiden in their care,—
King Gunter and King Ghernot, (champions bold they were,)
And Ghiseler the young, a chosen, peerless blade :^{*}
The lady was their sister, and much they loved the maid.

^{*} Original, *degen*, a sword. The term is very often used for a knight or hero, and in

These lords were mild and gentle, born of the noblest blood;
 Unmatched for power and strength were the heroes good:
 Their realm was Burgundy, a realm of mickle might,
 Since then, in the land of Etzel, dauntless did they fight.

At Worms, upon the Rhine, dwelt they with their meiny bold;
 Many champions served them, of countries manifold;
 With praise and honour nobly, even to their latest day,
 When, by the hate of two noble dames, dead on the ground they lay.

Bold were the kings, and noble, as I before have said;
 Of virtues high and matchless, and served by many a blade;
 By the best of all the champions whose deeds were ever sung;
 Of trust and truth withouten fail; hardy, bold, and strong.

There was Haghen of Tronek, and Dankwart, Haghen's brother,
 (For swiftness was he famed,) with heroes many other;
 Ortwin of Metz, with Eckewart and Gherè, two markgraves they;
 And Folker of Alsàce; no braver was in his day.

Rumold was caterer to the king; a chosen knight was he;
 Sir Sindold and Sir Hunold bore them full manfully;
 In court and in the presence they served the princes three,
 With many other knights; bolder none might be.

Dankwart was the marshal; his nephew Ortèwin,
 Was sewer¹ to the king; much honour did he win:
 Sindold held the cup the royal prince before:
 Chamberlain was Hunold: braver knights ne'er hauberk bore.

Of the court's gay splendour; of all the champions free;
 Of their high and knightly worth, and of the chivalry,

one instance is applied even to the Deity. Perhaps this is the original meaning of the word, and the present sense (*i. e.* sword) derived from it. In that case, *degen* may be traced from *taugen*, *tuegen*, (Lower German dialect, *dægen*,) to be useful, or virtuous. In the same way, *tugend* (virtue) frequently occurs for valour, prowess.

¹ The office of a *truchsess* was to set the meat upon the table of his lord.

Which still they held in honour to their latest day,
No minstrel, in his song, could rightly sing or say.

One night the queen Chrimhilt dreamt her, as she lay,
How she had trained and nourished a falcon wild and gay,
When suddenly two eagles fierce the gentle hawk have slain :
Never, in this world, felt she such bitter pain.

To her mother, Dame Uta, she told her dream with fear :
Full mournfully she answered to what the maid did speir,—
“ The falcon whom you nourished, a noble knight is he ;
God take him to his ward ! thou must lose him suddenly.”—

“ What speak you of the knight ? dearest mother, say :
Without the love of champion, to my dying day,
Ever thus fair will I remain, nor take a wedded fere,
To gain such pain and sorrow, though the knight were without peer.”—

“ Speak thou not too rashly,” her mother spake again ;
“ If ever in this world thou heartfelt joy wilt gain,
Maiden must thou be no more ; leman must thou have :
God will grant thee for thy mate some gentle knight, and brave.”—

“ Oh, leave thy words, lady mother, nor speak of wedded mate :
Full many a gentle maiden has found the truth too late ;
Still has their fondest love ended with woe and pain :
Virgin will I ever be, nor the love of leman gain.”—

In virtues high and noble that gentle maiden dwelt
Full many a night and day, nor love for leman felt ;
To never a knight or champion would she plight her truth,
Till she was gained for wedded fere by a right noble youth.

That youth he was the falcon she in her dream beheld,
Who by the two fierce eagles dead to the ground was felled ;
But since right dreadful vengeance she took upon his foen :
For the death of that bold hero died full many a mother's son.

ADVENTURE II. OF SIEGFRIED.—Siegmond, king of Netherland, had, by his queen Sieghelind, a son of high renown, who, in his earliest youth, achieved many marvellous deeds of chivalry. He did not remain with his father in the burgh of Santen,¹ but traversed many a country, ever distinguished for the strength of his arm, and the courtesy of his behaviour; so that he obtained the love of many a fair lady. When he came to a ripe age, he returned to court. Then his father, the king, caused proclamation to be made, and commanded his knights to assemble on the day of the turn of summer,² when his son should be knighted, together with four hundred sons of the noblest of the realm. The ladies were employed in embroidering rich garments with many a precious stone, for the young prince. In honour of his knighthood, mass was sung at the cathedral, and a splendid tournament and jousting was held.

There they run and saddled many a tilting horse;
In the court of Siegmund run they many a course,
That far and wide the noise was heard, in palace and in hall:
There many a high-bred hero's name heralds did loudly call.

Many a fall to youthful knights, by ancient kemps was given:
Lances shiv'ring, clash of swords, resounded to the heaven:
Full high the splinters flew about the warlike throng:
There was mirth and jollity virgins and dames among.

The king he bade them stint the strife; the horse were led away:
There many a buckler strong to shivers broken lay:
Many a stone of mound down in the grass was seen,
Struck from the edge of shields, by the falchions sharp and keen.

The evening was concluded with a splendid feast; palmers and pil-

¹ Xanten, in the ci-devant duchy of Juliers, forming now the department of the Boer.

² In the original, *sunnewende*, the turn of the sun, solstice. That of summer fell upon St John's day, and the winter-solstice on Christmas day. Both periods, particularly the former, were devoted to festivities, as well as Whitsuntide.

grims from distant countries were royally regaled. Siegfried was infected in his father's dominions, and his sword-companions¹ presented with rich gifts. In this manner the high feast was celebrated for seven days; at the end of which Siegfried took his leave, to search for deeds of arms; and refused the request of his father, who wished to resign to him his crown.

ADVENTURE III. HOW SIEGFRIED CAME TO WORMS.—During his search for adventures, Siegfried heard of the matchless beauty of Chrimhilt, and of her determination to refuse the love of any man. He immediately resolved to obtain her, and no other, for his spouse. This resolution he communicated to his parents, who spared no entreaties to dissuade him from the enterprise; and warned him to beware of the pride of Gunter and Ghernot, and the savage fierceness of Hagen. When they found themselves unable to divert him from his purpose, they advised him to conquer her by force of arms, and invade Burgundy with a large army; but Siegfried refused the offer, and only demanded twelve knights to accompany him, to the great sorrow of Siegmund and Sieghelind, and of the whole country. Then they provided him and his knights with the richest garments, and the most splendid armour.

Arrayed in this guise, they took leave at the court, and set out for Worms, where they arrived in seven days. The splendour of their apparel drew great crowds about them, who wished to take their horses and shields, and to lead them into the town. But Siegfried refused their offer, demanded where he could find Gunter, the king of Burgundy, and was informed that he was at that time sitting in his hall of state.

The king had by this time been informed of the arrival of these strangers, and beheld them from a window. Marvelling who they might be, he sent for his uncle Hagen, who had travelled far and

¹ This term (*schwert-genossen*, *Schwert-degen*) was peculiarly applied to squires who were knighted with a young sovereign, or the son of their suzerain; and were consequently in a peculiar manner attached to his service.

wide, and demanded of him who the leader of the champions was. Haghen went to the window, but declared he had never seen him. However, he guessed that no hero could be of such a knightly stature and martial aspect, but Siegfried, the prince of Netherland. He took the occasion to relate the wonderful adventures which had been achieved by him. "The arm of that hero struck down the bold Nibelungen, and killed Schilbung and Nibelung, the rich sons of a king. As he travelled alone in their country, he found, before a mountain, many a man of might around the treasure of the Nibelungen, which had been brought thither from a cave in the hill, and which they were about to divide among them. When Siegfried approached, he was recognised, and courteously received by Schilbung and Nibelung; and by them requested to take the partition of the treasure upon himself, which was of immense value. There were precious stones in such quantity, that an hundred waggons could not have carried them away; and gold to a still greater amount, from the mines of Nibelung-land. As a reward for his service, the kings presented him with Balmung, the invaluable sword of their father. Siegfried found himself unable to divide the treasure; whereat the Nibelungen were so enraged, that they began a furious battle with him. But the hero struck them dead with the sword of their father, and then killed their twelve companions, who were giants of mighty strength. Thus he conquered the treasure, and then subdued the whole country, forcing seven hundred champions to do him service. But he was suddenly attacked by the powerful dwarf Alberich, who, not aware of his invincible strength, attacked him with his pigmy army, and sought to revenge the death of his sovereigns.¹ Siegfried chased them into the cave, took from Alberich the magic tarn-cap,² and forced him to swear fidelity to him. Then he again placed the treasure in the cave.—Another marvellous adventure," continued Haghen, "have I heard

¹ See the preceding abstract of the Book of Heroes, p. 48.

² The qualities of this singular magic utensil have been already explained, p. 41.—The origin of the fiction may perhaps be traced to the passages in Homer and Virgil, where the heroes are rendered invisible by a fog cast around them by some deity.

of him; how he killed a fire-drake,¹ and bathed him in the blood; whereby his skin became of a horny consistence, which no sword or other weapon can penetrate. Therefore I advise you, sir king, that ye give him good welcome, and not draw the wrath of the hero upon yourself and your subjects."

Gunter, with his brothers and his knights, went down into the court of the palace, and welcomed Sir Siegfried right courteously. Then he demanded of him what purpose had brought him into Burgundy. Siegfried answered, in his pride, that he had heard how the best knights and the boldest champions served at the court of Burgundy; but that, in despite of their strength, he would bring them and the whole kingdom under his subjection. Thereat were the kings and champions greatly moved; and Ortwin and Haghen defied him. But Ghernot and Ghiseler softened their wrath, and conducted the guests into the palace, where they were feasted right royally. There Siegfried dwelt many a day; and in every sport and game, both at jousting and throwing the stone, he was ever accounted the best; winning the love of many a fair lady. But he was still intent how he might behold Chrimhilt. That maiden often viewed him from her window, bearing away the prize from her brother's champions; but she thought not what joy and what sorrow she should have of him. Thus Siegfried dwelt one year at the court of Burgundy, and achieved many knightly deeds.

ADVENTURE IV. HOW SIEGFRIED FOUGHT WITH THE SAXONS.—One day it befel, that messengers came from Ludeger, king of Saxony, and Ludegast, king of Denmark, to defy King Gunter and his brothers. They threatened him with war and invasion, unless he would pay them tribute. Haghen advised the king to send for Siegfried, and crave his help. But Siegfried had seen the king's sorrow, and the little cheer that was made at his court, and demanded of Gunter what had thus depressed his spirit. When he heard of the defiance

¹ See p. 60.

of the two kings, he offered to go against them with a thousand men only, though the enemy had thirty thousand. The messengers were presented with rich gifts, and returned to their homes. But when the kings of Denmark and Saxony heard that the strong hero of Netherland was coming against them, they were greatly dismayed, and levied mighty armies, to the number of forty thousand warriors.

Siegfried appointed Folker his standard-bearer, and Haghen master of the camp. Sindold, Hunold, Dankwart, and Ortwin served also in the army, which traversed Hessia, and safely reached the lands of Ludeger, which they wasted with fire and sword. Siegfried left the command of his host to Haghen, and proceeded to view that of the enemy. There he met the strong king of Denmark, who, after defending him nobly, yielded himself prisoner; nor were thirty of his knights able to rescue him. Now a cruel battle began between the two hosts, and the heroes of Burgundy fought with great valour. But Siegfried, with his twelve champions, outdid them all. Thrice he traversed the adverse host, and at last met with the Saxon king, who was full of rage, when he heard that his brother Ludegast had yielded himself prisoner. The combat was now general, and the blood flowed in torrents. But when Ludeger beheld the crown on the shield of his opponent, he despaired of success.

He cried, "Give o'er the fight, champions of my host;

I behold the son of Siegmund; I fear the battle's lost:

—The mighty hero Siegfried amid the field I see:

The evil fiend has sent him to the realm of Saxony."

Ludeger then ordered his standard to be lowered, and begged for peace, yielding himself as hostage. Five hundred prisoners did Siegfried take along with him; the rest returned sorrowfully to their homes. Ghernot sent the welcome news of the victory to Worms, where Chrimhilt rejoiced in the deeds of the knights, but, above all, in the matchless achievements of Siegfried. When the host returned with the prisoners, they were full royally received by the king, and

great care was taken of the wounded. The two captive kings were allowed to return to their countries, leaving hostages, and promising to return to a high feast, to be celebrated in six weeks.

ADVENTURE V. HOW SIEGFRIED FIRST BEHELD CHRIMHILT.—When the time which was appointed for the high feast came, many knights and other guests thronged to the city of Worms, and, among others, two-and-thirty princes, emulating one another in the richness of their attire. On the morning of Whitsunday, no less than five thousand guests were assembled at the court. The king had long observed the fervent love which Siegfried bore to Chrimhilt, and yielding to the persuasions of Ortwin and Ghernot, he sent to Uta and her daughter to prepare themselves, and grace the feast with their presence. A hundred knights were chosen to attend the two queens, who bore glittering falchions in their hands.

And now the beauteous lady, like the rosy morn,
Dispersed the misty clouds; and he, who long had borne
In his heart the maiden, banished pain and care,
As now before his eyes stood the glorious maiden fair.

From her brodered garment glittered many a gem,
And upon her lovely cheek the rosy red did gleam:
Whoever in his glowing soul had imaged lady bright,
Confessed that fairer maiden never stood before his sight.

And as the moon, at night, stands high the stars among,
And moves the mirky clouds above, with lustre bright and strong;
So stood before her maidens the maid without compare:
Higher swelled the courage of many a champion there.*

* That the author of this abstract may not be suspected of embellishing, the original of these stanzas is subjoined, (v. 1112—1123.)

Nu gie diu minnechliche also der morgen rot
Tuot uz truoben wolchen: do schiet von maniger not

And full of love and beauty stood the child of Sighelind,
 As if upon the parchment by master's hand design'd :
 He gained the prize of beauty from all the knightly train ;
 They swore that lady never a lovelier mate could gain.

Gunter, the more to honour the hero, bade his sister, " who never before had saluted man," to bestow that favour upon Siegfried.

The feast was held for twelve days, and Siegfried enjoyed the sight, and obtained the thanks of Chrimhilt daily. When the guests prepared to leave the court, Gunter demanded of Siegfried how he should deal with the captive kings, who, for their ransom, had offered five hundred sumpter-horses, laden with gold. By his advice, the king refused the treasure, and dismissed them, taking surety for their remaining at peace with him in future. Siegfried also wished to take his leave of the king ; but at the request of Ghiseler, he was content to remain at the court of Burgundy.

ADVENTURE VI. HOW GUNTER PROCEEDED TO ISENLAND, TO OBTAIN THE HAND OF BRUNHILD.—Tidings came to the court of King Gunter, of a queen of matchless beauty, who dwelt in a land far over the sea. But she was haughty of mind, and so mighty was her strength, that she forced every champion who came to woo her to contend with her at the three masculine games of throwing the spear, of leaping, and of casting the stone. Whoever was unable to match her strength, lost his life for presuming to make the attempt. Many champions had endea-

Der si da truoch im herzen, und lange hete getan:
 Er sach e minnechlichen nu vil herlichen stan.

Ia luhte ir von ir wæte vil manich edel stein ;
 Ir rosen rotiu varwe vil minnechlichen schein.
 Ob ieman wunsen solde der kunde niht geiehen
 Daz er ce dirre werlde hete iht schœners gesehen.

Sam der liehte mane vor den sternen stat,
 Der schin-so luterliche ob den wolchen gat,
 Dem stuont sie nu geliche vor andern frouwen guot :
 Des wart wol gehœhet vil maniges heldes muot.

voured to win the maid, but none of them had returned. Gunter determined to undertake the voyage; nor could Siegfried dissuade him from the resolution. By the advice of Haghen, that hero was requested to give his assistance, and consented, upon the condition, that, on their return with Brunhild, he should obtain the hand of the king's sister.

Great preparations were made for the voyage. Siegfried carried along with him the miraculous tarn-cap which he had gained from the dwarf Alberich. It had the property to render the person enveloped in it invisible, and to give him the strength of twelve men. Gunter wished to take thirty thousand kempes with him; but by the advice of Siegfried, the number was diminished to four—Gunter, Haghen, Dankwart, and himself. Chrimhilt undertook to provide for each three suits of the richest apparel; and, with thirty of her virgins, she was employed for seven weeks in the task. Their mantles were made of white silk, brought from Arabia, and of green silk, from the land of Zazamank, embroidered with many a gem. The covers of the mantles were made of the skins of strange fishes, covered with silk, from Morocco and Lybia. The choicest ermine was procured, and the heroes richly adorned with gems set in Arabian gold. When they were thus apparelled, they parted, with many tears, from Uta and Chrimhilt, and embarked in a strong ship, which Siegfried undertook to steer. They sailed prosperously down the Rhine, and on the twelfth morning arrived at the strong castle of Isenstein, in the land of Brunhild.

ADVENTURE VII. HOW GUNTER OBTAINED THE HAND OF BRUNHILD.—

When the ship was arrived at the castle, the king beheld many a fair lady at the window, and Siegfried demanded of him whom he would choose for his spouse. Gunter pointed to one clad in a snow-white robe, and Siegfried informed him that he had chosen the fair Brunhild. The ladies were ordered by the queen to leave the window, which they were full loth to do. In the mean time the four knights landed, and proceeded to the castle, which they found to contain

eighty-six towers, three spacious palaces, and one splendid hall, built of marble, "green as grass." When they entered, their horses and swords were demanded of them. Haghen refused to deliver his falchion; but when Siegfried informed him that it was the custom of the court, he reluctantly complied. The guests were splendidly entertained, and welcomed by the knights of Brunhild. The queen inquired of one of her chamberlains, who might be the strangers come to her court.

Up and spake the chamberlain,— "Lady fair and free,
Never to this day those champions did I see :
One, if rightly I areed, is Siegfried, of high-born blood ;
I warn ye, lady queen, that ye give him welcome good,

"The second of the champions, full richly is he dight ;
His form is brave and noble ; he seems a king of might
O'er many a wide dominion, and many a distant land :
Proudly, and full lord-like, by the others does he stand.

"The third of those bold champions, of sullen mood seems he ;
But tall of form, and noble, and of courage brave and free ;
Fiercely his looks he throws around ; his eyes full grimly roll ;
I ween his mind is cruel, deadly and dark his soul.

"The youngest kemp among them seems a knight of high emprise,
But gentler far his mind ; right courteous is his guise :
With countenance full mild, he stands the four among.—
Much may we fear the wrath of those champions bold and strong."

The queen, however, declared, that she would not even dread the combat with Siegfried himself. She welcomed the guests with great courtesy, and being informed of the object of their enterprise, ordered immediate preparations to be made for the three several games, which were to decide the fate of Gunter and herself.

Siegfried mean while proceeded secretly to the ship, and returned enveloped in his tarn-cap, so that no one on the field could see where

he stood. He found every thing ready, and Brunhild in complete armour, with a shield of the thickness of three spans, and of such weight, that four chamberlains could scarcely bear it. Haghen fiercely exclaimed,

“ And how is't now, King Gunter ? Here must you tine your life !
The lady you would gain, well may she be the devil's wife.”

But when the king beheld a mighty spear, carried by three knights, and a stone of such weight, that no less than twelve carried it along, he would fain have been safe in his castle, without the love of Brunhild. When Haghen loudly complained that their swords had been taken from them, the queen, with a scornful smile, ordered her knights to restore them. Siegfried, to the great astonishment of Gunter, who could not see him, instructed him to give the shield to him, and to imitate the actions which he was to perform. Brunhild shot the shaft with marvellous force ; Siegfried received it upon the shield ; but both he and Gunter were struck to the ground, that the blood flew out of their mouths. Siegfried returned the spear, and struck her down. Wrathfully she heaved up the weighty stone, threw it to a great distance, and leaped after it, that her armour resounded loudly. Siegfried took up the stone, and threw it to a far greater distance, and leaped after it, taking up Gunter in his arms. The maid was enraged, but seeing herself conquered, fell down at the king's feet, and acknowledged herself vanquished. Siegfried having laid aside his tarn-cap, returned, and pretending ignorance, asked when the games were to begin ; and when the queen informed him that they were over, he seemed much astonished.

When Gunter wished to return with his bride to Worms, she refused to go till she had assembled her vassals ; whereat the heroes of Burgundy, fearing to be treacherously slain, were greatly dismayed. Siegfried, however, comforted them, promising to proceed to his own dominions, and to return with a thousand knights to their relief.

ADVENTURE VIII. HOW SIEGFRIED WENT TO THE NIBELUNGEN.—
 Siegfried went into the ship in his tarn-cap, and sailed away. The knights of Brunhild seeing no mariners on board, imagined that the wind had drifted the vessel away. Before the next night was ended, he reached a castle upon a mountain, in the land of the Nibelungen, where his treasure was deposited. He went ashore, and in order to try the vigilance of his vassals, proceeded to the gate, and in manner of a pilgrim, knocked at the gate. The porter, who was a giant of great strength, demanded who asked for admittance. Siegfried, in an altered tone of voice, exclaimed, "A champion I am; and unless you instantly unlock the gate, many a one who wishes to lie at his ease in the chambers shall feel the effects of my anger." The porter having armed himself, threw the gate open, and attacked the hero with his iron pole. His master was highly delighted with the severe blows he received from his servant, but at length struck him down, and bound him.

But now the battle fierce did in the cave resound :
 The wild dwarf Albèrich heard the blows rebound ;
 Quick he put his armour on, and sped him where he found
 The noble guest of might, where he the giant bound.

Full fierce was Albèrich, and of mickle strength ;
 Shirt of mail and helmet bore the kemp of little length ;
 And in his hand he brandished a scourge of the gold so red :
 Where stood the hero Siegfried, full quickly is he sped.

And from his scourge adown hung seven knots of weight,
 With which he struck the champion, and on his buckler beat ;
 With his blows the splinters far from the shield did fly :
 Of his life Sir Siegfried was in bitter jeopardy.

Far the shivered buckler threw the hero strong,
 And he pushed into the sheath his weapon sharp and long :

His faithful chamberlain, he would not strike him dead,
But saved his trusty vassal ; for in virtues was he bred.

Suddenly to Alberich, Siegfried, the hero, ran,
And by his hoary beard he caught the ancient man ;
Down to the earth he threw him : for mercy did he pray,
When, by the champion's might, on the ground he lay.

The dwarf acknowledged himself vanquished, and said he would have become the knight's vassal, if he had not sworn fidelity to another. Then he was bound down like the giant. When he asked the victor's name, and heard that he was Siegfried, he rejoiced greatly, and offered him any service. The hero unbound him and the giant, and bade him go to the Nibelung champions, and awake them. In a short time thirty thousand were ready in their armour, out of which number a thousand of the best were chosen. They were clad in splendid apparel, and embarked.

When they arrived at the burgh of Isenstein, Brunhild demanded who the warriors were, and was told by Gunter that they were his men, whom he had left behind, and who had followed him. Rich gifts were distributed among the heroes, and the remainder of Brunhild's treasure embarked. The government of the country, in Gunter's absence, was intrusted to her uncle. With her she took six-and-eighty dames, a hundred maidens, and two thousand champions. Gunter was refused any familiarity with his bride during the voyage.

ADVENTURE IX. HOW SIEGFRIED WAS SENT TO WORMS.—When the heroes had sailed nine days, it was resolved that a messenger should be sent to Worms, to Chrimhilt and Uta, to inform them how they had sped in their enterprise, and to bid them prepare for the reception of the bride. Siegfried was chosen to bear the message, and, accompanied by four-and-twenty knights, speedily arrived at the capital of Burgundy, where he soon quieted the fears of the two queens, and the rest of the court, and received many thanks. Chrimhilt rewarded him for his message, with twenty-four bracelets, which he dis-

tributed among her maidens. The preparations made for the reception of Gunter and Brunhild were of the most splendid description ; and when their approach was discerned, Chrimhilt, accompanied by eighty-six dames, and fifty maidens of supreme beauty, and with many champions in her train, proceeded before the town gates, to give them welcome.

ADVENTURE X. HOW GUNTER HELD HIS BRIDAL FEAST WITH BRUNHILD.—Gunter's arrival with his bride was celebrated on the plain before the city, with tournaments and other games ; nor did they return to the palace till the sun had gone down. As they were washing their hands, previous to supper, Siegfried reminded the king how he had promised him his sister for his spouse, if he should achieve his expedition to obtain the hand of Brunhild. Gunter readily complied, and Chrimhilt was that night given in marriage to Siegfried. But Brunhild was greatly mortified at what she conceived a match below the dignity of her sister ; and roundly informed the king, that he should not obtain any favour of her, unless he declared to her why he had given his assent to a marriage between a vassal of his and his sister. He informed her that Siegfried was a king in Netherland, not far inferior in power to himself ; but she was not satisfied with his answer. The supper appeared very long to the two bridegrooms, who soon dismissed their attendants, and retired to their chambers. The scene which was transacted in that of Siegfried was, however, of a very different nature from that which happened in that of Gunter.

When the king was alone with his bride, indulging in the hope of being supremely happy, he found, to his great sorrow, every favour denied, unless he would acquaint Brunhild with the real reason of his giving Chrimhilt to the hero of Netherland ; and when he endeavoured to use force, he found his strength far unequal. She took her girdle, and, tying his feet and hands together, hung him upon a nail in the wall ; nor could his lamentations and entreaties prevail with her to release him, nor prevent her from enjoying a sound sleep. When the morning came, she unbound him ; and after he had promised not to

touch her body, she allowed him to lie by her side, and thus obviate the shame he would have received, had his chamberlains found him in that disgraceful situation.*

It will readily be supposed that the king was not in good humour during the day: Neither the tournament, the dubbing of six hundred new knights, nor the mass in the cathedral, could divert his melancholy. Siegfried had shrewd suspicions of the cause, and found them verified, when, upon inquiry, the king related the dreadful situation in which he had passed the night.

To his guest spake Gunter,— “ With shame and woe I sped;
I have brought the evil devil, and took her to my bed:
When I hop’d her love to gain, she bound me as her thrall;
To a nail she bore me, and hung me on the wall.

“ There I hung with fear and anguish till the sun of morning shone,
While soundly in the bed slept Brunhild all alone.

Loudly to thee I plain of my shame and sorrow sore.”

Then spake the hero Siegfried,— “ Right sorry am I therefore.”

He, however, consoled the poor king, and promised to put Brun-

* Josian, in the far-famed history of Sir Bevis, proves herself as great an Amazon as her predecessor Brunhild. Being treacherously decoyed into marriage by Earl Miles, she persuades him to dismiss out of his bed-chamber all attendants:

Than was before his bed i-tight,
As fele han of this gentil knight,
A coverture on raile-tre,
For no man schold on bed i-se,
Josian bethoughte on highing;
On a towaile she made knotte riding;
Aboute his nekke she hit threw,
And on the raile-tre she drew;
Be the nekke she hath him up-tight,
And let him so ride al the night.

AUCHINLECK MS. v. 3213—3222.

For the whole of this curious adventure the reader is referred to Mr Ellis’s elegant abstract of the romance, in his *Specimens of Romances*, vol. II. p. 144, et seq.

hild completely in his power the next night; and for that purpose required to be admitted to their bed-chamber, where he would render himself invisible, by the means of his tarn-cap. Gunter consented, upon his swearing not to take advantage of the opportunity.

When the night came, and the bridegrooms had retired with their wives, Chrimhilt was astonished at the sudden disappearance of her husband, who had put on his tarn-cap, and joining the chamberlains of Gunter, entered the chamber. When the chamberlains and attendant maids retired, and the lights were extinguished, Siegfried entered the bed, and a most violent and singular combat commenced. Brunhild threw him out of the bed at the very beginning, that his head "loudly resounded on the footstool." He again resumed his task, and was again defeated. She embraced him with great force, and bearing him out of the bed, pressed him between a door and the wall, that he cried aloud with pain. Ashamed of this defeat, he again commenced the attack, and threw her on the bed, where she pressed his hand, that the blood flowed from his nails. He took from her the girdle and ring which he gave in his pride to Chrimhilt some time after; and for this gift he and many other champions lost their lives. At length the knight of Netherland bruised her so violently, and held her so close, that she surrendered at discretion. Siegfried then retired, as if to take off his dress, and leaving the joyful king to reap the fruits of his hard-gained victory, rejoined his own spouse.

In the morning the king was in high good humour, and dispensed many rich gifts to the knights and courtiers. The high feast lasted fourteen days, at the end of which the guests parted for their several homes.

ADVENTURE XI. HOW SIEGFRIED CAME HOME WITH CHRIMHILT TO NETHERLAND.—When the other guests had taken their leaves, Siegfried also desired to return to his country, and Chrimhilt was content. But she first wished to obtain a part of the dominions of Burgundy for her husband; which were readily offered to him by the three royal brothers. But Siegfried refused them, saying, that he himself would

make his queen the richest on the face of the earth. At last he was persuaded to take five hundred champions. Chrimhilt desired to take Haghen and Ortwin with her, but the former sternly refused. Duke Eckewart, however, accompanied her.

The hero was splendidly received with his spouse at his father's court, who resigned his kingdom in his favour. For ten years he bore the crown with great honour, and also had the land of the Nibelungen under his command. Chrimhilt bore him a son, who was named Gunter; and a son of the king of Burgundy was, in return, called after the king of Netherland.

ADVENTURE XII. HOW GUNTER INVITED SIEGFRIED AND CHRIMHILT TO A HIGH FEAST.—Brunhild one day was ruminating how Siegfried was vassal to Gunter, and had not for a long time done any service for his lord. She persuaded the king to invite him and Chrimhilt to a high feast at Worms. Ghene was accordingly chosen messenger, and, with thirty other knights, proceeded to the burgh of the Nibelungen, in the marches of Norway, where they arrived in three weeks. Siegfried, after consulting with his barons, determined to accept the invitation, and to proceed to Worms, accompanied by a thousand of his knights, and by his father Siegmund, with a hundred of his own knights.

ADVENTURE XIII. HOW SIEGFRIED AND CHRIMHILT WENT TO THE HIGH FEAST.—The guests came safely to Worms, and were welcomed by the king, with his usual magnificence. For eleven days, tournaments and other chivalrous games were celebrated, and the most complete harmony prevailed; but at length, in a procession to hear mass celebrated at the cathedral, their concord was fatally interrupted.

ADVENTURE XIV. OF THE ALTERCATION BETWEEN THE QUEENS.—One day Brunhild and Chrimhilt began to praise the several perfections of their husbands; and when they grew warm upon the subject, the former asserted that Siegfried was the vassal of Gunter, because he

had declared himself so when he came to Isenland. Chrimhilt denied it, and said she would precede her in the procession to the cathedral. Accordingly she went, accompanied by forty-three maidens, in far more splendid apparel than those of Brunhild, and by all the knights Siegfried had brought with him, and preceded her sister-in-law. When Brunhild saw this, she exclaimed, that no wife of a vassal should go before a queen. Chrimhilt, enraged at these words, told her that she had been concubine to another than her husband, but that Siegfried had gained her virginity. She then went into the cathedral before Brunhild, who was highly afflicted and enraged. When mass was over, she again assailed Chrimhilt, and demanded what proofs she could adduce. The latter immediately shewed the ring and girdle which Siegfried had given her; upon which the queen departed, in great anger, and complained to Gunter of the insulting words which his sister had spoken of her. Siegfried swore an oath that he had not said the words, and the queens were at last parted.

Haghen of Tronek hearing the lamentations of Brunhild, undertook to revenge her injuries upon Siegfried, and Ortwin and Ghernot joined with him to procure his death. Ghiseler wished to dissuade them from the resolution, and the king himself was at first unwilling to give his consent, but at last agreed, when he heard in what manner the treason was to be executed.

ADVENTURE XV. HOW SIEGFRIED WAS BETRAYED.—The conspirators, with the king's consent, procured thirty messengers, who pretended to have been sent from the kings of Denmark and Saxony, to defy Gunter. Siegfried offered immediately to go against them, and assembled his thousand heroes for the purpose. Haghen then proceeded to Chrimhilt, and pretending great friendship for her husband, asked her if there was any part of his body which required peculiar defence in battle. She regretted that she had offended Brunhild, and told him that her husband "beat her black and blue for it." Then she informed him, that when Siegfried bathed himself in the dragon's blood, a leaf had stuck between his shoulders, and had prevented that

part from becoming impenetrable. Haghen instructed her to sew a small cross upon his garment, in the place where the spot was, and promised to defend that part with peculiar care. Siegfried now was informed, to his great mortification, that peace had been concluded. The king then proposed a great chace of boars and bears, in the forests of Vasgovia, where the treason was to be executed.

ADVENTURE XVI. HOW SIEGFRIED WAS SLAIN.—Great preparations were made for the chace; and, by the advice of Brunhild, every kind of meat was carried to a well in the forest, but no wine. Siegfried took his leave of Chrimhilt, who made every exertion to dissuade him from the chace, as she had been warned of his fate in two dreams: But his fate was irrevocable. When the chace began, no one distinguished himself so much as he; killing every kind of ferocious animals, and among them a demi-wolf, a lion, a buffalo, an elk, a bison, four ure-oxen,¹ and one fierce bull, besides deer and boars. Gunter then ordered a horn to be blown, to give notice that he would dine at the well. Siegfried caught a great bear alive, to make disport for the king, and brought him to the well, where the animal made great havoc among the kitchen utensils, to the exceeding amusement of the company. He was at last killed by his victor, who then rode back to the well.

In gorgeous guise the hero did to the fountain ride:
Down unto his spurs, his sword hung by his side;
His weighty spear was broad, of mighty length, and strong;
A horn, of the gold so red, o'er the champion's shoulder hung.

Of fairer hunting garments ne'er heard I say before:
A coat of the black velvet the noble hero wore;

¹ A demi-wolf (halb-wolf) is probably an animal bred between a wolf and a dog. The *lyciscæ* of Virgil (Ecl. iii. v. 18.) are by Servius explained to be *canes nati ex lupis et canibus, cum inter se forte miscuntur*. The *uri*, mentioned by Cæsar and other writers, seem to have been common in Germany down to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but are not to be found at present in any part of that country, though they are to be met with in Poland and Prussia.

His hat was of the sable, full richly was it dight ;
 Ho, with what gorgeous belts was hung his quiver bright !

A fleece of the panther wild about the shafts was roll'd ;
 A bow of weight and strength bore the huntsman bold :
 No hero on this middle earth, but Sir Siegfried, I avow,
 Without some engine quaint, could draw the mighty bow.

His garment fair was made of the savage lynx's hide ;
 With gold the fur was sprinkled richly on every side ;
 There many a golden leaf glittered right gorgeously,
 And shone with brightest splendour round the huntsman bold and free.

And by his side hung Balmung, that sword of mickle might ;
 When in the field Sir Siegfried struck on the helmets bright,
 Not the truest metal the noble blade withstood :
 Thus right gloriously rode the huntsman good.

If right I shall areed the champion's hunting guise,
 Well was stored his quiver with shafts of wond'rous size ;
 More than a span in breadth were the heads of might and main :
 Whom with those arrows sharp he pierced, quickly was he slain.

The huntsmen commenced their meal ; and Sir Siegfried was full wroth with Haghen, for having forgotten the wine ; but that treacherous knight pretended it had been sent to another part of the forest. Siegfried then proposed to him a foot-race to the well, and for that purpose stripped himself to the shirt ; and bearing his garments on his back, far out-ran his rival. Then he laid down his weapons, which Haghen carried secretly to a great distance. Gunter first drank of the well ; Siegfried followed his example, and lying down to drink, was treacherously pierced with a lance in the vulnerable spot, by Haghen. He started up, and pursued his murderer ; and though mortally wounded, and weaponless, struck him down, and broke his shield in two. Then he fell down with the loss of blood, and upbraided his murderers with ingratitude and cowardice, but recom-

mended his spouse to the mercy of the king. When he was dead, Gunter wished to give out that he had been slain by robbers; but the fierce knight of Tronek expressed his perfect indifference whether the truth was made known or concealed.

ADVENTURE XVII. HOW SIEGFRIED WAS BEWAILED AND INTERRED.— Haghen caused the dead body to be laid before the door of Chrimhilt's chamber. When she came out in the morning, and discovered that her husband lay there murdered, her lamentations were boundless. She sent for his father Siegmund, who, as well as his eleven hundred champions, swore immediate revenge. But Chrimhilt persuaded him to leave the vengeance to her, for which she would find some fitting opportunity. She ordered a splendid coffin of gold and silver to be made, in which the body was carried to the cathedral. Gunter, with Haghen and his attendants, came to bewail the death of Siegfried, and pretended it had been perpetrated by robbers; but Chrimhilt bade those who knew themselves innocent go and touch the dead body.

A marvel high and strange is seen full many a time :
When to the murdered body nighs the man who did the crime,
Afresh the wounds will bleed : the marvel now was found,—
That Haghen felled the champion with treason to the ground.¹

Ghernot and Ghiseler seemed to bewail the hero with unfeigned sorrow; and the lamentations, whether sincere or feigned, resounded through the whole court. Three days and three nights Chrimhilt watched the body, without food or drink; and when the corpse was about to be sunk into the grave, she caused it to be again opened, and once more took leave of her husband. More than thirty thousand

¹ This is perhaps the earliest instance in which this kind of ordeal (the *bahr-recht* of the Germans) is mentioned. The subject has received full illustration in Mr Scott's notes on the ballad of Earl Richard, (*Minstrelsy of the Border*, ed. 1810, II. 419.)

marks of gold were distributed among the poor, for the welfare and repose of his soul.

ADVENTURE XVIII. HOW SIEGMUND DEPARTED FROM WORMS.—Siegmond went to Chrimhilt, and used strong persuasions to induce her to return with him, promising that she should bear the crown in her husband's dominions. But her youngest brother Ghiseler dissuaded her from leaving Worms, and was seconded in his solicitations by Queen Uta and Ghernot. Siegmund and the Nibelung heroes left the city of Worms without taking leave of any one. But Ghernot and Ghiseler followed them, and assured Siegmund that they were innocent of the murder. The king returned to his country, and the disconsolate Chrimhilt was left to bear the insolence of her rival Brunhild, for which she cruelly revenged herself subsequently.

ADVENTURE XIX. HOW THE NIBELUNG TREASURE CAME TO WORMS.—When Chrimhilt had bewailed her husband for three years and a half, without seeing Gunter or Haghen, the latter advised the king to reconcile himself with her, in order to get the invaluable treasure of the Nibelungen into his possession; which she had received from Siegfried as her jointure. She consented, after some difficulty, and Ghernot and Ghiseler were sent to bring it to Worms. They embarked with eight thousand knights, and the treasure was delivered to them by the dwarf Alberich, who greatly bewailed the loss of Siegfried's tarn-cap. The treasure was now embarked, for which purpose twelve waggons were employed for the space of four days and nights. Under the treasure lay a wishing-rod,¹ which enabled the possessor to be master over the whole world; but this quality appears to have been unknown to the knights of Burgundy.

¹ The wishing-rod of Fortunatus has given to this fiction very extensive popularity. The passage in the text is very remarkable; but the mention of it in an ancient Teutonic glossary, of the ninth or tenth century, discovered by Junius, and published by Nyerup, proves the existence of the superstition among the Germans at a still earlier period. *Caduceuma* is there rendered *uunshiligarta*.

When the treasure arrived, Chrimhilt so prodigally distributed rich gifts, and obtained such popularity thereby, that Haghen advised Gunter to take it from her; undertaking to obtain the keys, and guard it himself. When Ghernot and Ghiseler saw his intention executed, they were highly enraged; and the former said, it would be far better to sink it to the bottom of the Rhine. Accordingly the king and his whole court for some days absented themselves from the city; during which time Haghen, who had remained behind, sunk the whole treasure into the river, and all the conspirators were sworn never to reveal the place. Chrimhilt, after enduring this additional injury, dwelt thirteen years at court, unable to forget the losses she had sustained.

ADVENTURE XX. HOW KING ETZEL SENT TO BURGUNDY TO OBTAIN THE HAND OF CHRIMHILT.—It happened that at this time Helka, the wife of Etzel, king of the Huns, died, and his counsellors advised him to send messengers to Worms, and sue for the hand of Chrimhilt. He expressed his fear that she would refuse him, he being a heathen, and she Christian. Markgrave Rudiger, of Bechelaren, however, undertook the expedition, and provided himself with apparel and arms at Vienna. Hewas accompanied by five hundred knights, and taking leave of his wife Gotiland, set out for Worms. He was well received upon his arrival, and Gunter, with his brothers, were well content to give their sister in marriage to King Etzel; but the fierce Haghen strongly opposed the resolution. It was at last determined that Chrimhilt should decide herself. At first she declared her firm resolution to remain a widow, and particularly never to espouse a heathen, though Rudiger told her that twelve kings and thirty princes were vassals to the king of the Huns; and Ghiseler exclaimed,

From the Rhone unto the Rhine, from the Elbe to the distant sea,
No king of greater riches and greater power may be.

Rudiger at last found the means to conquer her disinclination, by

swearing that he and his men would be ever ready to revenge her injuries, and would never refuse her any request.

Preparations were made for her departure, but she wished previously to distribute the treasure which was still in her possession. But Haghen seized upon it, and kept it back from her. Ghernot, however, took it from him by force, and returned it to her; but Rudiger bade her leave it behind, as she would stand in no need of bringing any into the realm of Hungary, where she would command riches of incalculable value. Eckewart, with five hundred men, swore to continue his fidelity to her, and follow her to Hungary. Gunter accompanied her only before the gates; but Ghernot and Ghiseler, and a thousand of their meiny, did not take leave of her till she came to the banks of the Danube.

ADVENTURE XXI. HOW CHRIMHILT CAME TO THE HUNS.—Messengers were sent to apprise King Etzel that Chrimhilt would speedily arrive. At Passau she was received by her uncle, Bishop Pilgerin, who accompanied her to Bechelaren, where splendid feasts were given to her by the margrave and his wife and daughter. She then proceeded to Medilke and Mautern, and reposed for three days at Traisemaur, a strong castle which King Etzel had built upon the river Traisem.¹

ADVENTURE XXII. HOW ETZEL AND CHRIMHILT HELD THEIR BRIDAL FEAST.—Etzel received his new bride at the town of Tulln, accompanied by a great host of vassals, among whom were Russians, Greeks, Poles, Wallachians, Kyben, the savage Petscheners, and many other nations. He had four-and-twenty princes in his train, among whom were Ramung, sovereign of the Wallachians; Gibecke, Hornbog, Hawart, and Iring, from Denmark; Irnfried, duke of Thuringia; Blodelin, the king's brother; and, finally, Dietrich of Bern. Chrim-

¹ Most of the towns mentioned in this and the following adventure still exist in Austria and Hungary.

hilt was instructed by Rudiger to kiss twelve of the noblest champions : the others she also received with great courtesy. A tournament was held till the evening broke in, and the whole train then proceeded to Vienna, where the bridal feast was celebrated for seventeen days. The gifts distributed by Etzel and his subject princes were incalculable ; and his two minstrels, ¹ Werbel and Swemmel, received no less than a thousand marks. At the end of the feast, the king, with his bride and his attendants, left Vienna, and proceeded by the old fortress of Hunenburg, and by Misenburg, to his own residence, at the castle of Etzelenburg. Chrimhilt was served by seven daughters of kings, and particularly by Herrat, niece to Etzel, and wife of Dietrich of Bern.

ADVENTURE XXIII. HOW CHRIMHILT INVITED HER BROTHERS TO A HIGH FEAST.—Chrimhilt dwelt with King Etzel for thirteen years, during which time she bore him a son, who, by her influence, was baptised, and called Ortlieb. Chrimhilt, ever intent on her meditated revenge, persuaded King Etzel to send his two minstrels, Swemmel and Werbel, to the Rhine, and to invite King Gunter and his brothers, with all their knights, to a high feast in Hungary. She instructed the messengers secretly to give out that she lived in perfect happiness at the court of Etzel, and not to suffer any one of her brothers' principal champions to remain behind.

ADVENTURE XXIV. HOW WERBEL AND SWEMMEL DID THEIR MESSAGE.—The messengers arrived safely at Worms, and were received with every mark of attention ; but the answer to their message was deferred to the seventh day. Haghen strongly opposed accepting the invitation, from which he presaged utter ruin, and was not won over to give his consent till Ghernot and Ghiseler taunted him, and bade him remain behind, if he feared to go with them. Rumold, the mas-

¹ This passage, and the honourable reception of the minstrels at the court of Burgundy, fully prove the rank held by minstrels in former ages, and their frequent occupation in confidential embassies ; and strongly militate against the general degradation they have suffered from the learned, but capricious and tasteless Ritson.

ter of the kitchen, also made a very characteristic, but ineffectual attempt to persuade the kings from the journey, by painting their present felicity, having abundance of meat, drink, and clothes. When Haghen found all were fully determined on the expedition, he undertook to select a thousand of the best knights, among whom were his brother Dankwart, and the hero Folker of Alsace, who was called the Minstrel, or the Fiddler, on account of the excellence of his playing and singing.* The messengers from the Huns were detained till every thing was ready for the journey, by Haghen, to prevent them from coming too soon back to Chrimhilt, and giving her an opportunity of making great preparations for the destruction of himself and the other knights.

ADVENTURE XXV. HOW THE NIBELUNGEN WENT TO THE HUNS.— Queen Uta dreamt that all the birds in the kingdom had dropt down dead ; but Haghen, urged on by the taunts of Ghernot, was now bent on proceeding. The care of the two queens and the kingdom being left to Rumold, the host, consisting of a thousand knights, and nine thousand esquires, proceeded on their journey, and traversing Swabia and Franconia, under the conduct of Haghen, who was their guide, and of Dankwart, marshal of the host, arrived on the banks of the Danube.

Haghen of Tronek rode before the noble host,
Guiding the Niblung knights, their leader and their boast :
Now from his horse the champion leaped upon the ground ;
Full soon unto an oak the courser has he bound. -----

The ferryman he sought by the river far and wide :
He heard the water bullering closely by his side :
In a fountain fair, sage women he espied,
Their lovely bodies bathing, all in the cooling tide.

* Folker is not a professed minstrel, but, like many of the French, German, and northern princes and knights, cultivated music and poetry as an accomplishment.

And when he saw the mermaids,^{*} he sped him silently ;
 But soon they heard his footsteps, and quickly did they hie,
 Glad and joyful in their hearts, that they 'scaped the hero's arm :
 From the ground he took their garments, — did them none other harm.

Up and spake a mermaid, Hildburg was she hight :—
 " Noble hero Haghen, your fate will I reed aright ;
 At King Etzel's court what adventures ye shall have,
 If back thou give our garments, thou champion bold and brave."

Like birds they flew before him upon the watery flood,
 And as they flew, the mermaid's form thought him so fair and good,
 That he believed full well what of his fate she spoke ;
 But for the hero's boldness she thought to be awroke.

" Well may ye ride," she said, " to the rich King Etzel's court ;
 I pledge my head in troth, that in more royal sort
 Heroes never were received in countries far and near ;
 Nor with greater honours ; then hie ye without fear."

Glad of their speech was Haghen, right joyous in his heart :
 He gave them back their garments, and sped him to depart :
 But when their bodies they had dight in that full wond'rous guise,
 Rightly the journey to the Huns told the women wise.

Then spake the other mermaid, Sighlind was her name :—
 " I will warn thee, son of Aldrian, Haghen, thou knight of fame ;
 For the garments fair, my sister loudly did she lie :
 Foully must ye all be shent, if to the Huns ye hie.

" Turn thee back, Sir Haghen, back unto the Rhine,
 Nor ride ye to the Huns with those bold feres of thine ;

^{*} In the same manner the knight Gruelan, (or Graelent,) in the lay so denominated, steals the garments of the beautiful fairy. See the original, in the new edition of Barbazan, (IV, 57,) and a beautiful translation in Way's *Fabliaux*, (I, 177.) The reader is referred for much curious information on the subject of mermaids to a note subjoined to the Danish ballad of Lady Grimild's Wrack, (relating the adventures of the present

Ye are trained unto your death, into King Etzel's land :
All who ride to Hungary their death may they not withstand."

Up and spake Sir Haghen,— "Fouly dost thou lie:
How might it come to pass, when to the Huns we hie,
That I, and all our champions bold, should to the death be dight?
The Niblung knights' adventures they told unto the knight.

Lady Hildburg spoke:— "Turn ye back to Burgundy:
None will return from Etzel, of all your knights so free;
None but the chaplain of the king; your cruel fate to tell,
Back to Lady Brunhild comes he safe and well."

Fiercely spake Sir Haghen to that prophetic maid,—
"Never to King Gunter your tidings shall be said,
How he and all his champions must die at Etzel's court.—
How may we pass the Danube, ladies sage, report."

"If yet thou wilt not turn back to Burgundy,
Speed ye up the river's edge, where thou a house wilt see;
There dwells a ferryman bold; no other mayst thou find:
But speak him fair and courteously, and bear my saw in mind.

"He will not bring you over, for savage is his mood,
If angrily ye call him, with wrathful words, and lewd:
Give him the gold and silver, if he guides you o'er the flood:—
Ghelfrat of Bavaria serves the champion good.

"If he will not pass the river, call o'er the flood aloud,
That your name is Amelrich: he was a hero proud,
Who for wrath and eumity left Bavaria's land:
Soon will he ferry over from the further strand."

Haghen then dis-spced him from the mermaids wise:
The champion said no more, but bowed in courteous guise:

poem, abridged,) translated by Mr Jamieson, which will be found in a subsequent part of this volume.

He hied him down the river, and on the further side,
The house of that proud ferryman quickly has he spied.

Loud and oft Sir Haghen shouted o'er the flood :—
“ Now fetch me over speedily,” so spake the hero good :
“ A bracelet of the rich red gold will I give thee to thy meed :
To cross the swelling Danube full mickle have I need.”

Rich and right proud of mood was that ferryman bold ;
Full seldom would he serve for silver or for gold :
His servants and his hinds haughty of mind they were.
Alone the knight of Tronek stood in wrath and care.

With wond'rous force he shouted, that with the dreadful sound,
Up and down the river did the waves and rocks rebound :—
“ Fetch ye over Sir Amelrich, soon and speedily,
Who left Bavaria's land for wrath and enmity.”

A weighty bracelet on his sword the hero held full soon,
That to the sun the gold so red fair and brightly shone :
He bade him bring him over to the noble Ghelfrat's land :
Speedily the ferryman took the rudder in his hand.

O'er the swelling Danube rowed he speedily ;
But when his uncle Amelrich in the boat he did not see ;
Fearful grew his wrath, to Haghen loud he spake,—
“ Leave the boat, thou champion, or thy boldness will I wreak.”

Up he heaved the rudder, broad, and of mickle weight,
And on the hero Haghen he struck with main and might ;
In the ship he felled him down upon his knee :
Never such fierce ferryman did the knight of Tronek see.

He seized a sturdy oar, right wrathful was his mood ;
Upon the glittering helmet he struck the champion good,
That o'er his head he broke the oar with all his might ;
But for that blow the ferryman soon to the death was dight.

Up started hero Haghen, unsheathed his trusty blade,
Grasped it strongly in his hand, and off he struck his head :
Loudly did he shout, as he threw it on the ground :
Glad were the knights of Burgundy, when they heard his voice resound.

During their fight, the ship had drifted down the river, and in endeavouring to row himself ashore, he broke the rudder. He tied it together with his sword-belt, and at last succeeded to bring it to the land. Haghen himself undertook the office of ferryman, and was employed the whole day in bringing over the host. When he espied the chaplain, he thought to frustrate the prophecy of the mermaids, and threw him into the river. The friar, however, reached the opposite shore in safety, and returned to Worms. The whole army being ferried over, Haghen destroyed the ship ; and being asked by Dankwart, why he thus prevented their return from the Huns, he answered, that it was done to frustrate any opportunity for cowards to fly.

ADVENTURE XXVI. HOW GHELFRAT WAS SLAIN BY DANKWART.—Haghen now acquainted the heroes with the prophecy of the mermaids, and the death of the ferryman ; and it was resolved to march with the greatest circumspection ; Folker commanding the van, and Haghen, with Dankwart, the rear. The following night, the latter was attacked by the Bavarian dukes Ghelfrat and Elsè, with seven hundred horse, in revenge for the slaughter of their ferryman. Ghelfrat struck Haghen from his horse, but was himself killed by Dankwart, upon which Elsè fled, with the loss of a hundred of his men.

Having marched forwards all the night, they found a knight, who lay sleeping by the way. Haghen took away his arms, but returned them when he found him to be Duke Eckewart. The latter told them of the inimical disposition of his mistress ; but Haghen exclaimed, that they stood in need of no information, but where they might rest from the fatigues of the night. Eckewart informed them that they were near Bechelaren, the burgh of the hospitable Rudiger.

ADVENTURE XXVII. HOW THE NIBELUNGEN WERE RECEIVED BY RUDIGER.—Rudiger, with Gotelind and her beautiful daughter, welcomed the guests at the gate ; and the latter was instructed to salute the three kings and the principal heroes ; but when Haghen was presented to her, she was appalled by his fierce countenance ; and it required the interference of her father, to make her shew due respect to the hero. During the feast, it was determined to give the beauteous Dietelind in marriage to Ghiseler, the youngest of the kings. When the guests were about to proceed on their journey, many gifts were distributed among them by Rudiger. Among others, he gave to Gunter a coat of mail, and to Ghernot a sword, which was fatally destined to end his own life. Haghen requested of Gotelind the gift of a shield, which had been borne by Nudung, who was slain by Wittich.¹ Folker, when he took his leave, played “sweet tones” upon his fiddle, and sung his songs before Gotelind, who rewarded him with six bracelets, which she stuck on his arm.² The news of the arrival of the Nibelungen were soon brought to King Etzel ; and Chrimhilt rejoiced in the near prospect of revenge.

ADVENTURE XXVIII. HOW THE NIBELUNGEN CAME TO THE HUNS.—Old Master Hildebrand had informed Dietrich of Bern of the approach of the knights of Burgundy, and they proceeded to meet them on the road, where Dietrich gave the Nibelungen a full account of the unabated sorrow of Chrimhilt, and warned them of its effects. When they arrived at Etzelenburg, the residence of Etzel, the queen received young Ghiseler with great affability, but took little notice of the others. When Haghen saw that, he tied his helmet faster. She asked what presents they had brought to her from the Rhine ; and Haghen

¹ This is the only mention of Wittich, who is the Achilles of the Wilkina-Saga, in this poem. See page 31 of the Dissertation prefixed to this work.

² Bracelets, in the times of chivalry, were not confined to the ladies, but frequently worn by knights. According to the learned Suhm, bracelets, twisted in a serpentine manner, have been found in Scandinavia, of the weight of 159 ducats.

replied scornfully, that he regretted not having brought her some gift from his own treasure. She asked him why they had not brought the Niblung treasure? He replied, that it was sufficient for a knight to carry his armour and his sword. She bade them give up their arms before they entered the hall, and when Haghen and Gunter refused, she discovered that some one had warned the heroes, and swore vengeance against him; but Dietrich took Haghen by the hand, and openly avowed that he had done it. Etzel asked who the fierce hero was whom King Dietrich led by the hand; and when he heard his name, he recollected that his father Aldrian had been his subject, and that Haghen and Walter of Spain, who since eloped with Hildegund, had been his hostages.*

ADVENTURE XXIX. HOW HAGHEN AND FOLKER SAT BEFORE THE HALL OF CHRIMHILT.—Haghen took Folker aside, and they went together across the court, and sat them down on a bench before the hall of Chrimhilt. When she beheld them, she wept bitterly, and complained to her sixty knights of the indignity, and what injuries Haghen had done to her. They offered immediately to avenge her, and to slay the two champions; but she informed them that they were too few. They increased their number to a hundred, and went down to the court with Chrimhilt, who had told them they should have a confirmation of his crimes from the mouth of Haghen himself. When she approached, Folker wished to rise from his seat, but Haghen hindered him, saying, their enemies would take it for a sign of their fear.

'Twas then the hero Haghen across his lap he laid,
Glittering to the sun, a broad and weighty blade;
In the hilt a jasper stone, greener than the grass:
Well knew the lady Chrimhilt that Siegfried's sword it was.

When she beheld sword Balmung, woe and sorrow did she feel:
The hilt was of the precious gold, the blade of shining steel:

* The adventures here alluded to are [related in the Latin epic analysed in this work, (p. 23,) and in the Wilkina-Saga, (chap. 85, *et seq.*)

It minded her of all her woes : Chrimhilt to weep began :
Well I ween Sir Haghen in her scorn the sword had drawn.

Folker, knight of courage bold, by his side sat he ;
A sharp and mighty fiddlestick * held the hero free ;
Much like a glittering sword it was ; sharp, and broad, and long :
Fierce, without all fear, sat there the champions strong.

Chrimhilt bitterly upbraided Haghen with the injuries he had done her, which he readily acknowledged. Mean time one of the Huns began to relate the deeds of Haghen (whom he had seen in his youth distinguish himself in two-and-twenty battles) to the others ; in consequence of which they resolved not to encounter the two champions, but departed from them in peace. Then Haghen and Folker rejoined the kings, and they all proceeded to the hall of King Etzel, who received them with every mark of courtesy.

ADVENTURE XXIX. HOW HAGHEN AND FOLKER GUARDED THE KINGS.
—When night broke in, and the guests were retiring to the large hall, where their beds were prepared, Haghen undertook the guard, and Folker readily associated himself with him in the charge.

Before the palace door Folker sat him on a stone ;
Bolder and more knight-like fiddler ne'er shone the sun upon :
Sweetly from his strings resounded many a lay ;
And many thanks the heroes to the knight of fame did say.

At first his tones resounded loudly the hall around ;
The champion's strength and art was heard in every sound :
But sweeter lays, and softer, the hero now began,
That gently closed his eyes full many a way-tir'd man.

Folker having resumed his sword and shield, discovered helmets glit-

* Continual jokes upon the musical accomplishments of Folker occur in the original, a few of which have been translated.

tering by the light of the moon. They were knights whom Chrimhilt had sent to murder Haghen in his sleep. But when they viewed the hall door guarded, they retired, taunted for their cowardice by Folker, who wished to follow and attack them, but was prevented by Haghen.

ADVENTURE XXXI. HOW THE KINGS WENT TO HEAR MASS.

"Cold grows my shirt of mail : I ween the mirky night
Will soon be at an end, and the morning sun shine bright ;
For I feel the air grows sharper." Thus Sir Folker spake,
And soon the sleeping knights did the champions two awake.

By the advice of Haghen, they prepared themselves to go to the church and hear mass, and for that purpose were about to put on rich dresses.

But up spake hero Haghen :— "Other garments must ye wear :
Not dight with flow'rs and roses, glittering falchions must ye bear ;
For your rich-gemm'd chaplets¹ put on your helmets good :
Well know ye, noble gentlemen, Lady Chrimhilt's angry mood.

"Fiercely must we fight to-day, and try our fortune soon :
Doff your silken shirts, and gird your hauberks on ;
For your spacious mantles must each one bear his shield :
If ye meet your enemies, your weapons bravely wield."

When King Etzel beheld his guests in complete armour, he marvelled greatly ; but Haghen disdaining to tell the real cause, pretended it was the common custom of Burgundy. After the mass, a tournament was held ; but Dietrich and Rudiger, when they saw the angry mind of the Nibelungen, restrained their knights from engaging among the others. Folker seeing a Hun arrayed in splendid ar-

¹ In the original, *schapel*, from the French, *chapelet*, a kind of diadem of gold, inlaid with pearls and precious stones.

mour, could not restrain his wrath, but rode into the throng, and pierced him with his lance. A general engagement began, which was interrupted by the interference of Etzel, who threatened to hang any one who did harm to the guests from Burgundy. The knights then proceeded into the palace, and sat down to dinner in complete armour, every one mistrusting the other. Chrimhilt endeavoured in vain to persuade Dietrich and Hildebrand to revenge her upon Haghen. Blodelin, Etzel's brother, at last undertook the deed, after receiving the promise of large possessions, and the wife of Nudung, a king, who had been slain by Wittich. Towards the end of the dinner, Ortlieb, the young son of Chrimhilt and Etzel, was brought in, and the latter expressed his wish that he might accompany the kings to Burgundy, and be educated at their court. But Haghen spoke lightly of him, and declared that he would full seldom go and pay his court to him if he came to Worms; at which speech King Etzel was wroth, and began to detest the knight of Tronek.

ADVENTURE XXXII. HOW BLODELIN FOUGHT WITH DANKWART.—

In the mean time Blodelin had assembled his knights, went to the hall where Dankwart dined with the squires, and immediately defied him. Dankwart denied having had any hand in Siegfried's death, but was notwithstanding assailed. At the very first blow he severed the head of Blodelin from his body; and though few of the squires were armed, they at last succeeded in driving out the Huns. But they returned, with two thousand others, and slaughtered all the youths. Dankwart, however, fought his way through his foes, and at last reached the hall where the kings and knights were dining, at the very moment when Ortlieb was borne out of the hall-door.

ADVENTURE XXXIII. HOW DANKWART BROUGHT THE NEWS OF THE SLAUGHTER TO HIS MASTERS.—When Dankwart was come to the court, and had informed his brother aloud what had happened to him and his men, Haghen bade him keep the door, and prevent any one from escaping. He then began the slaughter, by striking off the head of

Ortlieb, which fell into his mother's lap. Folker, as well as he, commenced a dreadful battle; but at the request of Haghen, he joined Dankwart, to guard the door. Chrimhilt began to be in fear of her life, when she saw the battle become general, and requested Dietrich of Bern to bring her out of the hall. That hero immediately leapt on the table, and demanded to be allowed to leave the hall with his knights. His request was granted, and he quitted the hall, bearing Chrimhilt under one arm, and Etzel in the other. Truce was also granted by the interference of Ghiseler, to Rudiger and his champions. But when he was departed, no one was spared, and the Burgundian heroes soon found no enemy to oppose. No one distinguished himself like Folker.

King Etzel cried, "Alas and woe, that to this feast they came,
For there a fearful champion fights, Folker is his name,
Raging like a savage boar; a fiddler mad is he:
Praised be my luck, that from the fiend safely I could flee.

"Fouly his lays resound; his fiddlestick is red;
And ah! the dreadful tones strike many a champion dead!"

The champions of Burgundy threw the dead bodies, to the number of seven thousand, out of the windows, and with their spears prevented any of the Huns on the outside of the palace from approaching them. Chrimhilt offered great riches to any one who would attack Haghen, but no knight seemed inclined to undertake the enterprise.

ADVENTURE XXXIV. HOW IRING WAS SLAIN.—At last Iring, margrave of Denmark, resolved to encounter Haghen. Irnfried, landgrave of Thuringia, and Hawart, with a thousand men, would fain have accompanied him, but he prevailed upon them to let him proceed alone. Finding himself unable to slay Haghen, he successively attacked Folker, Gunter, and his two brothers, and then returned to

Haghen, whom he wounded in the head, and returned to his countrymen. But when he had rested a while he renewed the fight, and was killed by Haghen with a spear. Irnfried and Hawart, who went to revenge his death, were also slain by Folker and Haghen, and their knights shared the same fate.

ADVENTURE XXXV. HOW THE THREE KINGS SPOKE WITH ETZEL AND CHRIMHILT OF A TRUCE.

"Be ye proud of mood, my champions," Haghen aloud did say;
 "For aye the Huns shall rue that they brought us here this day;
 Ever the feast shall they lament which the queen for us has dight:
 What boots it now to Chrimhilt that she brought us here to fight?"

"Unlace ye now your helmets," so spake the champion;
 "I, and my fellow, Folker, will shield you from the foe;
 And if King Etzel's meiny dare try the combat bold,
 I warn ye, noble gentlemen, your courage to unfold."

There many goodly kemps unlac'd their helmets good;
 Down they sat them on the dead, (amongst the tide of blood,)
 Whom they had done to death in the sturdy fight:
 But soon of Etzel's noble guests fell many a hardy knight.

Before the evening-tide, King Etzel did command,
 And so did Lady Chrimhilt, that the kemps of Hunnen-land
 Graithe them for the battle: and straight before them stood,
 Ready for the fight, twenty thousand champions good.

In the hall, and eke without, a fearfull fight was fought:
 Dankwart, Haghen's brother, noble deeds he wrought;
 To his enemies he leapt rathly through the door:
 When they ween'd he had bled to death, he was hardier than before.

Ev'n till the night did sever them, they fought the fight of blood:
 The guests defended them, as noble heroes should,

Against the champions of the Huns a full long summer's day :
 Ho! how many a noble blade dead before them lay !
 At the turn of summer¹ was done this murd'rous deed :
 'Twas for the Lady Chrimhilt the champions bold did bleed :
 There fell her nearest kindred, and many a man of fame ;
 For which King Etzel never more knew nor joy nor game.
 She never thought such battle fierce among them would be fought ;
 For she had bent her mind all only to have brought
 To the death the hero Haghen ; but while his blood she sought,
 All this bloody mischief by the foul fiend was wrought.

Gunter and his brothers now issued before the hall, and demanded truce, which was refused to them by King Etzel. He was, however, willing to allow them to come out and rest from the fight, but Chrimhilt ordered her champions to drive them in, and set fire to the hall. The heroes of Burgundy, now reduced to six hundred, were driven to the last extremity. They had no means to quench the raging thirst caused by the fire, till, by the advice of Haghen, they drank the blood of their enemies.² Fortunately the hall-roof was arched, which prevented a general conflagration. They remained quiet till the morning, when they were attacked by twelve hundred Huns, allured by the offers of Chrimhilt, who were slain to the last man.

ADVENTURE XXXVI. HOW RUDIGER WAS SLAIN.—Rudiger was disconsolate to see such dreadful havoc among his friends. A Hun, who saw him standing unarmed, upbraided him with cowardice, but was struck dead to the ground by the hand of the margrave. Both Etzel and Chrimhilt used every prayer, and even fell on their knees, to persuade him to attack the Burgundians. Long did he deny their request, pleading his friendship for them, and the hospitality which they

¹ See the note on p. 170.

² This circumstance has been transferred, with considerable improvements, into the Danish ballad of Lady Grimild's Wrack, printed in this volume.

had enjoyed in his house. At length the tears of Chrimhilt prevailed, and he prepared himself and his men, with heavy hearts, for the attack. He told the knights of Burgundy to get ready to withstand him, and informed them that he was only persuaded to it by the commands and entreaties of Etzel and Chrimhilt. Haghen told him that the shield he had presented to him at Bechelaren was hewn to pieces; and Rudiger insisted that he should accept the one he then bore in return. Touched with the generosity of the gift, Haghen vowed not to attack Rudiger, and Folker followed his example. The battle became general, and was very bloody. In the end, Ghernot and Rudiger met. The latter wounded his opponent in the head mortally, but was in return struck dead by the very sword he had given to Ghernot. The remainder of Rudiger's knights were slain, one after another. When Chrimhilt heard that the noise had ceased, she supposed that Rudiger had made his peace with her brothers, and upbraided him aloud for his treachery. But Folker shewed her his dead body, and she began to despair of accomplishing her vengeance.

ADVENTURE XXXVII. HOW DIETRICH'S CHAMPIONS WERE SLAIN.—

A champion of Dietrich of Bern heard the lamentations of the Huns, and dreading that Etzel himself was slain, communicated his fears to his master. Wolfhart, the nephew of Dietrich, and one of his bravest knights, offered to inquire the truth of the Burgundians; but the hero of Bern fearing his rashness, sent Helfrich, who returned with the intelligence that the noble Rudiger had been slain. Dietrich then ordered old Hildebrand to demand the dead body. Wolfhart and all the others prepared themselves to accompany him, notwithstanding the command of their master to the contrary. When they entered the hall, and found Rudiger lying dead, their lamentations were excessive, and Wolfhart could not refrain from insulting the heroes of Burgundy, who had refused delivering the body. Folker answering him in the same style, he broke loose from Hildebrand, and struck the fiddler a mighty blow, but was felled down by him in return. Nothing could now restrain the heroes from the fight. Folker slew Sighestab,

another nephew of Dietrich, and was himself slain by Hildebrand. Ghiseler and Wolfhart gave the death-wound one to the other; and at length no one remained on either side, excepting Haghen, Gunter, and Hildebrand. The latter endeavouring to carry off the body of the brave Wolfhart, was put to flight by the knight of Tronek, and communicated the disastrous intelligence to his master, that he alone of all his champions remained alive.

ADVENTURE XXXVIII. THE DEATH OF GUNTER AND HAGHEN.—Dietrich armed himself, and went to the hall where Gunter and Haghen stood among the dead, and demanded that they should yield themselves prisoners to him. They refused; upon which he attacked Haghen, and after a fierce combat, wounded him severely, bound him down, and brought him prisoner to Chrimhilt, to whom he gave him in charge, conjuring her not to take his life. Then he returned to Gunter, and commenced another combat with him. At length he also succeeded in binding him, and delivering him to Chrimhilt, who caused him to be taken to a separate prison. Dietrich then departed, loudly lamenting.

Chrimhilt offered Haghen his life, if he would discover the Niblung treasure; but he refused, saying, he had taken a strong oath not to reveal the place, and well knowing that Chrimhilt would never pardon the offences he had committed against her.

“Then I’ll bring it to an end,” spake the noble Siegfried’s wife.
Grimly she bade her meiny take King Gunter’s life.
Off they struck his head; she grasped it by the hair:
To the woeful kemp of Tronek the bloody head she bare.

When the sorrowing hero his master’s head did see,
Thus to Lady Chrimhilt spake he wrathfully:
“Thou hast brought it to an end, and quenched thy bloody thirst;
All thy savage murders I prophesied at first.

“The noble king of Burgundy lies welt’ring in his blood,
With Ghiseler and Folker, Dankwart and Ghernot good.

Where was sunk the Niblung treasure knows none but God and I :
 Never, thou fiend-like woman, that treasure shalt thou nigh."

"Fouly hast thou spoken," thus she spake with eager word ;
 "But still I hold in my right hand Balmung, that noble sword,
 That bore my Siegfried dear, when by your treacherous deed
 Basely he was murdered; nor shall you the better speed."

From out the sheath she drew that blade so good and true ;
 She meant the noble champion with his life the deed should rue :
 Up she heaved the falchion, and off she struck his head.
 Loudly mourned King Etzel, when he saw the hero dead.

He wept and mourn'd aloud : "Oh woe ! by woman's hand
 Lies low the boldest champion, the noblest in the land,
 Who ever shield and trusty sword to the bloody combat bore !
 Though he was my fiercest foe, I shall mourn him evermore."

Up and spake old Hildèbrand,— "Thus she shall not speed ;
 She has dared to strike the champion dead, and it's I will 'quite the deed.
 Full oft he wrought me wrong, oft I felt his direful wrath ;
 But bloody vengeance will I have for the noble hero's death."

Wrathfully Sir Hildèbrand to Queen Chrimhilt he hied :
 Grimly he struck his falchion all through the lady's side:
 In sooth she stood aghast, when she viewed the hero's blade :
 What might her cries avail her ? On the ground the queen fell dead.

There bled full many a champion, slaughtered on that day ;
 Among them Lady Chrimhilt, cut in pieces, lay.
 Dietrich and King Etzel began to weep and mourn,
 For their kemps, and for their kindred, who there their lives had lorn.

Men of strength and honour welt'ring lay that morrow ;
 All the knights and vassals had mickle pain and sorrow.
 King Etzel's merry feast was done, but with mourning did it end :
 Thus evermore does Love with pain and sorrow send.

What sithence there befel, I cannot sing or say—
 Heathens bold and Christians full sorely wept that day,
 With many a swain and lady, and many maidens young.—
 Here ends the tale adventurous, hight the Niblung song.*

* The MS. in the Munich library has been followed in the concluding stanza, out of which, in the Hohenembs MS., two are formed, containing mere repetitions and needless tautology.

Die Klage.**THE LAMENT.**

THIS is a singular appendix to the Song of the Nibelungen, probably added by a later hand. It is not in the same metre as that poem, but in eight-syllable couplets, and contains 4566 lines. The contents are not such as to require a regular analysis. In the beginning the adventures of the Nibelungen are shortly recapitulated; after which King Etzel is introduced, accompanied by Dietrich of Bern and Hildebrand, searching for the fallen heroes among the ashes of the hall where the combat had taken place, and lamenting over every one of them, as they discover their features. The general dulness of these lamentations is sometimes interrupted by passages of considerable merit; from which the following is selected, to give the reader some idea of the best parts of the poem, and of the versification. It occurs at verse 1843, and the translation is nearly literal:

Sir Dietrich viewed with mourning cheer,

Dead on the ground his champions dear:

Loud he mourned the heroes true,

When their blood-stain'd forms he knew.

There his bold nephew Wolfhart lay,

Slaughtered on that bloody day;

Red his beard and fierce his mien,
 Welt'ring in the gore was seen.
 Dietrich wept full mournfully
 The fall of all his chivalry. ----
 Wolfhart clenched his glitt'ring brand
 Firmly in his bloody hand :
 In many a fight that noble blade
 Had struck the fiercest champions dead.
 Not Dietrich nor old Hildebrand
 Could grasp the falchion from his hand,
 Till with iron tools they drew
 From his clench the weapon true.
 " Woe and alas !" Sir Dietrich said,
 " Who now shall bear thee, noble blade ?
 Never such blows of might and main
 In battle shalt thou strike again,
 As when to kings and heroes brave
 Strokes of death Sir Wolfhart gave."
 Sir Dietrich shed full many a tear
 Where the champion without fear
 In the gory flood lay drenched,
 Firmly his teeth together clenched.

After the burial of all the heroes, and of the dead of every description, King Etzel, by the advice of Dietrich and Hildebrand, collected all the armour and horses of the slain, and sent them to the countries from whence they had come. When Gunter's arms, and those of his brothers and champions, were brought to Worms, Brunhild repented her treachery to Siegfried too late, and Queen Uta died of grief. The son of Brunhild and Gunter was crowned king. In the mean time Dietrich of Bern, to the great sorrow of King Etzel, returned to his dominions.

The poet expresses his wish to be able to give an account of King Etzel further, but, says he, " Some say he was killed in battle, which others deny. I have never been able to ascertain whether he suddenly disappeared, or was taken up into the air ; if he was buried alive, or

was taken up into heaven, or *fell out of his skin*, or shut himself up in caves among the rocks, or fell into an abyss, or, finally, if he was swallowed up by the devil."

The minstrel proceeds to inform us, that Pilgerin, the bishop of Passau, in honour of his nephews, the three Burgundian kings, caused their fate to be registered in the Latin tongue by learned clerks, as it was related to them by fiddlers, (i. e. minstrels, heralds;) and that his clerk Conrad, who has made many poems in the German tongue, also wrote the present romance.

was taken up into heaven, or fell out of his skin, or shut himself up in caves among the rocks, or fell into an abyss, or, finally, if he was swallowed up by the devil."

The minstrel proceeds to inform us that Hilgerin, the bishop of Passau, in honour of his nephews, the three Hungarian kings, caused their fate to be registered in the Latin tongue by learned clerks, as it was related to them by bards (i. e. minstrels, heralds); and that his clerk Conrad, who has made many poems in the German tongue, also wrote the present romance.

APPENDIX I.

FRAGMENT OF A PROSE ROMANCE, IN THE SAXON DIALECT OF THE TEUTONIC, WRITTEN ABOUT THE EIGHTH CENTURY, AND PRINTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT PRESERVED IN CASSEL, IN ECCARDI COMMENT. DE REBUS FRANCIE ORIENTALIS, TOM. I. P. 864—902.

See the Dissertation on Ancient Teutonic Poetry and Romance, pp. 6, 24, 26.

The Original.

Ik gihorta that seggen, that sih urhettun
aenon muotin Hiltibraht enti Hatubrant
untar heriuntuem. Sunu fatarungo iro saro
rihtun : garutun se iro guthhamun ; gurtun
sih iro suert ana helidos ubarringa.

Do si to dero hiltu ritun, Hiltibraht gimahalta
Heribrantes sunu (her uuas heroroman
ferahes froto, her fragen gistount fo-
hem uuortum) wer sin fater vvari, fireo in
folche, eddo vvelihhes cnuosles du sis ; ibu
du mi aen ansages, ik mideo dre uuet.

Chind in Chunineriche, chut ist min alir,
min deot, Hadubraht gimahalta, Hiltibrantes
sunu ; dat sagetun mi unsere liuti alte anti
rote, dea êrhina vvarun, dat Hiltibrant
hætti min fater, ih heittu Hadubrant. Foru

Eccard's Latin Translation.

Audivi narrare, quod constituerint pariter
Hiltibrahtus et Hatubrandus in expeditionem
ire. Patruelles ambo equos suos preparabant :
Induebant vestes suas militares ; appendebant
gladios suos capuli annulis connexis.

Cum ad coadunationem exercitus pergerent,
Hiltibrahtus, Heribrandi filius, (erat is ex
primoribus, et vir animæ sapientioris, quæstionesque
proponebat brevibus verbis) interrogabat [Hatubrahtum]
quis pater illius esset. [Dic mihi, inquit] cujus
populi aut familiæ sis : quod si mihi illum indicaveris,
ego dono [tibi] tres vestes.

Princeps [sum] in Hunorum regno, nota est
ætas mea [et] gens mea, inquit Hatubrahtus,
Hiltibrandi filius ; id indicarunt mihi homines
nostri senes et sapientes, qui ante nos fuerunt,
Hiltibrandum appellatum

her Ostar gih, uelit floh her, Otachres nid, bi na miti Theotrihhe enti sinero degano filu. Her furlaet in lante luttilla sitten, prut in bure, barn unvvahsan, arbeo losa. Hera Ostar hina der sid Detrihhe, dar bagi stuontum fatereres mines, dat vvas so friuntlos man, her vvas Otachre ummettiri, degano dechisto, unti Deotrichhe dar bagi stontun : her vvas eo folches at, ente imo vvas eo fehetai; leow chud vvas her chonnem mannum; ni vvanu ih, ju lib habbe.

Wertu Irmin Got, quad Hiltibraht, obana ab heuane, dat du neodana halt, mit sus sippan man dinc ni gileitos. Want her do ar arme vvuntane bouga, Cheisuringa gitan, so imo seder Chuning gap, huneo truhtin: Dat ih di nit nubi huldi gibu.

Hadubraht gimalta, Hiltibrantes sunu: Mit geru scal man geba infahan, ort widar orte. Du bist der alter him ummet, spaher spenis mih, mit dinem wuortun wilihi ih di nu spera werpan. Pist also galtet man, so du ewin in wit fortör. Dat sagetun mi seolidante Westar, ubar Wentilseo dat man wic furnam: Tot ist Hiltibrant, Heribrantes suno.

Hiltibraht gimahalta, Heribrantes suno: Wela gisihi ih in dinem hrustim, dat du habes heine herron goten, dat du noh bi desemo riche reccheo ni wurti. Wela ganu, waltant Got, quad Hiltibrant, we würt skihit, ih wällota sumaro enti wintro sehstic urlante, dar man mih eo scerita in folc sceo-

fuisse meum patrem, ego nominor Hadubrandus. Antequam in Orientem iret, inimicitiam is fugiebat, Odoacri iram, ferme cum Theoderico et suorum militum multis. Relinquebat in patria parvulos, conjugem in thalamo, filium tenellum, hereditate carentem. [Pergebat] versus orientem post hæc ad Theodericum, ubi contentiones ferebant patrui mei, qui amicis carebat, et erat Odoacro viribus impar; miles [alias] optimus, usque dum Theodericus ibi decertabat; erat idem olim populi pater, et ipsi olim erant divitiæ; amice cognitus erat fortibus viris; non puto, quod vos superstitem habeat.

Bone Deus Irmine, inquiebat Hiltibrahtus, summo de cælo, quod tu inferius sustines, cum tam arcte cognato viro contraversiam non concedes. Devolvebat tunc de brachio suo plexa monilia, annulosque Imperatorios, quos ipsi antea Rex, dominus ejus, dederat [opto, inquiens] ut nihil tibi nisi grata largiar.

Hatubrahtus Hildebrandi filius ajebat: gratanter accipienda sunt dona; acies vero contra aciem vertenda est. Tu ætate illi dispar es, artificiose me seducere tentas, sed tuis verbis ego te convincam. Tu adeo profectæ ætatis es, ut ætate prior sis illi. Hoc dixere mihi naufragi, in Occidente in mari Mediterraneo, quod prælium susceptum sit: Mortuus est Hiltibrandus, Heribranti filius.

Hiltibrahtus, Heribranti filius responderebat: Video jam in armis tuis, te habere nulum Deum, et sub hoc regno vindicatorem [patris tui] non futurum. Quod bene nunc vertat, omnipotens Deus, ajebat Hildebrandus, cujus jussa fiunt, peregrinatus sum ætates et hyemes sexaginta extra patriam,

tantero, so man mir at burc enigeru banun
ni gifasta: nu scal mi suasat chind suertu
hauwan breton mit sinu billiu, eddo ih imo
ti banin werdā! Doh maht du nu aodlihho,
ibu dir din ellenta oc, in sus heremo man
hrusti giwinnan rauba bi hrahamen, ibu du
dar enic reht habes.

ubi seligebat inter turmam sagittariorum,
nec in ulla civitate pedibus meis vincula in-
jecta sunt: nunc autem consanguineus prin-
ceps collum mihi late feriet bipenni sua, aut
ego pedes ipsius vinciam! Poteris tamen
facilius, si virtus tua tibi augebitur, in viri
adeo venerandi armis acquirere manubias
de occiso, modo justam aliquatenus causam
habeas.)

Der si doh nu argosto, quad Hiltibrant,
Ostar-liuto, der dir nu wiges warne, nu dih
es so wêl lustit. Gudea gimeinunniu, se
demotti, wer dar sih, dero hiutu hrelzilo
hrumen muotti, erdo desero brunnono be-
dero waltan.

Do lettun se aerist asckim scritan scar-
pen scurim, dat in dem sciltim stont. Do
stoptun tosamane staimbort chlodun, hêfiun
harmlico huitte scilti, unti im iro lintun lut-
tilo wurtun giwigan miti wambnun.

Ille sit omnium Orientalium ignavissimus,
ajebat [porro] Hiltibrandus, qui tibi nunc
pugnam dissuadeat, quando illam tantopere
desideras. Boni concives, estote judicantes,
quisnam sit, qui hodie campo cedere, aut
has duas loricas habere debeat.

Mox tela tam valido impetu progredi fa-
ciebant, ut in scutis hæerent. Inde colli-
debant lapideos cuneos sonoros, [et] attol-
lebant inimice alba scuta, usque dum ipsis
lumbi paulisper commoverentur una cum
ventre.

The following translation has been made immediately from the German, and has been rendered as literal as language of the present day can be made to approximate to that of the seventh or eighth century. As the fragment is evidently written in the dialect of the northern parts of Germany, now denominated Plat-t, or Low German, which was once nearly identical with the Anglo-Saxon, a great number of the words have been rendered into such as, with little variation, existed in the old English and Scottish.

I heard it related that Hiltibraht¹ and Hatubrant with one mind agreed to go on a

¹ Eccard gives the following derivation of this name. Hilde, *coadunatio, congregatio, exercitus*, and braht, (in the present German language, *pracht*,) *pompa, splendor*; hence Hildebraht, *societatis splendor*. The name is, however, generally spelt Hildebrand, which signifies, *acies exercitus*, and this is the more probable etymology

warlike expedition. The relatives¹ made ready their horses, prepared their war-shirts,² girded on their swords [which were fastened] at the hilt with chains.³

As they rode to the rendezvous of the host, Hiltibraht, Heribrant's son, inquired (he was a man of hosts of wise mind: he put questions with few words) who was his [Hatu-brand's] father, "and of what people thou art: If thou tellest me, I will give thee three garments."

"[I am] child (prince)⁴ in the Hunnish realm;⁵ known is my age, my people," said Hadubraht, the son of Hiltibraht; "that our people aged and wise told me, who were in former times, that my father hight (was called) Hiltibrant, I hight Hadubrant. In former times he proceeded eastwards: enmity fled he, the envy (rage) of Ottochar (Odoacer;) it [his flight] being with Theoderic and many of his blades (champions.) He left behind in his land few dwelling; bride in bour (his wife in child-bed;) an ungrown bairn (child) without inheritance. He [wandered] eastward after this to Theoderic, where contentions stood (happened) to my father. He was such⁶ a friendless man, was unequal [in power] to Ottochar: [he was] a valiant champion, till Theoderic there got into contentions. He was once his people's father, and once he possessed fees (dominions:) dearly was he known to bold men. I do not ween that he have life (that he lives.)"⁶

"Worthy (dear, beloved) God Irmin,"⁷ quoth Hiltibraht, "above from Heaven, which thou holdest below, with such related man do thou not concede battle." Then he wound from his arm twisted bracelets, imperial rings made,⁸ which formerly the king, his lord, had given him: "That I give thee not, if not with good will."

¹ Sunu fatarungo, literally, sons of [the same] fathers.

² That is, shirts of mail. From *guth*, war, and *ham*, *hemd*, shirt.

³ The swords of ancient horsemen were generally fastened with chains.

⁴ *Chind*, *kind*, child, infante, son of noble extraction. The word was used in this sense almost in every language of Europe.

⁵ The *Hunni* are denominated *Chunni* in many of the ancient authors.

⁶ In several passages of this literal version I have considerably differed from the Latin of Eccard. In the present instance I have very little doubt that the interpretation of that learned antiquary, as well as his Teutonic text, is erroneous. Every one in the least acquainted with old manuscripts knows that the *u* and the *n* are generally not to be distinguished, except from the context. He reads: "Ni vvaniu ih, *ju* lib habbe," which he translates, *Non puto, quod vos superstitem habeat*. We should certainly read, "Ni vvaniu ih, *jn* lib habbe," literally, *Ego non puto, illum vitam habere*.

⁷ The god Irmin, or Arminius, must not be confounded with the valiant conqueror of Varus. He was the Mars of the Gothic nations, and was also denominated Erich, whence Friday (*dies Martis*) was named *Erichsdag*, the day of Erich. The celebrated *Irminsul*, (pillar of Irmin,) which was destroyed by Charlemagne, was placed at Eresburg, (Erichsburg, viz. the burgh of Erich, or Irmin,) now Stadburg, in the ci-devant bishopric of Paderborn, in Westphalia. Leibnitz identifies the god Irmin with Arimanius, an evil god of the Persians, and thence derives the national name *Herminiones*, or *Germani*.

⁸ That is, made for the emperor. Eccard seems to have conceived these imperial rings to have differed from the bracelets mentioned before; but the terms are probably synonymous, and the second only introduced to give an account of their origin, having been given by the emperor to Theo-

Hadubraht, the son of Hiltibrant, said, "Gladly gifts should be received; ord (spear's point) against ord.¹ Thou art unequal to him in age. Craftily thou seekest to deceive me; with thy own words will I refute thee.² Thou art a man so aged, that thou far exceedest him [in age.] Sea-sufferers³ told me, that westwards, beyond the Wendel-sea,⁴ war was undertaken. Dead is Hiltibrant, Heribrant's son."

Hiltibrant, the son of Heribrant, said, "Well I see in thy arms that thou hast no Lord God, and that under this reign thou wilt be no avenger [of thy father.]⁵ Well give now, (Turn thou this to good,) wielding God," quoth Hiltibrant, "whose word is done. I wandered summers and winters sixty out of [my] land; there they detached me among shooting people (archers;) never in any burgh (city, castle) fastened they my legs: [but] now my nearest relation will hew my neck with his bill (battle-axe,) or I entangle his legs (tie him as a captive.) Yet may'st thou now easily, if thy valour should encrease, from a man so to be venerated gain prey of the dead, if thou there (in this cause) hast any right."

"May he now be even the worst," said Hiltibrant, "of the Eastern people,⁶ who would warn (dissuade) thee from the battle, now thou desirest it so greatly. Good fellow-citizens, be judges who it be that this day must quit the field of battle,⁷ or who will have both these brunies (hauberks) in his possession."

Then they first let ashen [spears] fly with rapid force,⁸ that they stuck in the shields.

deric, and by him to Hildebrand. The Teutonic word *bouga* still exists in the French *bague*, and was probably formed from *beugen*, to bend.

¹ The Anglo-Saxon word *horde*, or *orde*, is used for the point of a spear or a sword, in the Romance of Alexander, (Metr. Rom. Edin. 1810, vol. I.)

They metith heom with speris *hordes*. (v. 932.)

The horn is scharp as a sweord,

Both by the greyn and at *ord*. (v. 6537.)

That is, 'both along the edge and at the point.' The meaning of the text is probably, "Gifts should be gratefully received, [but at present] the point of one spear [is to be opposed] against that of another." I prefer this interpretation to another which has been suggested to me, viz. point for point, another gift is to be returned for the one received.

² The literal meaning of the text is, "with thy words will I now throw spears [against] thee."

³ This is the literal meaning of *seolidante*, (seeleidente.) I have again differed in this place from the interpretation of Eccard. The reader is left to the choice of either version.

⁴ This is a frequent appellation given to the Mediterranean by the Goths, which was probably called so from the *Wenden*, or Vandal nation.

⁵ This is the most obscure passage in the whole fragment, and a corruption in the MS. is strongly to be apprehended.

⁶ Eccard explains the *Ostar-liuto* as the *Ostfalen*, or Saxons, in opposition to the Westphalian tribes.

⁷ In the original, *hrelzilo*, that is, "the aim of lances," the space measured out for the two opponents to gallop against each other, with their lances in rest.

⁸ Literally, "with sharp schoure." The latter word occurs in a similar way in Kyng Alisaunder, quoted above:

Then they thrust together resounding stone-axes;¹ they wrathfully heaved white shields,
till their loins were slightly moved with [their] bellies.²

Hit is beter that we to heom [to the enemies] schoure,
So long so we may dure. (v. 3722.)

¹ *Staimbort*, in the original, is composed of *stein*, *stone*, and *barte*, *securis manualis*, (whence the word *hellebarte*, *halbert*.) This is a very early allusion to the stone-axes, or celts, still found in various countries. Eccard has given a long note on the present passage, which he has illustrated with engravings of various stone-axes used by the Goths and other nations, that have been found in Germany.

² *Wambun*, wombs. The word is used for *belly* in *Kyng Alisaunder*, (v. 6622,) and *wambe* is still employed in the same sense in the Scottish dialect.

APPENDIX II.

THE SONG OF OLD HILDEBRAND.

THIS poem has not been translated for its intrinsic merit, which is very inconsiderable, but for the reasons specified in the Introduction, (p. 21 and 26,) and also because it seems to have formed a portion of the original Book of Heroes, to which it forms no unapt supplement. In the translation, both the German and Danish copies have been consulted, and though the difference between them is but trifling, any variations in the latter, which were deemed improvements, have been adopted. In the original, the son of the old knight bears his father's name. The Danish ballad, which in this point has been followed, calls him, in conformity with the Wilkina-Saga, (see the Introd. p. 37,) Alebrand. The German copy occurs in Eschenburg's Denkmæler, (p. 437,) and in the Knaben Wunderhorn, Berlin, 1806, (p. 128,) but the former copy is far better. The Danish ballad is preserved in the Kæmpe Viser, 1695, (p. 67.)

Ich will zu Land ausreiten
Sprach sich Meister Hildebrand;
Der mir die weg will weisen
Gen Bern wol in die Land? &c.

"It's I will speed me far away," cried Master Hildebrand;
"Who will be my trusty guide to Bern, in the Lombard land?
I have not passed the weary road since many a day, I ween;
For more than two-and-thirty years Dame Utta have I not seen."

Up and spake Duke Amelung,— "If thou wilt ride to Bern,
Who will meet thee on the heath? A youth right brave and stern.
Who will meet thee on the march? Alebrand the young;
Though with twelve of the boldest knights thou pass, thou must fight that hero strong."

¹ March, borders, frontier. At present the word is only used in the plural.

"And if he break a lance with me in his high and fiery mood,
I will hew asunder his buckler green, that fast shall stream his blood :
Asunder his hauberk will I hew with a slanting blow of might ;
I ween for a year to his mother he will plain him of the fight."—

"Nay," cried Dietrich, lord of Bern, "battle shalt thou not wage
Against the youthful Alèbrand, for in sooth I love the page.
I rede thee, knight, to do my will, and ask him courteously
To let thee pass along in peace, for the love of me."—

When he rode through the garden of roses, right on the march of Bern,
He came in pain and heavy woe with a hero young and stern :
Against him rushed, with couchant lance, a hero brave and bold :
"What seek'st thou in my father's land? say on, thou champion old.

"A bruny clear and bright thou bear'st, like sons of mighty kings ;
I ween thou deem'st to strike me blind with thy hauberk's glittering rings.
Bide at home in quiet, I rede thee, man of age ;
Sit thee down by thy good fire-side !"— Loud laughed the hero sage.

"And why should I in quiet be, and sit by the chimney-side ?
I have pledged me, night and day, to wander far and wide ;
To wander o'er the world, and fight until my latest day :
I tell thee, young and boasting knight, for that my beard grows grey."—

"It's I will pull thy beard of grey, I tell thee, ancient man,
That all adown thy furrowed cheeks the purple blood shall run :
Thy hauberk and thy buckler green yield without further strife ;
My willing captive must thou be, — if thou wilt keep thy life."—

"My hauberk and my buckler green, renown and bread have gain'd,
And well I trust in Christ on high, in the stour my life to defend."—
They left their speech, and rapidly drew out their falchions bright,
And what the heroes bold desired, they had in the bloody fight.

I know not how Sir Alèbrand dealt a heavy slanting blow,
That the ancient knight astounded at his heart with pain and woe,
And hastily he started back seven fathoms far, I ween,—
"Say, did not a woman teach thee, young knight, that dint so keen?"—¹

"Foul shame it were if women taught me to wield the brand :
Many a gallant knight and squire dwell in my father's land ;

¹ This lady, as Eschenburg conjectures, is perhaps Chrimhilt. See the third book of the Book of Heroes, and the Song of the Nibelungen.

Many earls and knights of high renown in the court of my father dwell,
And what I have not learnt as yet, they can teach me right and well.”—

“He who will scour old kettles, black and foul his hands will be :
Even so, young kemp, from the champion old, will soon betide to thee ;
And quickly shalt thou shrive thee upon the blooming heath,
Or else, thou youthful hero, thou must graithe thee for thy death.”—¹

He caught him by the middle, where the young man weakest was,
And heavily he cast him behind him, on the grass,
“Now say to me, thou champion young, thy confessor will I be ;
If thou art of the Wolfing race, thou shalt gain thy life from me.”—

“Thou speak’st to me of savage wolves, that roam the woods about ;
Of noble Grecian blood I came, of high-born champions stout ;
My mother is Lady Utta, a duchess of main and might ;
And Hildebrand, the ancient kemp, my dearest father hight.”—

“If Utta be thy mother, who rules o’er many a land,
I am thy dearest father, the ancient Hildebrand.”
Soon has he doffed his helmet green ; on his cheek he kissed the swain :
“Praised be God we are sound and safe, nor ever will battle again.”—

“Father, dearest father mine, the wounds I dealt to thee,
Gladly would I bear them thrice on my head, right joyfully.”—
“Oh, bide in quiet, my gentle son ; my wounds will soon be well ;
But thank’d be God in Heaven ! we now together will dwell.”—

The fight began at the hour of none, they fought till the vesper-tide ;²
Up rose the youthful Alèbrand, and into Bern they ride ;
What bears he on helmet ? A little cross of gold ;
And what on his right hand bears he ? His dearest father old.

He led him into his mother’s hall, set him highest at the board,
When he gave him meat and drink, his mother cried aloud, with angry word,
“Oh, son, my son, so dear to me, ’tis too much honour to place
So high a captive champion, the highest at the deas.”—

¹ This and the following stanza are improperly reversed in the German ballad. They are regulated as in the text in the *Kæmpe Viser*.

² The hour of none is three o’clock in the afternoon ; vesper-tide at six.

" Rest in quiet, my mother dear ; let him sit at the table head :
 Upon the blooming heath so green he had well nigh struck me dead.
 Oh, hearken, lady mother mine ! captive shall he not be ;
 It is my father, Old Hildëbrand, that kemp so dear to thee."—

It was the Lady Utta, her heart was blythe and glad ;
 Out she poured the purple wine, and drank to the ancient blade.
 What bore in his mouth Sir Hildëbrand ? A ring of the gold it was,
 And for his lady, Dame Utta, he has dropped it in the glass.

APPENDIX III.

THE BATTLE OF KING TIDRICH AND THE LION WITH THE LINDEN-WORM.¹

Translated from the Danish.

THE reasons for inserting a translation of this ballad in this place have been already explained in the Analysis of the third Division of the Book of Heroes, (page 122, note 1.) As has been there remarked, the incidents are closely copied from the adventure of Wolfdietrich with the dragons. The Danish ballad-singer has substituted for the latter hero, his grandson, Dietrich of Bern, and has ignorantly confounded the emperor Ot-nit with the renowned Siegfried, whose fall is very differently related in the German and Scandinavian romances. The value of the ballad is not great, but there is something whimsical and ludicrous in attributing the gift of speech to the lion and the dragon.

*Det var Mester kong Tidrich,
Hand skulde fra Bern udride :
Der fant hand den Læwe og lede Lind-Orm,
Saa ynckelig monne de stride.
Den Lindorm hand tog en af, &c. &c.*

The royal Master Tidrich
Sped him to ride from Bern :
A lion he found and a laithly worm,
Fighting the battle stern.

¹ That linden-worm is one of the numerous appellations for the ideal monster usually called the dragon, has been already observed, (p, 60. note.)

They fought a day, and they fought two,
Till the third at night they fought;
But then the laithly linden-worm
To the ground the lion brought.

In his need the lion cried,
When the valiant king he viewed,
"Help me, and shield me from the worm,
Tidrich, thou champion good.

"Free me for thy high renown,
And for thy royal might;
Free me for the golden lion
Thou bear'st in thy buckler bright.

"Come to my aid, thou noble king,
I conjure thee by thy name!
With gold am I painted in thy shield,
Burning like a flame."

Long stood the royal hero;
It thought him well and right,
"I will help the lion in his need,
Whatever may betide."

It was the bold King Tidrich
Drew out his falchion good:
He fought with the laithly linden-worm;
His sword stood deep in blood.¹

The noble lord no longer bode,
He hewed with might and main;
Deep in he thrust his blade of steel,
At the hilt it broke in twain.

The lind-worm took him on his back,
The steed beneath her tongue;
Bore them into the hollow hill,
To her eleven young.

She cast the steed before them;
To a cave she bore the knight:—

¹ Hans sværd stoed alt i blod.

"Eat up the little morsel,
While I rest me from the fight.

"Eat up the prey, though small it be,
While I rest me from the stour,
And when I from my sleep awake,
The man ye shall devour."

The royal Master Tidrich
Sought all the hill around;
There that noble falchion
Hight Adelring he found.

There he found that trusty blade,
And two knives were burnished bright :—
"God rest thy soul, King Sigfred!
Thou here to death wert dight.

"I have been with thee in lord-like hosts,
In many a bloody strife;
Never have I known that here
Thou hast lost thy noble life."

And now the royal hero
Would try the sword of fame;
He hewed into the rocky sides,
That the cave stood all in flame.

But when a dragon young beheld
The flames gleam far and wide,
"Who dares disturb the hostess
In her own chamber?" he cried.

Angry grew the dragon young,
And he raised him wrathfully,
"Who dares disturb the hostess
In her own house?" cried he.

He told it to the other young worms,
Where in the cave they lay :—
"If our mother old awake,
It's thou shalt rue the day."

Up and spake the royal knight,
His mind in turmoil deep,

"Thy mother with an uncouth dream
Will I wake out of her sleep.

"Thy mother slew King Sigfred,
That high renowned sire;
Soon, with this hand, upon ye all,
Will I wreak my vengeance dire."

Up awoke the lind-worm old,
And her heart began to fear:—
"Who dares so boldly wake me?
What sounds are those I hear?"—

"'Tis I, King Tidrich, lord of Bern;
Fain would I speak to thee.
Yestreen, beneath thy curled tail,
To thy cave thou carried'st me."—

"Oh, kill me not, thou noble king!
Lo, here the precious gold;
I ween 'twere better we abide
Thy friends, thou champion bold."—

"I will not trust thy lying tongue;
Thou fain wouldst me beguile;
Full many heroes hast thou done
To death with thy evil wile."—

"Hear, thou royal champion,
Oh! strike me not to death!
It's I will shew thee thy true love,
Who lies in the cave beneath.

"Search high above my head,
Thou wilt find the little key;
Search low beneath my feet,
And enter the cave with me."—

"Above thy head will I not search,
But there the fight begin;
Nor will I search below thy feet,
But there the battle win."

First he killed the laithly linden-worm,
And then her eleven young;

But he could not leave the hollow hill
For the laithly dragon's tongue.

Soon he digged a hole so deep,
His left foot straight before,
That he might not lose his life
In the venomous dragons' gore.

And now against the lion
Cursed the hero bold :
"Shame and woe befall him,
With curses manifold !

"Right cunningly the wily beast
With wrong has me beguiled ;
Safely my steed had borne me hence,
Were he not on my shield."

But when the lordly lion heard
The wailing of the knight,—
"Stand thou fast, King Tidrich ;
I dig with all my might."

The lion he digged, and the hero struck,
That the rock stood all in fire ;
And had not the lion digged him out,
He had died with sorrow and ire.

'Twas he had slain the laithly worm,
And her eleven young ;
Quickly he left the hollow hill,
With his shield and hauberk strong.

And when he had sped him from the cave,
For his courser 'gan he mourn ;
For now he had killed the laithly worms,
He would fain to Bern return.¹

"Hearken, thou royal champion,
And mourn not for thy steed :
Leap upon my back so broad ;
I will bear thee in thy need."

¹ This is not literal. The original is too prosaic, and runs thus :

Paa hannem torde hand vel lide,
De hafde hver andre frist.

The lion bore him o'er the dales,
 And o'er the meadows green;
 Gently through the forests dark
 He bore the king, I ween.

The lion and King Tidrich
 Together did they go,
 For each had saved the other
 From sorrow and from woe.

When the king beyond his marches rode,
 By his side the lion sped;
 But when in royal hall he sat,
 In his lap he laid his head.

He was called the knight of the lion;
 With honour the name did he bear;
 And ever until their latest day
 They held each other dear.

The lion he digged, and the hero struck,
 That the rock stood all in fire;
 And had not the lion digged him out,
 He had died with sorrow and fire.

It was he had slain the lady's worm,
 And her eleven young;
 Quickly he left the hollow hill,
 With his shield and spear and strong.

And when he had sped him from the cave,
 For his conquest from the mount;
 For now he had killed the lady's worm,
 He would fair to Bern return.

"Hark! thou royal champion,
 And maiden not for thy stand:
 Leap upon my back so hard;
 I will bear thee to thy need."

This is not literal. The original is too poetic, and runs thus:
 For hennens worde hard vol lide,
 De lulle over under lide.

POPULAR
HEROIC AND ROMANTIC
Ballads,

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORTHERN LANGUAGES,

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY

R. JAMIESON, A.M. AND F.A.S.

BER EK ODINS MIOD

A ENGLA [L]IOD.

EGIL. SCALL. HOFUDLAUS.

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AND WILLIAMSON.

POPULAR BALLADS.

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out to the size of a large volume. As the success of the volumes already printed has been at least no greater than their merit; on returning to this country, he readily embraced the opportunity of inserting his translations in the present work, in which they will appear along with other more important things, with which they are in their nature intimately connected, as they tend mutually to illustrate each other, and are still, in their present form, most likely to fall into the hands of those who were originally intended.

INTRODUCTION.

Such is the brief history of the following tales, so far as concerns the Translator. How far they may be found to answer the end proposed, will best be seen, when they have all been laid before the public. To most readers in this country, they have at least the merit of novelty; and it is presumed will, rude as they are, not be found also.

DURING the present writer's residence on the continent, there was published at Edinburgh a Collection of Popular Ballads and Songs, which he had made with a view of doing somewhat towards the illustration of the real state of traditionary poetry, as well as of preserving some pieces of that kind which he had procured, and which appeared to be curious and interesting. Circumstances did not admit of that work being prepared for the press with due care and diligence; and to the Editor's omissions and commissions, which were great and manifold, others were added in consequence of his absence, while the work was at the press. However great were his regret and mortification for having suffered his first publication to come into the world in so undigested a state, after it was once before the public, the evil admitted only of one remedy. In order to apply this, he collected a very large assortment of Popular Poetry in the Danish, Swedish, German, Slavonic, Lettish (Livonian,) and Esthonian languages, from which he began to make translations, with a view of publishing an Appendix to his Miscellany, correcting the errors of the first work, and adding as much as possible to its value. With this he continued from time to time to amuse his leisure, till at last the Appendix swelled

out to the size of a large volume. As the success of the volumes already printed has been at least no greater than their merit; on returning to this country, he readily embraced the opportunity of inserting his translations in the present work, in which they will appear along with other more important things, with which they are in their nature intimately connected, as they tend mutually to illustrate each other, and are still, in their present form, most likely to fall into the hands of those more especially for whom they were originally intended.

Such is the brief history of the following tales, so far as concerns the Translator. How far they may be found to answer the end proposed, will best be seen, when they have *all* been laid before the public. To most readers in this country, they have at least the merit of novelty; and it is presumed will, rude as they are, not be found altogether uninteresting to those who are fond of tracing human nature through those darker paths of history, where such lights, however obscure, are desirable, because we have no surer guides to follow. If the department which they fill is an inferior one, still their evidence comes in very opportunely where other evidence fails; and it is much to be regretted, that the fastidiousness of taste has too often induced historians, in more cultivated ages, to overlook these rude, but strongly-characteristic monuments of the times that are gone by. The legends of a rude people are, it is true, when first produced, wild and strange, like themselves; and when preserved only by tradition, soon become extravagant and confused, furnishing but very insufficient data for establishing the certainty of political events; they afford, nevertheless, the only pictures which remain of the ages which gave rise to, and which preceded them. If we see how things are at present, and feel a laudable desire to know from what origin they arose, through what gradations they have passed, and how they came to be moulded into the form in which we find them, we must look for the state of our forefathers, "*carminibus antiquis, quod unum apud illos memoriæ et annalium genus est.*"^{*} Considered in this light, the very ex-

^{*} Taciti Germania, cap. 2.

travagance of the productions of the Scald, Bard, and Seannachy adds not a little to their value ; and the rational inquirer into the History of Man and of Mind, will be much more pleased and instructed by learning what were the habits, ideas, prejudices, and superstitions of the fabulist who composed and recited, and of his audience who heard and were gratified, than he could possibly be with a list, however accurate, of a series of Kings and Heroes, whether they lived in caves, in cottages, or in castles. The general outlines of human nature are nearly the same in all ages and countries, in all stages of civilization, and in all ranks of society : it is the multifarious and ever-varying detail, arising from education, habit, and circumstances, that is interesting. Of this the more that we know, the wiser we have the means of becoming ; and if we do not also become the better, the fault is not in the knowledge, but in our application of it.

If so high a value is set upon a coin of hardly any intrinsic worth, which exhibits a legend scarcely legible, and figures so disfigured as to be barely recognizable, merely because it assists conjecture, and throws an obscure light upon some unimportant event ; how much more precious must the Saga or Romance be, which exhibits even fictitious characters, if it furnishes a picture either of the manners of the times which produced it, or of the opinions entertained by the men of those times respecting their neighbours, or those who inhabited distant regions ?

To those whose lot it has been to live in a cultivated age and country, it becomes of importance to know not only what their forefathers in distant periods did know, but also what they did not know ; and even the errors and credulity of a comparatively barbarous people are no less instructive than amusing. Had Thucydides been a Spartan, a Theban, or a Persian, he would probably have represented many of the events which he has recorded, in a very different manner from what, as an Athenian, he may be supposed to have done ; yet his history is, perhaps, beyond any other merely human production, interesting, because he tells what he had the best means of knowing, and the events which he commemorates have affected, at one time or an-

other, in a greater or less degree, almost all the nations of the earth. Yet valuable as his memoirs are, and great as is the pleasure resulting from the confidence in his veracity with which we read them, who does not rejoice that the "Muses" of Herodotus also have so long survived the goddesses after whom they were denominated? This is not written with a view of exalting fable at the expence of truth, but of allotting to each its proper province, use, and application.

The name of Herodotus naturally suggests a period in the history of all nations, which have risen from a state of unsettled barbarism to civilization and refinement, which is intimately connected with the subject now under consideration. What Herodotus was among the Greeks, Snorro Sturleson, Adam of Bremen, Saxo Grammaticus, and the earlier prose annalists of the North were among the Goths. They collected, like him, such materials as genius and superstition furnished, and in such a state as the lapse of time, and the changes of men and manners in their country, had left them; and, fortunately for succeeding ages, the impression of the truth, or at least probability, of the wonders they had to relate, arising from the implicit acquiescence with which they had heard these legends repeated from their earliest infancy, was too strong to give way either to the severity of religion,¹

¹ Many of the earlier apostles and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the North were foreigners. They found the half-converted Goths still strongly attached to their ancient superstitions, particularly magic and runic charms. Tablets and books, containing all the supposed mysteries of *Black* or *Magic Runes*, were common; and were held in a reverence which the preachers of Christianity found it very difficult to excite among a rude and unsettled people, for the doctrines which they could but imperfectly illustrate in a language which was but imperfectly understood. Partly from ignorance and want of taste for the contents of the books and monuments which these zealous strangers found in Scandinavia, and partly with a view effectually to remove one powerful obstacle to that great, and no doubt salutary change, which they meditated introducing into the manners and faith of their disciples, these good fathers condemned indiscriminately, without trial or examination, every thing committed to writing in pagan times, whether in parchment, wood, or stone, that they could come at. Not only temples and images, but books of poetry, the monuments of the dead, with their inscriptions, and every relic of past times that was peculiarly revered by the people, was represented as monstrous and horrible, the invention of the enemy of mankind himself, leading to certain damnation, and to be effaced without mercy. Thus the poetry and antiquities of Scandinavia suffered more from the ill-managed zeal of these men, than those of Wales are said to have done from the politic fury of an ambitious conqueror.

or the pride of learning. This gives an additional charm to their narratives; for the best historian that can be expected to arise during the first dawn of true learning, in a barbarous age, is he who,

"Lest they meet his blasted view,

"Holds each strange tale devoutly true;"

and the talents, learning, and industry of Oluf Orm, the two Magnuses, Rudbeck, Verelius, Peringskiöld, Vedel, Syv, Pontoppidan, Suhm, Holberg, and the other illustrious worthies of northern literature, have never been employed to better purpose than in examining and illustrating the productions of their predecessors, and the materials which they made use of. Such materials are, to a certain extent, *hujus farrago libelli*. We come late in time, and are only gleaners in a wide field, the harvest of which has already been gathered into the barns of the learned; yet rude and uncouth as are the productions which we propose to bring forward, they seem to us to have a certain claim to dignity and respect, as being the most genuine examples remaining of a species of composition which we consider as having been at one time the production of the first efforts of human genius, the vehicles of all knowledge, human and divine, and the foundation and ground-work of all that is now most admired in the most cultivated times.

The Narrative Ballad we believe to be the oldest of all compositions; and we are not induced to alter our opinion by all that has been said of love and innocence, and of golden, pastoral, and patriarchal ages.^{*} It is natural to suppose, that the first ebullitions of genius and fancy were prompted by admiration, and shewed themselves in celebrating the praises either of gods or of men. These praises

^{*} We fear much that the poetical progression of ages ought to be reversed, and to begin with the *Iron*. At least the case is so in the world at present, in which we find *ignorance* of all things the least *simple*, amiable, safe, and desirable to be connected with. Violence, we apprehend, is as old as selfishness and property; and the warrior's club and horn of more venerable antiquity than the shepherd's crook and pipe.

were founded upon actions such as were then most admired ; for men learnt to act sooner than to think ; and abstract virtues, as well as abstract ideas of virtue, are of slow, and therefore of late growth. These actions furnished the story, and the composition was short ; for savages do not delight in unnecessary exertion, where necessity gives them so much to do ; and copious eloquence, whether in poetry or in prose, is always connected with leisure, and a regular state of society. Between sacred and profane poetry, in its first rudiments, there is little essential difference ; as the characters of divine and human natures, according to the crude conceptions of an unenlightened people, are but ill distinguished from each other, and their attributes, and even their essences, are constantly blended, mingled, and confounded together ; in so much, that a tale of the actions of gods, if the names are but changed, may be equally read as a tale of the actions of men. It is highly probable that the songs of Orpheus and Linus, if any such remained, although the production of an age of comparative refinement, would tend strongly to illustrate this ; and the hymns ascribed to Homer are themselves either legendary odes or ballads on actions and adventures of the gods, described as men, or scraps of pieces containing only simple allusions to actions which were generally and popularly known. They seem to be a curious specimen of one species of rhapsodies, such as those of which the Iliad and the Odyssey are a splendid tissue. Such was the poetry of the Greeks before they ceased to be Gothic ; and such certainly was the more ancient poetry of the Goths in the West, before they became in their habits and ideas Romano-Grecian, as all the civilized nations of Europe to a certain degree now are.

If these assumptions are allowed, we naturally conclude that the first poetical productions were short narrative odes, celebrating one principal event. Every event had its own separate ballad or rhapsody. This rhapsody was always introduced by some general intimations respecting the subject, and after being sung, was followed by a detailed prose account of the various circumstances connected with

it.* This practice seems to be as old as the use of numbers and studied composition. It formed a principal part of the entertainment at the beginning or close of an expedition; celebrated the praises of the dead, and roused the living to emulate their deeds, or revenge their fall; amused the Sea King and his confederates as they rested upon their oars, waiting for the appearance of the star that was to direct their course, or, when they moored their barks in a creek, and kindled their evening fire under a rock, till the moon should rise to light them to their prey; it often agreeably suspended the boisterous merriment of the hunter or warrior at the long-protracted winter evening's carousal; and, being a favourite amusement and *delectamentum vitæ*, during the short intervals of rational relaxation, which the lives of a bold, adventurous, and unsettled race of men allowed of, it ever changed its character with the times, and was at all times popular and characteristic.

While the ruling powers were petty chieftains, each independent of the other, presiding in a single district, tribe, or family, and acting for himself, their actions, like the lays that celebrated them, were abrupt and desultory. Their sphere was too confined, at least in its general influence, and their state too precarious, either to give rise to long and elaborate details, or to produce a relish for them. But after many petty dynasties were subjected to one head, when dukes, kings, and emperors, in the detail of administration, committed the truncheon, the sword, and the balance to delegated hands, the great events of the

* This is still the practice in the Highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, the Isle of Man, and Wales; and we believe in every other country where such productions are preserved by oral tradition. "I have prefixed," says Mr Syv, in his Preface to the K. Viser, "short notices to some of the ballads, and annexed such explanatory notes as seemed to be required; thus following in my publication the usage of those by whom these ditties have been handed down to us, who were accustomed first to sing the ballad, and when they had finished, to relate the story, with all the circumstances connected with it, in prose. The explanation was called *Urskyring*, a word still in use in the Islandic language. This manner of giving text and commentary tended to impress the tale upon the memory, and facilitated the traditionary preservation of these relics; and it is to such materials, handed down in this manner from one to another, that we are indebted for the historical labours of Adam of Bremen, Snorro Sturleson, Saxo, and Bishop Absalon."

time assumed a different aspect, and formed a more connected series of events. The state and safety of the monarch, with all the circumstances connected with a more settled, extended, and complicated polity, kept constantly about the palaces and castles of the great, a large train of retainers, of knights and dames, who, being now restrained by a stronger hand, were subjected to a more orderly and regular deportment, and to that jealous, stately, punctilious, and dignified formality, which characterised the ages of chivalry. But the proud and impatient liegemen, thus brought together, sacrificed much of what was dearest to their habits and their wishes, in attending the court of a sovereign, where they

“Were each from home a banished man ;

“There thought upon their own grey tower,

“Their waving woods, their feudal power,

“And deemed themselves a shameful part

“Of pageant which they cursed in heart.”

Such fiery and indignant spirits were to be soothed and flattered, and reconciled to their dependence, by every possible means. Hence, during the intervals of remission from war, huntings, hawkings, tournaments, masks, and mummeries, jugglers and players of anticks, and, above all, *Minstrels*, were employed to arrest the attention, and beguile the tediousness inseparable from a state of leisure, with a people whose minds were rude and uninformed, and whose sources of more quiet, retired, and rational enjoyment were few. The subjects of history and poetry now became more extended ; and a connected series of events required a connected series of narratives. But the subject bard, who celebrates recent events, must touch the harp in the presence of a despot, however liberal, with a trembling hand : entertainment was what was principally aimed at by the minstrels of all ages ; and remote events gave more scope and liberty to the imagination, in adorning the narrative with whatever, of strange and wonderful, was most likely to excite interest and admiration in rude minds. Hence the detached tales

or ballads of the "olden time," with the traditions which accompanied them, were assumed as a ground-work. These were arranged and decorated according to the taste, fancy, talents, or knowledge of the compiler, worked into a long "perpetuum carmen," such as the leisure of the hall and bower could now tolerate, and indeed called for; and formed a *cychus* of events, often extending to a narrative of twenty or thirty thousand verses, thus forming the *Longer Romance* of the ages of chivalry. This kind of composition being once in vogue, more recent subjects were assumed, and treated in the same manner. In times in which the Reverend Bishop, the relative and associate of "knights and barons bold," often exchanged the mitre and crosier for the helmet and spear, and laid aside the crucifix to grasp the battle-axe, the legends of romantic heroism were no less popular in the monastery than in the palace; and the leisure of the cloister, co-operating with the taste of the hall, tended to preserve and bring them down to a very late period. But when the learning of the better days of Greece and Rome was once more introduced into Europe, a new light was poured upon the minds of men; their sources of intellectual enjoyment were extended and multiplied; their manners and condition, and with them their taste and ideas, were changed; and the extravagant fictions which had lately been their delight, now became tedious and disgusting.

But although the refinements of the court now rejected the amusements of ruder periods, the peasant still continued to be, as he must be in every country, comparatively simple and rude; and the minstrel now

"Tuned to please a peasant's ear,

"The harp a king had deign'd to hear."

But the minstrel, however welcome a guest, could not long sojourn in the cabin of the poor rustic, nor would the leisure of the latter admit of his listening to long stories; and the song naturally

"Was sad by *fits*; by starts 'twas wild;"

And so the long romance, in itself a *cyclis* of detached adventures, gradually fell to pieces, and relapsed into its original state, giving rise to a number of distinct narrative odes, ballads, or rhapsodies.—Such is our opinion of the origin of that kind of poetry which we have proposed to illustrate. Indeed it seems highly probable, that this kind of lesser tale was at all times a favourite with the vulgar, and that many of those which have reached our times have claims (could they now be properly adjusted) to a very high antiquity.

Having premised thus much concerning the narrative ballad in general, it may not be improper now, as the book is little, if at all, known in this country, and the pieces it contains have so singular a resemblance in all respects to the legends of the same class among us, to give a short account of the Danish KÆMPE VISER,¹ or Heroic Songs, from which the greater part of the following translations have been made. The edition which has been used is that of 1695, by the Reverend Andrew Syv,² from whose preface the following account of the work is digested. It contains two hundred pieces, the first centenary of which was published in 1591, at the request of Sophia Queen of Denmark, to whom it was dedicated, by the Reverend Andrew Söfrensön Vedel, or Veile, an intimate friend of the celebrated Tyge Brahe,³ and chaplain to the king in Copenhagen, and afterwards historiographer for Denmark, and pastor of Ribe Cathedral and Kanick;

¹ The full title is, “An Hundred Select Danish Songs, concerning all manner of warlike and other singular Adventures which have happened in this Kingdom with old Champions, illustrious Kings, and other distinguished Persons, from the Time of Arild, down to the present Day; to which are added, Another Hundred Songs, concerning Danish Kings, Champions, and others, with Notes both amusing and instructive annexed. By his Royal Majesty’s most gracious Authority. Copenhagen, &c. 1695.”

² In “Popular Ballads and Songs, &c. 1806,” he is erroneously called *Say*, instead of *Syv*.

³ Sophia Queen of Denmark, having been for several days storm-stayed at Knutstrup, whither she had gone to see Tyge Brahe’s observatory and astronomical apparatus, and expressing, in conversation with the astronomer, a desire that the heroic songs, which she was very fond of, might be preserved, Mr Vedel was recommended by his friend to her majesty as a fit person to undertake that task; and this was the first origin of the collection entitled “Kæmpe Viser.”

a very industrious and curious antiquary, who died in the year 1616, aged 74.* In republishing these, Mr Syv made no alterations in the text or notes, farther than correcting errors of the press, and adding, in a few of the pieces, some stanzas from MS. collections of ballads.

The second centenary was collected by Mr Syv, as he informs us, from the dead and the living; from MSS. and oral tradition. "Some of the ballads," he says, "that have already been printed separate, and are now difficult to be procured, are inserted, both to preserve them, and make them more easily accessible, and to render the collection more complete. Some of them have been eked out, and others curtailed, although not by me. It would have been easy to have improved those of the middle ages, in the measure and rhymes; but I am of opinion that it is much better to leave them as they are, in the venerable rudeness of their ancient simplicity, with all their unmeaning burdens and expletives.

"The first hundred are divided by Mr Veile into three parts; and I have divided the second hundred into two; the first half concerning kings, great lords, and personages of the first rank; and the second, concerning persons of distinction also, although of inferior note. They might have been divided into comic, or such as end fortunately, and tragic, or such as end unfortunately; or into sacred and profane. Of the sacred kind we have abundance, such as, "Adam he was so rich a Man," &c. &c. &c.; but many of them contain miracles and extravagancies which are not to be found in the Bible; as, in Job's Song, where he gives the minstrel's scabs from his sores, which are converted into gold; which fabulous circumstance is introduced in a painting in the chapel of Roskild cathedral; and in the Song on the Nativity, in which

* Besides these hundred songs, he has published a Chronicle of the Popes in Rhyme; Saxo in Danish; Adam of Bremen, with Latin notes; Funeral Eulogy over King Fridrik the Second, in Danish, with a chronological Table of the Occurrences of his Reign,—with other Funeral Sermons; concerning the Seven Sages of Greece, with other small Tracts; besides several Danish chronological and historical works, which he left behind him in MS.

Herod says, that he would no more believe what is told of the wonderful birth, than he would believe that the roasted cock that lay before him on a dish would crow; on which the cock immediately clapped his wings and crew, and Herod, thunderstruck at the prodigy, tumbled from his stool (*throne,*) &c. &c. &c.

“ Among the rest are many smaller pieces of little intrinsic merit, but which, being found in better company, it is hoped may be allowed to pass. Although each of these relics, considered separately, may, to many readers, appear hardly worthy of preservation, it must not be forgot, that it is not for such readers alone that this collection is made; and that, by bringing a number of these pieces together, we consider ourselves as furnishing our part of evidence, such as it is, for the illustration of our ancient histories and sagas, manners and language. We write neither for the learned, who do not want our information, nor for the ignorant, who cannot profit by it; but it is hoped that we have, upon the whole, produced a *farrago*, in which readers of all descriptions may find something which may be read with pleasure and profit.”

So far the worthy pastor gives a very just and modest account of his work; and the last paragraph, digested from the conclusion of his preface, speaks so truly the sentiments of the present writer respecting his own views and motives in making the following translations, that it leaves him little farther to say upon the subject. The “*Kæmpe Viser*” is indeed a most curious and interesting work, and, for the age and country in which it was produced, deserving of all approbation. The editors had little of profit or of praise to look for; and the ballads, to save room, much to our convenience and satisfaction, are printed in stanzas, in the manner of prose, as church hymn books and stall ballads are still printed in Germany and in the North. We are the more desirous to do justice to this work and its editors, because it seems to be known in this country only by name, and has been mentioned by some of the northern antiquaries in such a manner as was not likely to excite any very lively interest. A new edition of it, however, was several years ago undertaken by the learned Professor Nyerup of Co-

penhagen; but whether, in the present calamitous state of that unfortunately-situated country, it has been published, we have not been able to ascertain. It is hoped, at least, that the very praise-worthy editor has taken care to obviate the objections made to it, which were principally levelled at its inaccuracy, as being a work of no *historical* authority. So far as dates, places, and persons, are concerned, this objection is certainly just; but who would look for this kind of accuracy in a popular ballad? Even in the ages in which bards, scalds, and minstrels, (by whatever name they are called,) were the only preservers of the records of time, truth was constantly blended with the most extravagant fictions and exaggerations. Most of these fictions, with the incidents which they embellished, have perished, or become difficult of access:

“ Yet fragments of the lofty strain

Float down the tide of years,

As buoyant on the stormy main

A parted wreck appears.”

The songs mentioned by Tacitus, in his account of the Germans, those collected by the order of Charlemagne, and those which the Goths brought with them out of the East, are now not to be found; yet it is more than probable, that much more of them is preserved, in however altered a form, than we are aware of; in the elder Northern and Teutonic Romances, the Danish and Swedish, Scottish and English Popular Ballads, and those which are sung by old women and nurses, and hawked about at fairs, in Germany. To shew the intimate connection which these have with each other, is the principal object in view in this publication; and the materials brought forward for this purpose have in general one merit at least, that of being altogether new, in any form whatever, to most, if not all, of our readers.

As to the *execution* of the part of this work assigned to the present writer, he begs leave to observe, that he wishes himself to be considered rather as a commentator and editor, than a poetical translator;

for his translations themselves have been done, to the best of his ability, in such a manner as to supersede the necessity of illustration; and such pieces have been selected as might best illustrate each other, as well as the general subject of our ballad romance and traditionary poetry. Where there seemed to be occasion for throwing light upon, or preserving the memory of, peculiar usages, superstitions, &c. notes have been subjoined.

As to the *dialect* adopted in these versions, he is under considerable anxiety, being aware that it may be received with diffidence, and its propriety questioned. They were written in Livonia, after a residence of upwards of twelve years in England, and four on the continent; and it will with justice be concluded, that he must have lost much of the natural facility in the use of his native dialect, which is above all necessary for poetical narrative. Of this he is himself sufficiently sensible; and therefore would never have attempted to adapt it to original composition; at the same time that he is far from considering it as a valid objection to his undertaking his present task. Having cultivated an intimate acquaintance with the Scottish language in all its stages, so far back as any monuments of it remain, he might be supposed to have some confidence in his use of it. If in his translations he has blended the dialects of different ages, he has at least endeavoured to do judiciously what his subject seemed to require of him, in order to preserve as entire as possible, in every particular, the costume of his originals. This is one of the strongest features of resemblance between the Northern and Scottish Ballad, in which there is found a phraseology which has long been obsolete in both countries, and many terms not understood by those who recite them, and for the meaning of which we must refer to the Norse or Islandic of the eighth and ninth centuries. On the other points of resemblance, it will not be necessary to say any thing, as they must strike every attentive observer; nor can the style which has been adopted be more satisfactorily justified, than by informing the reader, that the general cast of structure, diction, and idiom, has been so sedulously followed, that, for whole stanzas together, hardly any thing has been altered but the orthogra-

phy. How easy a task this was, will be seen from the Swedish Popular Ballad which we have given with an intercalated Scotch prose translation, in the introduction to "Fair Midel."

Of the manner in which a style so singular was formed, and the causes to which it is owing that its identity has been so long preserved among nations that have for many ages had no such intercourse with each other, as was likely to have, in any degree, affected their popular poetry, this is not the place to speak; as any thing we may have to advance on that subject must be more satisfactory, after a larger body of evidence has been laid before the public; and it will then be the less necessary, if we shall be found to have furnished the reader with sufficient data, from which to judge for himself. In the mean time, enough has been done, not only to excite curiosity, but, we hope, in a considerable degree, to gratify it. We have at least the merit of pointing out where proper materials are to be found; and if the subject should be taken up by some more able hand, we shall be among the first to encourage the undertaking, and to rejoice at its success.

We shall now conclude this article with some conjectures which have suggested themselves to us in the course of our investigations of the nature of traditionary poetry; and, giving them with all deference, as mere harmless conjectures, leave the reader to decide for himself.

There may be remarked in all the Scottish and Danish traditionary ballads, a frequent and almost unvaried recurrence of certain terms, epithets, metaphors, and phrases, which have obtained general currency, and seem peculiarly dedicated to this kind of composition. The same ideas, actions, and circumstances are almost uniformly expressed in the same forms of words; and whole lines, and even stanzas, are so hackneyed among the reciters of popular ditties, that it is impossible to give them their due appropriation, and to say to which they originally belonged. Although this feature is also distinguishable in our longer romances, it is but very faintly marked in such as have not been in their time treated as traditionary legends. This fact, and the cause of it, are so obvious, that we should not have considered it as deser-

ving of notice here, were it not for the light which it seems to throw on a subject the most interesting of all others to the classical and poetical inquirer.

It seems to be not merely a characteristic of simple composition, such as may be expected to be produced in a rude age, and among a rude people, but to be decidedly the reigning distinction of *traditionary* poetry, in whatever language, country, or age; and we consider the want of it in the poems ascribed to Ossian, as one of the strongest evidences of the disingenuousness of Macpherson, and of the care and industry which he has bestowed in working up his slender materials into the form in which they have been given to the world. That an Ossian would, in describing the same scenes and circumstances, have perpetually varied his forms of expression, and added or with-held certain *minutiæ*, so as to produce an endless variety, may be possible, but is certainly very improbable; but that his compositions could have been preserved in that state by tradition, during a period of fifteen centuries, in spite of local, habitual, and political changes, is a supposition too absurd to be contended for.

But although Macpherson, writing in a cultivated age, when the rules of correct and elegant composition were familiar to every school-boy, has banished these characteristics from the poems which he has ascribed to Ossian, they are every where distinguishable in an eminent degree in the Iliad and Odyssey; while they are found in no other effusions of the Greek muse, except where they are evident imitations, not of the style of the ages in which they were produced, but of the two great models and treasures of heroic and mythological fiction above-mentioned. This never appeared to us in so striking a light, till we had perused the traditionary rhapsodies of the Danes and Swedes, after cultivating an intimate acquaintance with those of our own country, and comparing them with the more ancient *written* remains of the Scandinavian^{*} and British Muse.

^{*} We do not mean here to insinuate, that all the *Norse* poetry which has come down to us, was committed to writing by the scalds who composed it, or that all of them could

We are disposed to look upon the Iliad and Odyssey, then, as “perpetua carmina,” compacted from various materials of different ages, nations, dialects, and tongues, and constituting a methodized, corrected, and new-modelled anthology of all the best traditional, heroic, narrative, and mythological poetry that came within the reach of the compiler. Of the Fable which he has so admirably decorated, it is probable that he had as little certain knowledge, as he had of the history of Bacchus, Hercules, or Jason, or as we have of that of Brute the Trojan, King Arthur, or Fion Mac Comhal; and the existence of Homer himself appears to us to be even more doubtful than that of Troy.—The *Rhapsodies of Homer* mean neither more nor less than the *Blind-man’s Ballads*, such as were sung for their daily bread by blind itinerant minstrels, a description of men for which Greece was famous. But Ὀμηρος, “a blind man,” is a local, and not a general term in the Greek language; and therefore we are disposed to think that Lycurgus has couched under this equivocal appellation, the real history of the poems which he produced in Greece. Deriving the term in the manner the most natural and the most agreeable to the genius of the Greek language, from ὅμω, “together,” and ῥεῖν, “to bind, or connect,” the Homeric rhapsodies will literally signify what we have supposed them to be—a splendid tissue of ballad patch-work.

That seven illustrious cities of Greece contended for the affiliation of Homer is less to be wondered at, than that many more cities of Greece, and even of India, Persia, and Thrace, did not claim the same

write; but when we consider the weight of the subjects, the poetical enthusiasm of the distinguished men among the Goths, for whom these pieces were composed; the peculiar kind of pride and prejudice which led to the preservation of their purity and integrity; the characters of those who committed them to writing, and who neither were nor could have been vulgar men, because writing was no vulgar accomplishment; the rank and spirit of those among whom they were most likely to be found, and from whose recitation they were taken down; and lastly, the manner in which the *writer* was likely to execute his task;—when we consider all these circumstances, we cannot reckon the Scaldic remains in the list of traditional *popular poems*; while the rhapsodies imputed to Homer appear to us to be decidedly of that description; at the same time that they have other characteristics of uniformly regular and correct composition, which remain to be accounted for.

honour; for the two great epics obtained currency among men who were much more sensible of poetical beauty, than curious about the authenticity of what they admired, in an age that produced neither a Johnson, a Laing, nor a Ritson, to confute, confound, or carp at the editor; and it was perfectly natural for those who recognised, in the "Tale of Troy divine," many passages which they had been taught from their infancy to consider as indigenous among themselves, and which they now regarded only as parts of a beautiful whole, to claim the wonderful author as their countryman.¹ It was also perfectly natural that, when those rhapsodies had, like the rod of Aaron, swallowed up all the others, appropriated all their energies, and afterward come out in a more dilated, splendid, and engaging form, the beauties of the entire composition should eclipse, and bring into neglect and disrepute the detached, rude, and imperfect fragments from which it was originally constructed. The men of those rude times were much more likely to admire the beauty and grandeur of a noble fabric, adorned with the statues and busts, and enriched with reliefs of the heroic deeds of their ancestors, than to turn over the rubbish of the quarry, or ruin, (whether of palace, temple, tomb, or pyramid,) from which the materials were dug, in order to discover the original bed of every particular stone of which it was composed. The age assigned to Homer was an age of poetry, in which not only history, but also the maxims of theological, moral, and political wisdom, were all delivered in a poetical form; but it was an age in which antiquarian curiosity was not yet awaked, and in which truth and fable were received with equal confidence, and without scruple or scepticism. Long before the days of Herodotus, it was already impossible to ascertain with precision any thing respecting either Homer or Troy; and the traditionary

¹ We live in an age much more curious and inquisitive than that which intervened between the production of the poems of Homer and the time of Herodotus; yet, had the poems ascribed to Ossian been published 300 years ago, how difficult would it by this time have been to say any thing with certainty on the subject of their authenticity? And why should we wonder at the obscurity in which the history of the Greek Epos is involved?

tales must have been become vulgar and degraded, and likely to be considered rather as defective and deteriorated scraps of the Iliad and Odyssey, than as the materials from which these poems had been fabricated; and these appear to us to have been the causes why Homer was believed to have invented every thing for himself, and to have had no prototypes; a supposition as absurd as the thing is impossible.

Respecting Homer and Troy, Herodotus, twenty centuries and a half ago, had only conjectures and vague and contradictory traditions to offer, and we can promise no more; but of conjectures, the most probable are the best, and the field is wide, and open to us as to others. If, through necessity, we should be too brief and general to be satisfactory, we must beg leave to suggest, that we are writing an introduction to traditionary ballads, and not an "Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer," which will require a more favourable season of leisure and conveniency.

Plutarch, in his admirable "Life of Lycurgus," has informed us, that when that great legislator, sacrificing every private and personal concern to the good of his country, became a voluntary exile, "He passed from Crete into Asia, in order to be an eye-witness of the luxury and refinement of the Ionians, to compare their manner of living with the simple and austere discipline and habits of the Cretans, and thereby to be able to judge with more certainty of the political effects produced by the influence of modes of life so opposite to each other. It was in all probability there that he first became acquainted with the poems of Homer, which were preserved by the descendants of Cleophilus;* and having found that the moral and political maxims which they contained were no less useful than the tales and fictions were delightful, he was at the pains to collect, arrange, connect, and copy them, in order to carry them into Greece. It is true, that these poems were already not altogether unknown in that country, and de-

* Cleophilus is said to have entertained Homer in his house; but Lycurgus also is said to have seen and conversed with him. The one tradition is just as well supported as the other.

tached fragments of them were in a few hands; but Lycurgus was the first who produced them in a perfect form in Greece." * * *

"Another measure of Lycurgus was very beneficial to his country; for he prevailed upon Thales, who was reckoned one of the wise men of Greece, and a profound politician, to come and settle there. This Thales was a lyric poet, who, although ostensibly only a writer of songs, was capable of producing in a more engaging manner, upon the minds and manners of his hearers, by the irresistible charms of his compositions, the same salutary effects as are aimed at by the grave legislator."

This is an interesting picture of the Greeks, and more particularly of the Spartans, in the days of Lycurgus, and of his opinion respecting the proper application of poetry as a political engine; and LYCURGUS appears to us to be the person who may with most probability be fixed upon as the fabricator of the Iliad and Odyssey. The former poem he may have compiled during his residence in Asia Minor, to prejudice his countrymen in favour of monarchical government; to inculcate unanimity, to encourage and strengthen the national pride of the Greeks, as a people who could only hope to flourish while they continued faithful to each other; and, above all, to fortify them against the dangerous influence of Asiatic luxury, vice, ambition, and perfidy, the effects of which, upon the liberties of the Ionians, he already with a prophetic eye foresaw. Upon a careful comparison of the Iliad with the history of Lycurgus, we are convinced that a large body of evidence will be found to give probability to this conjecture; while the incongruities in manners, which seem to belong to different ages and states of society; the striking marks of the rhapsodies having been, in one form or another, traditionary; and the middle course which the collector, to keep up the deception, has pursued, seem distinctly to point to the original sources from which a great part of his materials were drawn. Hence we are enabled to account for the *general uniformity* which they derived from being new-modelled by *one man*, and for the *particular incongruities* arising from the discrepancy of the materials which he had employed; hence the *variety of dialects* with

which the text is infected, in which it resembles the Scottish and Danish ballads; and hence also the prevalence of the *Ionic dialect*, derived from the circumstance of the different ditties having been collected and amalgamated in that country, with the view of being imported as Ionic productions into Greece.

As to the “*Odyssey*,” the success of the *Iliad* may have encouraged him to produce it, as Macpherson produced his *Temora*; and we take Lycurgus himself to have been the man,

ὅς μ' ἄλλα πολλὰ

Πλάγχθη

Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα, καὶ νόον ἔγνω.

for he is said to have visited, not only the islands in the east of the Mediterranean, and to have travelled into India, Egypt, and other parts of Africa, but even to have visited Spain. In his old age he ceased from all his wanderings, left the laws he had enacted to be administered by others, withdrew from Lacedæmon, and settled in Crete,¹ the land of fable, where Jupiter was educated, and which was peopled by Phrygians, Dorians, Achæans, &c. And in this island we think it probable, that he produced the “*Odyssey*,” to shew the baneful consequences of *luxury* and of *travelling*, both which were sedulously provided against by the laws of Lycurgus. That he should have been guilty of such an imposture, is no-wise to be doubted or wondered at; for among the Spartans, a publicly-useful lie was accounted not only innocent, but virtuous.

As the productions of an unknown author, also, the poems carried with them a degree of historical dignity, among a people accustomed only to poetical annals, which the acknowledged inventions of a man whom they familiarly knew could never have hoped to attain; and although they were admirably calculated to second the views of Lycurgus.

¹ If, as some say, he retired to *Delphi*, that place was the greatest emporium in the world for topographical, historical, ethical, and mythological information, and therefore the most favourable for the composition of such a poem as the *Odyssey*.

gus, the severe maxims of the grave legislator would have lost not a little of their weight and influence, had their author been confounded with the fabling minstrel, who sung the wars of Troy, and the wanderings of Ulysses. These appear to us to be inducements sufficiently strong for introducing them to the Greeks in the manner he did; and his giving up for ever the fame to be derived from being their author, was a very trifling sacrifice when compared with others, which Lycurgus is said to have made for the welfare of his country.

closely to resemble the dialect of Barbour, that they might both pass for the productions, not only of the same age and country, but of the same author. At the same time, the liberties which he supposes to have been taken by a more southerly transcriber, may render the property of "Ywain and Gawin" disputable; so, in order to recon- cile all parties, he judged it best to follow, even in its irregularities, the style of a more southerly transcriber, and of which it was not English or Scottish; and so intimate is the connection with language, ideas, and manners, have with each other, that he found it infinitely more easy to execute his translation in the style which he has used, than in modern Eng- lish.

SIR PETER OF STAUFFENBERGH AND
THE MERMAID.

THIS is the tale alluded to in the Dissertation on the Antient Teuto- nic Poetry and Romance, in this work, p. 16, and is put at the head of the pieces translated by the present writer for two reasons; first, because it is an entire and not unfavourable sample of a German Ro- mance, holding a middle place between the longer romance and the common ballad, and exhibiting a specimen of an abridged and balla- dised copy of a longer tale which is still preserved, and may be con- sulted by the curious; and, secondly, on account of the dialect into which it has been rendered.—As the translator has used with consi- derable latitude the dialect which he has adopted, in turning the Da- nish ballads, he hoped, that his version of "Sir Peter" might at the out-set somewhat conciliate the confidence of the reader, by shewing how far he was master of the style and manner of one particular *æra*, and might therefore be justified in presuming to use his own discre- tion, in adopting promiscuously antient and modern terms and idioms, as circumstances seemed to require.

Imagining that the German tale would appear to most advantage, when clothed in the *costume* of its own age among us, it was at first intended to adopt the language and orthography of Barbour's "Bruce." But, fearing that this would appear stiff and unpleasing to southern readers, he has preferred as a model, the admirable Romance of "Ywain and Gawin," in Ritson's collection. This he has found so

closely to resemble the dialect of Barbour, that they might both pass for the productions, not only of the same age and country, but of the same author. At the same time, the liberties which he supposes to have been taken by a more southerly transcriber, may render the property of "Ywain and Gawin" disputable; so, in order to reconcile all parties, he judged it best to follow, even in its irregularities, the style of a piece which he found every way adapted to his purpose, and of which it was not easy to say whether it was English or Scottish; and so intimate is the connection which language, ideas, and manners, have with each other, that he found it infinitely more easy to execute his translation in the style which he has used, than in modern English.¹

The story of "Sir Peter of Stauffenbergh" is one of the most popular in Germany; and has of late years obtained fresh celebrity from the favourite opera of *Das Donauweibchen*, "The Nymph of the Danube;" in the Russian imitation of which, acted at Petersburg, in which many fine old Russian melodies are introduced, the scene has been transferred from the Danube to the Dnieper. The following version has been made from the copy in vol. I. p. 407, of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, published at Heidelberg, in 1806, (to which two other volumes have since been added,) which is given from the Strasburg edition of 1595; but with the same licentiousness, so far as regards orthography and obsolete terms, with which the conceited, faithless, and slovenly editors have given every thing else that has passed through their hands. From the general cast of the diction, we take the piece to be of nearly the same age with the fine old ballad of *Der edele Möringer*, The Noble Möringer, (See *Sammlung Deutscher Volkslieder*, &c. Berlin, 1807; and a still more genuine and antient copy in *Bragur*;) that is, about the middle of the fifteenth century.—An aspirate has been added to the name of *Stauffenberg*, in compliance with the German pronunciation.

¹ It is rendered line for line throughout.

ROMANTIC BALLADS 288

The knight came and departed,
Hailed that the with grete joye—
“Thou art, Sir Knight, thou noblest here,
The feyly lady that drogh me here;
In like land with the I land
To bete the life and worth the name.”

SIR PETER OF STAUFFENBERGH

“At sagh I never ladyer live
I for the, the two, the two
At sagh I the in swete dops;
Unth I now sit for I sene,
Wold God, the two, the two
And I the wait for to be!”

AND THE

MERMAID.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

“So far, so good!” the ladye that
Slike rede did I the attende,
Mi for to let the of the night;
The like kint by me was wrought;

FELE nobil ernès by has flown :
A knyght of pryse and grete renown
Sir Peter was, chast, nobil, clene,
Slike in his face mot wele be sene;
Ay prestly bayn at ilka hour
For mows or ernyſt, gaym or stour.

In might of youth, in fremmed land,
Hys manhede mekyl wirship wand;
And als he hamewart drogh ogayn,
Thoght on his luk, and maid him fayn,
And sla gan to his kastel ryde,
What did his squier se hym bisyde?

Thar sagh he sit a ladye bright,
In shemrand golde and silver dight,
With perry and fele preciows stane,
That riche and cler als son sho shane.
Tho til that knight the squyer gan say,
“Wold I mot ser that kumli may!”

The knight curtais and debonayr,
 Hailed that fre with gretynge fayr.—
 “Thou err, Sir Knight, thou nobil pere,
 The ferly fode that drogh me here;
 In ilka land wyth the I fard,
 To bete thi blis, and worth thi ward.”

“Ar sagh I nevyr fayrer fre;
 I luf the, als thou wele may se.
 Aft sagh I the in swevenès depe;
 Uneth I trow yit bot I slepe.
 Wold God, thou war my lefe ladyè,
 And I thi walit fere to be!”

“So far, so gude!” tho spak that hende;
 Slike rede did I fro the attende.
 Mi luf to luf the op has broght;
 Thi ilka kraft by me was wroght;
 I am thin awin, for evyr thyne,
 And thou mon now for aye be myne.

“Bot wyv bot me mon thou ha nane;
 Mi faire bodye es al thyne ane
 Everilka night at thi desyre;
 And might and store, if thou requyre,
 And endles lyf, mi power kan give,
 So thou for luf and me bot live.

“Uneth thi fay ontryd will be;
 Fele wyl the seke, at mell wyth the:
 Bot, dois thou evyr woman wed,
 So in thre dayès err thou ded.
 Now fares thou hyn; bithynk the wel,
 And wirk als can thi herte the tel.”

“Now, leve ladye, es it alswa?
 So the to mi lele luf I fa!

What givès thou me, than, for taken
 That I sall bē nagates forsaken?"
 "So tak this golden ryng fro me;
 Fro al onhap it wyl wer the."
 With kyss and mowès leve he nam;
 To Nutsbeck till the mess he cam;
 Tho, with the Chapellan in fere,
 The haly reke he neghed nere;
 His sawl and body he betaght
 To God, that solde hym haif in aght.

THE SECOND FIT.

Als he till Stauffenbergh now cam,
 Down lyghted snell that nobil man;
 So blyth cam al him thar to kepe,
 To here, to se, and kyndli klepe;
 The knavès al in eger hest,
 And may and dame to plese him prest.
 And now to bed the knyght wyll gang:
 Sar for hys ladye dois he lang.
 The bed with kostli pryde prepar'd,
 Riche reke of encens es na spard,
 Wyth swete odouris redolent;
 And may and swayn to slepe es sent.
 He doft his clais, sat on hys bed,
 And swa gan till hymselfen red:
 "Wold in myn armes the kumli may
 War now, that I with spak to day!"
 And sed uneth that word had he,
 Bot ryght afore hys ene stod she.

What luf thar was, ye ghesse ful wel,
 A herte may fele, na tong dow tel,
 And wha swilk luf did ever tast,
 Wyll sygh to thynk on that es past.—
 At morn, bot for his ryng, hym semed
 A sweven al he mot haif demed.

THE THIRD FIT.

“ Als at this tyd, ful wele yhe wis,
 Our stamm wel nere bot burgeoun es,
 So nim a wiff, riche and nobyll;
 A princes wel mai fa the tyll:
 Fele damysels of high degre
 Right fayne wil be at mell wyth the.”

Sir Peter tho was sar agast,
 And til hys brodyr sed at last:
 “ I thank the, nobil brodir myne;
 Bot yit es for swilk red na tym;
 The Kesars crownyng I til far,
 Wirship and gre at win me thar.”

The mermay gaf tyl him this red,
 And wele tofore him avised;
 Sho gaif him golde and riche aray;
 Glanst nevir knyght in gere sa gay:
 Sho kyssid hym, and bad hym thar
 Of wyving, ovyr all, bewar.

THE FOURTH FIT.

Ilkane hys best aray mon haif;
 The Stauffenbergh omell the laif.
 And als he raid in réal stait,
 Lyk hym mot nane be sene, I wait:
 The Kyng wenit hys fere to se;
 Ladyès demit it wel mot be.

Now blew the trompès al on hight;
 Now stedès pransit in thair might;
 And glad at hert was hors and man
 Whilès the turnament bigan:
 Bot short space durit the turnay;—
 Sir Peter smate down al that day.

Now cam the evintyd, and swa
 Of neu the trompès gan at bla;
 And, don the fest, thai made thaim bane,
 And to the courtli danse err gane:
 The kyngès kosyn, fin and far,
 In hand the pryss of bountè bar.

A gold and perry coronall
 The knyght sho decorit wythall;
 Sho set it on his yellow har;
 Pressyt his fynger kyndli thar;
 Wyth blenkès swete hyr luf sho tald,
 And covert takenès moni fald.

THE FIFTH FIT.

The kyng lay mewsand in hys bed :
 Ser ferly thyng cam in hys hed,
 Of hys kosyn, ying fayr and fayne,
 And how that sho lay burd-alayne;
 And thought on thought cam thyk and fast
 Als beis whan so a skap will cast.

Air on the morn he sent hys dwergh
 To Peter lord of Stauffenbergh :
 " Mi kosyn, born of nobil ling,
 The princes lofsum riche and ying,
 Hir to your wif I will geve yhe,
 Wyth land and slot, thyn awin at be."

The knyght agast and sar adred
 Stode in that stownd, but na thyng sed.
 " Mi rede, par fay, yhe wel may trow;
 So God me se, it es na mow:
 Sho sal be thyn, that prynces fre,
 To haif and hald, sa mot I the !"

Wyth tong ful lele Sir Peter tald,
 That bone he wyth malese mon hald;
 How he the Mermay spousit air;
 Sith than how, bot wa want and cair,
 Wyth gold and fe, in joy he lyvit,
 Bot now mon de whan so he wyvit.

" O wa, that evyr thou was born !
 Thy sawl for evir es forlorn !
 Godès face it nevyr mar can se,
 Bot and fro hir thou twinnit be.

At wyve a gaist war luk forfarn ;
Sho never can ber the a barn.

“ Thy fay es to the devyl plyght,
Thou sary man, thou wordy wyght !”

So spak the byschop and the kyng :

He til the kyng made answeyng :

“ Intyll min hert it senkès depe ;

Of Godès grace I mon ta kepe.”

Sir Peter spousit was onane :

With perry golde and reäl stane

Glansed the prynces, that swete wyght,

And al was luf and lyst and lyght ;

And swa tyl Stauffenbergh thai far,

The high-daye to solempnè thar.

Als thurgh the skuggy wod thai went,

Blumès fra ilka bogh war sprent ;

Abone, obowt, was al olyfe,

Wyth jubel sang and noyis ryfe ;

The wassail rowt in girlands gay ;

And al was frolyk lyst and play.

THE SIXTH FIT.

At Stauffenbergh on the first night

Hys herte thoght on the ladye bright ;

And snell so thoght, the soth to say,

Fast lokyd in hir armes he lay.

Sho gret, and sed : “ O wa es the !

In vane has thou bene avisè !

“ Syn thou a wyf mon algate wed,

So the thrid day mon thou be dead ;

I tel the that mon be thi fa ;
 Als taken I mi fote wyll sha ;
 And man and wyf sal se it clar,
 And eke thareat sal wonder sar.

“ So sone als it thyne eighen se,
 At dwell na langare tho mon ye ;
 And swith als it fro sight es went,
 Ye tak the haly sacrament.
 Yhe wit how trew has bene mi fay :
 Bot sondred err we now for ay.”

Wyth eighen wate sho sed in stede :
 “ Bithynk the, Sir, upon mi rede ;
 Mi hert es sar, och ! sar and wa
 That be wyth the na mar I ma !
 Bot ather luf I her forswere ;
 Nor evyr man sal se me mere.”

Ernyst sho lukit at the Knyght :—
 “ Sal I na mar of the haif syght ?
 Wold God in petè, than, bot sende
 Mi sorow sone mai tak an ende !
 Allas ! that til swilk gre I cam,
 Other to wyv a prynces nam !”

Sho kissyt his mowth wyth dreri cher ;
 Sar gret thai bath that stownd in fer ;
 In armès aither uther fald ;
 Fast brest to brest in luf thai hald :
 “ A ! sely es thi fa, to de !—
 Wyth the na mar now mon I be !”

THE SEVENTH FIT.

Mar reäl high-daye nevyr nane
 Was ar, til far the night was gane:
 Menstrallès sang; the glewmen plaid;
 The castel rang; ilkane was glaid;
 The fest was ful; thai skynked fre;
 And al was lyst and lyf and gle.

Thai sat intyl the byglè hal,
 And shortlè mot be sene be al,
 And knyght and ladye sagh it thar,
 That al mot vesy it ful clar,
 How sumthyng thurgh the bordès grew;
 A humane fote glent down to vew.

It kythed out bot till the kne;
 Fote fayrer man mot nagate se;
 Wyde over al the hal it shane,
 Als white and fin so reäl bane.
 Ful styll the knyght hys bryd sat by,
 That loud for dred and fear gan cry.

The knyght, whan so the fote gan kyth,
 Wex al agast and sari swyth:
 "O wa es me, unsely man!"
 And worth that stound al pale and wan:
 His krystal glass thai broght hym hyn:
 He sagh it, and worth paler syn.

He sagh, that krystal cop thareyn,
 A barn on slepe, for al thair dyn,
 Unther the wyn sloumand in saght;
 A lytel fote it out has straght:

Bot als the wyn was dronkyn op,
Na lytel barn was yn the cop.

“ Allas, mi werd !” the knyght tho sed ;
“ In thre dayès mon I be ded !”

Now hyn the fote gan disapere,
And al the bordès neghed nere ;
Bot man fand thar na thyrl ne rent,
Ne wist whor it by cam, ne went.

Al myrth and sollas now was don ;
The menstrallès war styl ilkone ;
Na mar thai danse, na mar thai syng ;
The joust, the mellè, and the ryng
Deturbed war, and al was lown :
The ghestes fled fro out the town.

The bryd alane bade wyth her man ;
Wyth sari cher he sagh hir than :
“ God sayne the wele, thou nobyl bryd,
For that by me thou trew can byd !”—
“ That thou mon de es long of me ;
Now Chryst myn onely spous sal be !”

The haly oynement he tais,
And whan thre dayes er don, he sais :
“ Loverde and God, intyll thi hend
Mi synful sawl I her cummend ;
Mi sawle to the I do beteke ;
An esy end I the biseke.”

Hys ladye lele, hir luf to kyth,
A moniment hym bygged swyth ;
And, nere forby, a lytell cell,
Hir bedès thar for hym at tell.
Thar tyll hir aft the mermay cam,
And dele in all hir curès nam,

STARK TIDERICH AND OLGER DANSKE.

TIDERICH of Bern, (*Verona*,) or Theoderic, king of the Ostrogoths, died A. D. 527, in the 34th year of his reign; and the circumstances attending his death were almost as strange and romantic as any that have since been connected with the actions of his life. (Procop. Goth. Hist. B. 1.) Holger, or Olger the Dane, flourished in the days of Charlemagne, nearly three centuries after; and here we have a very hard battle fought between them; a thing which is no-wise surprising, as Olger is well known to the readers of romance, to have eaten of the fruit of the trees of the sun and moon: "And men say tho that kepe tho tres, and eten frewght of hem, they leve cccc. or v^c. yere." See WEBER's Metrical Romances, vol. III. p. 331.

For a more detailed account of what has been said and sung about him, see "Bartholini Dissertatio de Holgero Dano," in the second volume of Oelrich's "*Daniæ et Sueciæ litteratæ opuscula hist. phil. theol. Bremæ, 8vo. 1774*," where will also be found a copy of this ballad, which, for lively and strong characteristic painting, has certainly very great merit, and may well bear a comparison with the finest heroic ballad productions of our own country, Chevy Chase itself not excepted; and this is saying much!

STARK TIDERICH

AND

OLGER DANSKE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 78,

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

Sterk Tidrick boer sig udi Bern,

Med atten Brødrø giefvè ;

Kver af dem hafde Sønner Tolf,

Stoer Mandom monnè de bedrifvè.

(Nu stander Striden Norden under Jutland.)

STARK Tidrick bides him intill Bern,

Wi' his bald brithers acht ;

Twall stalwart sons had they ilk ane,

O' manhead and great macht.

(Now the strife it stands northward under Jutland.)

And he had fifteen sisters,

And twall sons ilk ane had ;

The youngest she had thirteen ;—

Their life they downa redd.

(Now the strife it stands northward under Danmarck.)

Afore the Berners they can stand,
 Fiel stalwart kempis strang:
 The sooth to say, they kythit o'er
 The beech-tree taps sae lang.
 (*Now the strife, &c.*)

"Now striven hae we for mony a year,
 Wi' kempis and knightis stark:
 Sae mickle we hear o' Olger Danske,
 He bides in Dannemarck.

"This hae we heard o' Olger Danske,—
 He bides in North Jutland;
 He's gotten him crown'd wi' red goud,
 And scorns to be our man."

Up Sverting hent a stang o' steel,
 And shook it scornfullie:
 "A hunder o' King Olger's men
 I wadna reck a flie!"

"Hear thou, Sverting, thou laidly page,
 Ill sets thee sae to flout;
 I tell thee King Olger's merry men
 Are stalwart lads and stout.

"Nae fear for either glaive or sword,
 Or grounden bolt hae they;
 The bloody stour's their blythest hour;
 They count it bairns' play."

This word heard the high Bermeris,
 And took tent o' the same:
 "We will ride us till Dannemarck,
 See an Olger be at hame."

* "De frygtè ickè glafvend eller swerd."

They drew out o' the Berner's land;
 Acht thousand strang they were:
 " King Olger we will visit now,
 And a' till Danmarck fare."

King Tidrich sent a messenger,
 Bade him till Olger say;
 " Whilk will ye loor now stand the stour,
 Or to us tribute pay?"

Sae grim in mood King Olger grew,
 Ill could he thole sic taunts:
 " Thou bid them bide us on the bent;—
 See wha the payment vaunts!"

" Tribute the Dane to nae man pays,
 But dane-gelt a' gate taks;
 And tribute gin ye will hae, ye's hae't
 Laid loundring on your backs!"

King Olger till his kempis said:
 " I've selcouth news to tell;
 Stark Tidrich has sent us a messenger
 That we maun pay black-mail."

" And he black-mail maun either hae,
 Or we maun fecht him here;
 But he is na the first king,
 Will Danmarck win this year."

Syne till King Tidrich's messenger
 Up spak that kemp sae stout:
 " Come the Berners but till Danmarck in,
 Uneath they'll a' win out."

Sae glad was he then, Ulf of Airn,
 Whan he that tidings fand;

Sae leugh he, Hero Hogen;
And they green'd the stour to stand.

It was Vidrich Verlandsön,¹
He grew in mood sae fain;
And up and spak he, young Child Orme,
“ We'll ride the Berners foregain.”

“ The foremaist on the bent I'se be!”
That said Sir Iver Blae;
“ Forsuith I'se nae the hindmaist be!”
Answer'd Sir Kulden Gray.

King Olger and Stark Tiderich,
They met upon the muir;
They laid on load in furious mood,
And made a fearfu' stour.

They fought ae day; for three they fought;²
Neither could win the gree;
The manfu' Danes their chieftain ware,
Nae ane will flinch or flee.

The bluid ran bullering in burns
Bedown baith hill and dale;
Dane-gelt the Berners now maun pay,
That ween'd to get black-mail.

The yowther drifted sae high i' the sky;
The sun worth a' sae red:³

¹ In the Heldenbuch he is called *Wittich Weylandson*. This *Wittich*, or *Vitig*, was married to *Mathasventa*, grand-daughter of *Theoderic*, who, after the death of *Vitig*, became the wife of *Germanus*, cousin to the Emperour Justinian, and who commanded for him against the Goths.

² This is a sort of current Danish ballad expression, which commonly occurs in the description of a severe conflict of any kind.

³ This sublime picture of the sun looking dark and red over the field of battle, through

Great pity was it there to see
Sae mony stalwart dead!¹

There lay the steed; here lay the man;
Gude friends that day did twin:
They leuch na a' to the feast that cam
Whan the het bluid-bath was done.²

High Bermeris³ bethought him than,
All sadly as they lay:
"There scarce live a hunder o' our men;
How should we win the day?"

Then took Tiderich till his legs,
And sindle luiKit back;
Sverting forgat to say gude-night;
And the gait till Bern they tak.

Tidrich he turn'd him right about,
And high in the lift luiK'd he:
"To Bern I trow is our safest gait;
Here fa we scoug nor lee!"

the clouds formed by the vapours which arose from the blood and sweat of the combatants, will call to the mind the admirable stanza in Campbell's Ode on the Battle of the Linden Hills:

"'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy."

"And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground."—CHEVY CHACE.

¹ This is a very affecting picture, as every generous mind will recognise: the author was

— non sordidus auctor
Naturæ, Verique.—HOR.

³ Bermeris is Bermer Ris, i. e. the Giant Bermer.

Syne stay'd him Vidrich Verlandsön,

All under a green know :¹

“ Ye've little to ruse ye o' your raid

The Danish kemps to cow !”

That tyde they drew frae Bernland out,

Acht thousand strang were they :

And back to Bern but only five

And fifty took their way.

¹ In the German translation of this piece by Mr Græter, in *Bragur*, he has in this line mistaken *lide*, a *hill*, for *linde*, a (linden) tree.

NOTE ON STARK TIDERICH, &c.

P. 271, v. 20.—*King Olger and Stark Tiderich, &c.*

If we have succeeded according to our wish in rendering them into the dialect which we have adopted, it will be needless to point out to readers of taste, the singular beauty of this stanza, and the four that follow, which we trust will be found to justify the expectations which the introduction to the piece may have raised. As we have spoken of a higher degree of poetical merit in the *original* than will perhaps be allowed to our *copy* it is a justice due to all parties, by subjoining the Danish, to enable the reader to decide for himself.

St. 20.—Kong Olger og sterck Tidrich,
De mödtis paa den hedè ;
De slogè af magt foruden skemt,
De varè i hu saa vredè.

De slogis i dagè; de slogis i tre ;
Ingen vildè hin anden vigè ;
De Danskè stridè saa mandelig,
Deris herrè vildè de ickè svigè.

Blodet rinder saa stridè som ström,
Under birgè og dybè dalè:
Den skat som förrè var lofvet,
Den maattè de Berner betalè.

Rögen dref saa höyt i sky ;
Og solen giördis saa röd ;
Det var stoer ynck at see der paa,
Der blef saa mangen helledè död !

Der laa hesten ; og hissed laa manden ;
Der skildis godè venner at :
De loè ickè allè til gildè kommè,
Der stoed saa hit et bad.

LADY GRIMILD'S WRACK.

THIS piece, being the first of three on the same subject, in the Kæmpe Viser, is given here on account of its relationship to the Teutonic Romances, of which Mr Weber has given a digest in this work. The following account of it is given by the editor of 1695.

“ Hereafter follow three ballads of Hero Hogen and Lady Grimild, of whom Saxo Grammaticus writes in his 30th Book, (*the passage is found in Lib. xij. F. 118. b. c. Edit. Basil. 1534.*) in the History of the Duke Saint and Martyr Knut; from which it is obvious to remark, that the piece is very old. Lady Grimild's father was Nögling, who is also called Niding, and lived on the island between Copenhagen and Kroneborg, which is called Hvoen, after Maiden Hvenild, by whom the Hero Hogen had his son Rankè. On this island are still to be seen the vestiges of strong-holds, graves, and foundations of buildings, where stood formerly these four castles, Nörborg, Sönderborg, Tarlshöy, and Hammer. Here lived Lady Grimild, whose first husband was Sigfred Horne, as is stated in the Heldenbuch. But on the occasion of her second marriage, she invited her two brothers, Sir Hogen and Sir Folqvard, and caused them both to be put to death, as is related in the ballad.

“ The Swedish Chronicle, however, tells the story somewhat differently, and says, that, after Folqvard had slain the kemps whom Lady Grimild turned out upon him, learning that his brother was slain at

Nörborg, he was so enraged, that he drank a hornful of the blood of the dead, and so died with the other kemps. Upon which she went to Nörborg; and observing that the Hero Hogen had the better of the combat with the kemps there, she made an agreement with him, that after her kemps had once brought him to the ground, he should make no attempt to get upon his legs again, but should defend himself upon his knees as well as he could. On which this artful woman caused pease to be strewed upon wet hides upon the draw-bridge, where three of her kemps at once attacked the Hero Hogen, who fell upon his knees, and received a wound of which he afterwards died. He, nevertheless, slew the three kemps; and with the consent of Lady Grimild, in order that this race of heroes might not utterly fail, he became the father of a son by the maiden Hvenild. This son of Hero Hogen's, called Rankè, revenged the death of his father and his uncle upon his aunt Lady Grimild, whom he took with him to Hammershöy, to shew her Niding's treasures, which his father had left him at Nöge-len. When she had entered the cavern with him, he leapt out, and locked the door on her; so she remained sitting there, and died of hunger."

So far the last editor of the *Kæmpe Viser*, who seems not to have been acquainted with the *Wilkina* and *Niflunga Sagas*, afterwards published, in 1715, at Stockholm by Peringskiöld. How popular the story was seven or eight centuries ago, may be learnt from the following passage in Saxo Grammaticus: "Tunc cantor—sub involucro rem prodere conabatur —. Igitur speciosissimi carminis contextu notissimam Grimildæ erga fratres perfidiam de industriâ memorare adorsus, famosæ fraudis exemplo similium ei metum ingenerare tentabat." Sax. Gram. Hist. Dan. Lib. xij.

With the circumstances of the story, as detailed in the Teutonic Romances, the reader is already acquainted. In the *Wilkina Saga*, a work which is in few hands, most of them are found, although with considerable variation as to names and places, and minute particulars. As we attach no historical authority to our ballad, we shall select from

the antient prose legend only a few passages which are most curious in another point of view.

The sea-lady, who makes so striking a figure in the ballad, is thus introduced, c. 338, p. 458 : " When the others laid themselves down to sleep, Hogni took all his arms, and went out along the banks of the stream, under a clear moonlight, which enabled him to see his way distinctly. Now comes Hogni to a water which is called Mori, and there he sees some human beings on the water, and sees their clothes lying near the water between the two streams. He takes the clothes, and hides them ; and these persons were no other than those that are called Mer-women, whose natural element is the sea or water. These Mer-women had gone out into the Rhine to sport. Now called the Mer-women to him, and begged him to give them their clothes ; and came up out of the water. Now answers Hogni, ' First tell me where we may best cross the river ; if you will not tell me what I ask of you, you shall not get your clothes.' Then said she, ' you may get safe over this river, but by no means return, however much you may exert yourself.' Now draws Hogni his sword, and kills the Mer-woman, cutting in two both her and her daughter.

" Hogen, advancing farther along the banks of the river, saw the ferryman with his boat in the middle of the stream, called to him, and, in order to make himself the more interesting to him, tells him he comes from Earl Elsung's land. The ferryman tells him that he cared as little about Earl Elsung as about any body else, and only carried people over for ready payment. Hogen offers him his gold bracelet if he will ferry him over ; which the ferryman accepts with the more readiness, because he knows it will be a very acceptable present to his handsome young wife. Hogen orders him to row more against the stream, which he says was no part of his agreement ; but Hogen compels him. In the mean time, Gunnar was ferrying over his men in small parties, in a skiff he had found, which the strength of the current upset, and the men with difficulty reached the land. Hogen now took Gunnar, with 100 men, on board the ferry-boat, and himself plying the oars somewhat too lustily, they broke in his hands. After bestowing some

heartly execrations on the carpenter who had made them so weak, he drew his sword, and struck off the head of the ferryman, who sat opposite to him. The King Gunnar exclaimed against such an act of wanton barbarity; but Hogen excused it on the score of good policy, to prevent his giving warning of their arrival."

Of the circumstance of Grimild being starved to death in the treasury, the reader has already found a variety in Mr Weber's digest of the Lay of the Nibelungen, to which these ditties are only an appendage; but here it may not be improper to remark, that all these treasuries were either natural caverns in mountains, or *earth-houses*, (as they were called,) built under ground in hillocks, the entrance to which, being concealed by trees and underwood, was known only to those to whom they belonged. Here money, plate, jewels, armour, or whatever was more precious, was deposited for security against any sudden invasion, such as they were constantly exposed to; and those who were interested in preventing the place from being explored, industriously propagated reports of its being the retreat of a *Drac* (dæmon) of the most malignant and terrible description. Every chief had his peculiar cavern, treasury, or hiding-place, which was known only to those whom it most concerned. Caverns of this kind are every where pointed out at this day in Norway, Sweden, and the Highlands of Scotland; and, if they are but sufficiently large and dark, never without some terrible story of the dragon or demon, who was encountered by the warrior, harper, or bag-piper, who, in quest of the treasure, ventured to advance too far. As it not unfrequently happened, that the whole family to which such a depôt belonged was cut off at once, the secret of its existence was lost; and being afterwards accidentally discovered, the strange treasure, combined with the popular belief of the place being the den of a dragon or dæmon, (for all dragons were dæmons,) gave rise to the common superstition of dragons brooding over hidden treasures; and, perhaps, was also in some degree connected with the belief of the *dwarfs*, who live in *hollow hills*, being invariably possessed of immense riches. It is also very credible, that the vanity of him who first explored the cavity often induced him, on coming to

the light of day again, to astonish his friends with strange stories of the dangers he had encountered, and the monsters he had subdued; and it is also worthy of notice, that it was one of the highest pretensions of those who affected to understand *magic runes*, that they were able to charm, or put to flight, *the dragon who brooded over heaps of gold*; and that dragons uniformly chose for their residence such places as we have been describing. These superstitions, the relics of antient manners, are found diffused every where over Europe and Asia, and wherever else the Asæ have settled.

The oldest and most remarkable *Gothic* treasury or earth-house now remaining, and which I consider as the greatest architectural curiosity in Europe, is what is vulgarly called the Tomb of Agamemnon, at Mycenæ, which has lately been cleared out and examined with the most accurate minuteness, by the Earl of Elgin, who is likely soon to favour the public with his delineations and description.

As one of the heroes drinking human blood has already been mentioned, we give the following stanzas on that subject, from the second ballad of Lady Grimild's Wrack, in the Kæmpe Viser. There is something horrible in the solemnity of the last stanza.

" It was Hero Hogen,
He rais'd his helmet syne:
'I burn all so sorely
Under hard brynie mine!

" For-foughten all and weary,
And quail'd this heart of mine:
Might God, my heavenly father, grant
I had a horn of wine!

" Up he struck his helmet;
He drank the human blood:
' *In nomine Domini!*
Was Hero Hogen's word."

LADY GRIMILD'S WRACK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 55.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

*Det var stoltè Fru Grimild,**Hun lader miöden blandè :**Hun biuder til sig de raskè ridder**Af allè fremmedè landè, &c.*

It was proud Lady Grimild

Gar'd mask the mead sae free,¹

And she has bidden the hardy knights

Frae ilka frem countrie.

She bade them come, and nae deval,

To bargane and to strife;

And there the Hero Hogen

Forloot his young life.

It was the Hero Hogen,

He's gane out to the strand,

And there he fand the Ferryman

All upo' the white sand.

“Hear thou now, gude Ferryman,

Thou row me o'er the sound,

And I'll gie thee my goud ring ;
It weighs well fifteen pound."

" I winna fare thee o'er the sound,
For a' thy goud sae red ;
For and thou come till Hvenild's land,
Thou wilt be slaën dead."

'Twas then the Hero Hogen,
His swerd out he drew,
And frae the luckless Ferryman
The head aff he hew.

He strak the goud ring frae his arm,
Gae it the Ferryman's wife :
" Hae, tak thou this, a gudely gift,
For the young Ferryman's life."

It was the Hero Hogen,
He danner'd on the strand ;
And there he fand the Mer-lady
Sleeping on the white sand.

" Heal, heal to thee, dear Mer-lady,
Thou art a cunning wife ;
And I come in till Hvenild's land,
It's may I brook my life ?"

" It's ye hae mony a strang castell,
And mickle goud sae red ;
And gin ye come till Hvenöe land,
Ye will be slaën dead."

'Twas then the Hero Hogen,
His swerd swyth he drew,
And frae the luckless Mer-lady
Her head aff he hew.

Sae he has taen the bloody head,
 And cast it i' the sound :
 The body's croppen after,
 And join'd it at the ground.

Sir Grimmer and Sir Germer
 They launch'd sae bald and free,
 Sae angry waxt the wild winds,
 And stormy waxt the sea.

Sae angry waxt the wild winds,
 And fierce the sea did rair ;
 In twain in Hero Hogen's hand
 Is brast the iron air.

In twain it brast, the iron air,
 In Hero Hogen's hand ;
 And wi' twa gilded shields then
 The knights they steer'd to land.

Whan they were till the land come,
 They ilk' ane scour'd his brand,¹
 And there sae proud a maiden
 Saw what they had in hand.

Her stature it was stately,
 Her middle jimp and sma ;
 Her body short, her presence
 Was maiden-like witha'.

They've doën them till Nörborg,
 And to the yett sae free :
 " O whare is now the porter,
 That here should standing be ?"

¹ This ceremony of *whetting* and *wiping* their weapons in the Danish Ballad, as here and in Sir Ebbë's Daughters in Buröe, is generally somewhat better timed than in the Scottish ballads, where it commonly takes place when the heroes are likely to have thought of something else.

“ It’s here am I, the porter
That here stand watch and ward ;
I’d bear your tidings gladly,
Wist I but whence ye far’d.”

“ Then hither are we come frae
A’ gait’s whare we hae gane ;
Lady Grimild’s our sister—
It’s a the truth I’ve sayn.”

In syne cam the porter,
And stood afore the deas ;
Fu’ canny i’ the tongue was he,
And well his words could place.

Fu canny i’ the tongue was he,
And well his words could wale :^{*}

“ There out afore your yett stand
Twa wordy kemps but fail.

“ It’s out there stand afore your yett
Twa sae well-wordy men ;
The tane he bears a fiddle,
The tither a gilded helm.

“ He that bears a fiddle bears ’t
For nae lord’s meat or fee ;
And wharesoe’er they come frae,
Duke’s sons I wat they be.”

It was proud Lady Grimild
Put on the pilche sae fine.
And she is to the castell yett
To bid her brithers in.

“ Will ye gae till the chamber
And drink the mead and wine ;

* This is a favourite expression, and is found in a number of other Danish ballads.

And sleep upon a silken bed

Wi' twa fair ladies mine ?"

It was proud Lady Grimild

Put on the pilche sae braw,

And she's intill the ha' gane

Afore her kempis a'.

" Here sit ye a', my merry men,

And drink baith mead and wine ;

But wha will Hero Hogen sla,

Allerdearest brither mine ?

" It's he that will the guerdon fa,

And sla this Hogen dead,

Sall steward o' my castle be,

And win my goud sae red."

It's up and spak a kemp syne,

A lording o' that land,

" It's I will win your guerdon,

Forsooth, wi' this right hand.

" It's I will fa your guerdon ;

Sla Hero Hogen dead ;

Be steward o' your castell,

And win your goud sae red."

And up spake Folqvar Spillemand,

Wi's burly iron stang :

" Come thou within my arms' length,

I'll mark thee or thou gang !"

The first straik fifteen kempis

Laigh to the eard did strik :

" Ha, ha, Folqvar Spillemand !

Well wags thy fiddlestick !"

Syne dang he down the kempis
 Wi' deadly dints and dour;
 And braid and lang the brigg was
 Whare they fell in that stour.

Aneath were spread wet hides, and
 Aboon were pease sae sma,
 And Hero Hogen stumbled,
 And was the first to fa'.

It was the Hero Hogen
 He wad win up again:
 "Hald, hald, my dearest brither,
 Our paction well ye ken.

"Ye keep your troth, my brither;
 Still keepit it maun be;
 And ance thou till the eard fa,
 Nae rising is for thee."
 Sae moody Hero Hogen is,
 Still keep his word will he;
 Till he has got his death-straik
 A-fighting on his knee.

Yet dang he down three kempis;
 Nane o' the least were they:
 Wi' hammers syne he brast whare
 His father's treasures lay.

And him betid a luck sae blyth,
 He gat the lady's fere,
 And she was the proud Hvenild, that
 A son to him did bear.

* The readers of the real histories, as well as of the romances of the middle ages, will find nothing unnatural or incredible in the conditions of this combat, any more than in the agreement entered into between Folqvard and Grimild respecting his marriage, however extraordinary they may appear when judged of by the criterion of modern manners.

Rankè,* hight that kemp, that
 Revenged his father's dead;
 Grimild in the treasury,
 She quail'd for want o' bread.

Sae drew he frae that land out
 Till Bern in Lombardy;
 There liv'd amang the Danish men,
 And kyth'd his valour hy.

His mither she gaed hame again,
 And Hvenske-land bears her name;
 'Mang gallant knights and kempis
 Sae wide is spread their fame.

* In the Wilkina and Niflunga Saga, cap. 367, p. 493, it is stated, that after Hogni had received his death-wound, Theoderic went to him, and inquired how he was? On which Hogni informed him that he might live a few days, but must certainly die of the wounds he had received. "Then King Tidrich caused Hogni to be carried to his inn, and his wounds to be bound up. For this office he sent a female relation of his own, called Her-rad. In the evening, Hogni requested Tidrich to give him this lady as his companion for the night, which was readily granted. In the morning, Hogni advised her to call the son which she should afterwards bear to him, *Alldrian*. At the same time he gave her the keys of the vault of Sigisfrod, where the Niebelung treasures were kept, which were to be delivered to her son Alldrian when he came to man's estate. And thereafter died Hogni, &c."

NOTES ON LADY GRIMILD'S WRACK.

"There he fand the Mer-lady
Sleeping o' the white sand."—P. 281, v. 8.

The reader may compare this situation of the Mermaid with that of Proteus, in the fourth rhapsody of the Odyssey, and the imitation of that in the fourth Book of Virgil's *Georgica*.

The existence of these sooth-saying syrens of the wave has been generally believed in every part of Asia and Europe, and has been as often defended as questioned, not only by the most learned philosophers, but by the most grave divines in modern as well as in ancient times. Those who have leisure and curiosity to amuse themselves with the waste of ingenuity and erudition which has been devoted to this subject, may consult *Girald. in Nymphis, Natal. lib. 8, Eustath. in Hom. Il. lib. xix; Plat. Atl.; Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. 9, c. 4. Ed. Bip.; Alex. ab Alex. Genial. Dier. lib. 12. c. 8.; Plutarch's* entertaining treatise *περί των εκλελοιπόντων χρησθηζών*; the learned *Eric Pontoppidan's Nat. History of Norway, &c. &c.*

As the anecdotes preserved of these marine people, both male and female, in various countries and ages, are so similar as to leave us no doubt of their being all referable to the same origin, we shall not detain our readers with vain distinctions about *Greek, Gothic, and Celtic*, such distinctions having in general produced little else but nonsense, whenever they have been attempted. The following notices are brought forward rather with a view of shewing the general consent of the various ages and nations on this subject; and offering a conjecture as to some of the phænomena by which such delusions were first created, and have been since continued. That the theories by which they were reduced to a system, and became the objects of reasoning speculation, came to the Greeks from

the Goths, and to the Goths from India, (the great cradle and nursery of *Man* and of *Mind*,) was the opinion of the best informed among the antients: "Those," says Plutarch (*de defect. orac.*) "appear to me to have solved many doubts and difficulties, who have assigned to the dæmons and genii an intermediate place in the creation between gods and men, and have thus discovered a means of communion between us and the superior natures; whether this doctrine originated with Zoroaster and the Magi, or was brought among us by Orpheus out of Thrace, &c."¹

For the extraction and relationships of this dubious race, the best authorities are old Hesiod (*Theog.*) and the Eddas. Of their power, passions, and other peculiarities, we must be contented to form our opinions from their history, and the anecdotes with which credulity has furnished us. Their *number* is uncertain; and those who have attempted to fix it, have spoken in very vague terms, and made no allowance for their wide dispersion and generally-allowed fecundity, which we find most frequently exemplified in their intercourse with beings of a superior or inferior nature:

Ἄνθρωποι μὲν θνητοῖσι παρ' ἀνδράσιν ἐννηθεῖσαι.
 Ἀθάναται, γέναντο θεοῖς ἐπιεικέλα τέκνα.²

HES. THEOG. l. 1018.

Hesiod speaks of fifty:

— Νηῦος ἀμύμονος ἐξεγένοντο
 Κοῦραι πεντήκοντα, ἀμύμονα ἔργ' εἰδυῖαι.

Ibid. l. 263.

¹ Both these conjectures are probably right; and we beg to recommend, in a particular manner, to the consideration of the readers of the Eddas, the history of the Thracian Orpheus, and the singular coincidence between some of the most remarkable passages in it and that of the Gothic Odin. —The modern hymns ascribed to Orpheus, are as little the production of Orpheus, as Sæmund's Eddas are the production of Odin or of Braga. It seems hardly possible, that the songs of the Thracian bard and mythologist, had they even been committed to writing, could have been understood in Greece so late as the age of Lycurgus, (the preserver, and most probably the *author*, of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*;) as, long before then, commerce, and a more settled state of society in Greece, had modelled their once common dialect in such a manner, as to make it quite a new language. At the same time, it is very likely that many of the Gothic (*Thracian*) hymns and legends may have been preserved among the Greeks, as our ballads have been among us, and may even now remain, having been incorporated with other pieces of the kind, in the *all-embracing* rhapsodies of "The Tale of Troy divine."—See the introduction to these ballads in this work.

² This is the oriental and gothic doctrine of the origin of giants, heroes, and demi-gods, which we find also in the sixth chapter of Genesis, and fourth verse;—so, at least, the Greek translators have understood that passage. In the Danish Bible, these *Giants* are very properly called *Kæmps*; the cautious Swedish translators have used the equivocal term, *tyrants*, which is a compound of *Tyr*, *Thyr*, or *Thor*, and means *eminently powerful men*.

Homér names thirty-three,¹

Ἀλλὰ καὶ ἂν κατὰ βένθος ἄλως Νηρηίδες ἦσαν.

IL. B. 18.

who were in the train of Thetis; and Plato (*Atlant.*) mentions one hundred.

The elder Pliny informs us (*Hist. Nat. lib. 9. c. 4. Ed. Bip.*) that an embassy was sent from Olysipo (*Lisbon*) on purpose to inform the Emperour Tiberius, that in a certain grotto, or cavern, a Triton, of the same shape under which he is usually designated, had been distinctly seen, and heard blowing his conch, or spiral shell. "Nor," says the historian, "are we to disbelieve the stories told of Nereides compleatly covered over with rough scales; as one has actually been seen on the same coast, and the inhabitants heard at a great distance her lamentable whinings and howlings, when she was dying; and his lieutenant wrote to Augustus, that a number of Nereides had been found dead on the coast of Gaul. Several distinguished men of equestrian rank, have assured me, that they themselves have seen off the coast of Gades (*Cadiz*), a Mer-man, whose whole body was of a human form. He was accustomed to come on board ships in the night-time, and the part upon which he stood gradually subsided, as if pressed down by his weight, till, if he staid long, it sunk altogether."

Here we have a very remarkable story of an apparition on board a ship at sea, established upon such authority as no reasonable man can question; and the reality of such appearances is still confidently affirmed from their own experience, by mariners in every country; who, on such occasions, supposing the phantom to be the devil, have recourse to crucifixes, holy water, *pater nosters*, or such other prayers or spells, as religion or superstition suggest. As it cannot well be supposed, that *all* these people are either themselves deceived, or wish to deceive others, several useful purposes² may be answered, by endeavouring to throw some light upon a subject, which, at first glance, appears not a little mysterious and embarrassing.—In the story just quoted, the *subsiding of the vessel* under

¹ Of all the specimens of bad taste and faulty composition adduced by Pope in the "Bathos," perhaps there is not one more perfect in its kind, than his own translation of this passage of the *Iliad*. It would be difficult to specify such another jumble of contradictions and nonsense. In disposing of such a string of compound Greek names in English rhyming numbers, we grant that epithets and amplifications were necessary, but these were suggested by the *names themselves*; Eustathius had explained them all; and if Pope himself neither understood the text nor the commentary, he ought to have had recourse to some of his more learned friends who did.—This censure is not meant to extend farther than to the passage specified, which, as having been written by Pope, in the full maturity of his taste and judgment, is really a curiosity.

² The story of Maclean of Lochbuy is still fresh in the memory of every one; and this is not the only instance in which such delusions have been followed by the most fatal consequences, which could have happened only to people who were unable to refer them to any natural cause.

the weight of the phantom, must be imputed to the fears of the spectators. They felt their hearts sink within them at the sight, and naturally enough imagined that the vessel was sinking under them. Had any vessel ever been sunk under such circumstances, it is hardly probable that any of the crew, already unnerved and palsied by terror, could have survived to tell the tale. But the existence of the appearance described by the Roman knights being admitted, it remains for us only to say, that there is no necessity for believing that there was any *trick* in the case; and that it was not a *Mer-man*, but a real and virtual *Chimæra begotten upon a cloud*.—*Centaur*s of the same description have often been seen by *travellers on horseback*; and we have no doubt, but most of our readers will, from their own recollection and experience, be disposed to confirm our opinion, that many of the most imposing deceptions of sight, arise from the power of reflecting objects, which certain dispositions of light and shade give to clouds. Nor is the solution of such phenomena either incurious or unimportant; as it furnishes one reason why, in all hilly and cloudy regions, and in the neighbourhood of rivers, lakes, and morasses, the stories of ghosts, giants, dwarfs, mer-men, mermaids, kelpies, spunkies, &c. &c., are more common than in level and dry countries:

(“*Quis Deus, incertum est) habitat Deus.*”

Si tibi occurrit vetustis arboribus, et solitam altitudinem egressis frequens lucus, et conspectum cœli densitate ramorum aliorum alios protegentium submovens; illa proceritas silvæ, et secretum loci, et admiratio umbræ, in aperto tam densæ atque continuæ, fidem tibi numinis facit. Et si quis specus saxi penitus exesis mortem suspenderit, non manufactus, sed naturalibus causis in tantam laxitatem exacuatus; animum tuum quadam religionis suspicione percutiet. Magnorum fluminum capita veneramur; subita ex abdito vasti amnis eruptio aras habet. Coluntur aquarum calentium fontes; et stagna quædam, vel opacitas, vel immensa altitudo sacravit.” (Senec. Epist. lib. 1. Ep. xlv.)

Yet it is not, as is commonly supposed, merely to the solitude, awful vastness, and gloomy wildness of an uncultivated country, and the ignorance and simplicity of its thinly-scattered inhabitants, that we are to impute that credulity and superstition, and those strange wanderings of imagination by which they are distinguished. In mental energy, activity, sagacity, and intelligence, a Norwegian, Swedish, Swiss, Tyrolese, or Scoto-Gaëlic peasant, is in general much superior to a man of the same rank in England, or in the more cultivated parts of Germany; and, among mountaineers, (the goitrous Alpine idiots excepted,) imbecility and derangement of mind are not more common than feebleness and deformity of body. They know those people very ill, who consider them as mere raving extravagant visionaries; for imagination has much less to do with their belief in apparitions, and shadowy and supernatural inhabitants of mountains, rocks, woods, and streams,

¹ Virgil. *Æn.* lib. viij. l. 352.

than is generally supposed. Experience shews, that in proportion as a country is cultivated, the woods are cleared, fewer damp, noxious, and fiery vapours, (such as formerly hovered near the earth, and exhibited phenomena altogether inexplicable to the unlettered forester) are produced; clouds, mists, and meteors, become more rare; the air becomes more pure and dry; the marshes, even of their own accord, change their nature; and the boundaries of the lakes and rivers are considerably contracted. The shadowy and fiery forms, which every where hovered around the belated hunter, shepherd, and fisherman, are no longer to be found; and when evidence ceases, there is no great merit in no longer believing.

When the Highlander, returning amid the clouds of night, or even in broad day, from the chace, or from tending his flocks, sees delineated in the fogs which cover the precipitous sides of the opposite mountain, the dilated, multiplied, and infinitely diversified reflections of his own form, robed in mist, and often bordered or broken by bickering flames and meteorous exhalations, those stupendous and colossal forms,

“ Like ghaist of Fian brim,
That stride frae craig to cleugh, hung round
Wi’ gloamin vapours dim—”

while he is treading on the edge of a precipice, with all his senses awake to his situation, can it be imagined he should either believe he is dreaming, or should disbelieve the evidence of his own eyes? Put the man who despises his credulity in the same situation, however he may affect to reject conviction, he will often find it extremely difficult to remove the impression made upon his senses.

Of the power which bodies of mist, of certain forms and in certain situations, have of magnifying and removing the objects which they involve, every one who has lived in a mountainous country has had constant experience. This effect is common and generally known; but their power of *reflecting* objects is less understood, and therefore much more imposing. Now, as to the apparitions which have been seen on board ships, they have generally appeared during those dreadful calms, which in warm latitudes often precede a storm, and they have frequently been accompanied by blue streams of light, which have all the while flitted and played about the ship, and among the shrouds. The air at such a time is in the exact state in which vapours and exhalations are most likely to be collected and embodied for a time on board a ship at sea, that being the only solid object to which they can attach themselves. It is also to be observed, that both the distance and the cloud being necessarily small, the figures seldom exceed the stature of the person they represent, and that they have always been the perfect likeness of a *man*, because no *woman* has been present. These spectres being single, may be imputed to the columns of mist being smaller, and the distribution of light and shade more uniform at sea, than on a more diversified surface at land. Their locomotion, going round the ship, &c. before they vanish, must be regulated by the manner in which the vapours are attracted; and the sul-

phureous smell which sometimes remains behind on the disappearance of such objects, both at sea and on shore, can only be imputed to the electrical element and other vapours of which the cloud consists.

As to *Mer-maids*, they are commonly said to be seen above water as low as the waist, by people when fishing not far from the shore, in creeks, and near the mouths of rivers; on which we shall only observe, that a person in a fishing-boat cannot see either the shadow or reflection of his own form, lower than the part which appears over the gunwale of the boat; and that in Wales and the Isle of Man, and more particularly in Norway and Sweden, (which places are most famous for mermaids,) *women* are still employed in rowing fishing-boats, while the men fish; and very often there are only women in the boats.—But we desire not to be understood, as meaning to give too extensive an application to a theory, which is here merely hinted at. It is no wish of ours to systematize and account for all the *deliramenta* of imbecility, ignorance, and credulity.

Nor have clouds only the power of *magnifying*, but also, according to their form and consistency, (like convex mirrors,) of *diminishing* the images which they reflect. Hence the *Ettins* (*giants*) of colossal magnitude, and the *Dvergar* (*dwarfs*) of three span long;

“Manch Ritter nur einer Ellen lang,”—(Heltenb. Th. 4.)

who in Scandinavia are supposed to live in rocks and hollow mountains. How these came to be all great enchanters, and to be peculiarly endowed with the power of being invisible when they please, is easy to be understood; as they are most frequently seen among rocks and caverns, and vanish on being approached. The singular noises produced at certain times in the interior of rocky mountains and caverns, by concealed vapours, winds, and waters, account for the belief, that the giants labour in the work-shops of the dwarfs, and that the dwarfs are cunning artificers in all kinds of metals. How these dwarfs come to be so often seen and heard in mines, may be understood, by considering the nature of a miner's employment, the situations in which he is continually placed, and the phenomena of which he is a constant witness.

“*The body's croppen after,
And join'd it at the ground.*”—P. 282, v. 12.

Here we have a very notable trait in the character of a mermaid, who, although susceptible of pleasure and pain, and subject to accidents, like all the more-than-human beings in the pagan dæmonology, was nevertheless exempted from dissolution, till the arrival of the period of existence assigned to her nature. Concerning the duration of this period, the opinions are various and dissonant; but all agree that it was very long. By Hesiod,¹ the oldest and best authority on this subject, it is thus shadowed forth:

¹ See Plutarch. de defect. orac.

Ἐννέα τοὶ ζώει γενεὰς λακέρυζα κορώνη,
 Ἄνδρων ἡδόντων ἔλαφος δὲ τε τετρακόρωνος·
 Τρεῖς δ' ἐλάφους ὁ κόρυξ γειράσκειται· αὐτὰρ ὁ φοῖνιξ
 Ἐννέα τοὺς κόρακας· δέκα δ' ὑμῶς τοὺς φοῖνικας
 Νύμφαι εὐπλόκαμοι, κόρυται Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.¹

That is, "the clamorous crow lives nine times the flourishing age of man; the stag four times the age of the crow; the raven thrice the age of the stag; the phœnix nine times as long as the raven; but ye, ye beautiful-haired Nymphs, daughters of Jove, the eternal ruler of the world, ye live ten times the age of the phœnix."

Adopting the most general opinion that the *flourishing age of Man* is thirty years, the life of a Mermaid must extend to no less a period than 291,600 years!

The end of so long a life is a very notable event, and excites, as may be expected, in a very extraordinary manner, the sympathy not only of the kindred dæmons, (as in the romantic story told by Plutarch (*ut supra*) of the miraculous annunciation of the death of the Great Pan,) but also of the elements which they inhabit.

The far-travelled grammarian, "Demetrius, said,³ that there are a number of uncultivated islands scattered around the coast of Britain, some of which are said to be inhabited by dæmons and heroes. Visiting these by order of the emperor, to make observations and collect information, he came to one which lay next to those that were uncultivated, containing a few inhabitants who were esteemed sacred and inviolable by the Britons. Shortly after his arrival, the air became troubled; the most portentous tumult of the elements ensued; the winds blew a hurricane; and vertiginous volumes of fire were precipitated from the clouds to the earth. When the storm had subsided, the islanders told him that some of the supernatural beings had ceased to exist; and that such events were often followed, not only by hurricanes and storms, as in the present instance, but by pestilential infections of the air.—In one of these islands, moreover, Kronos (Saturn) is said to be confined, in a profound sleep, under the care and custody of Briareos, and has with him

¹ Not much admiring Jupiter's *goat-skin buckler*, we have ventured to suppose the popular epithet, used by Hesiod, and in the Homeric rhapsodies, to have had originally a more dignified meaning; and have accordingly derived it from αἰεῖ, ay, always, and γαιήοχος, *terram tencens*; which applies equally to Jupiter *Supreme*, or to Jupiter *the prince of the power of the air*.

² See Dr Leyden's Mermaid, Bord. Min. v. iii. p. 297.

³ See Plut. *de defect. orac.* Among other curious tales, the same interlocutor tells one of a singular character, whom he met with near the Red Sea, who was supernaturally beautiful and wise, spoke many languages, and was endowed with the gift of prophecy; all which accomplishments were conferred upon him by the mermaids and fairies, with whom he spent most of his time, shewing himself among men only twice every year.—The following may be compared with the story on which Mr Scott's *Glenfinlas* is founded:—"During my long stay in Crete, I observed an absurd sacrifice, in which they exposed a body without the head. This, they told me, was Molos, the father of Merion, who, having ravished a mermaid, was found without the head."

many dæmons, as his companions and servants. The chains which have been devised for securing him are the chains of sleep."

The foregoing anecdote is deserving of attention on several accounts. It brings the subject home to us at a very early period; it is the oldest exemplification with which we are acquainted, of the popular belief of the Britons in these matters; and it shews in one point of view the identity of the Eastern and Western, Greek, Gothic, and Celtic mythological creeds. We shall not here stop to inquire which of the Eddic gods and demi-gods are designated under the Greek names of *Kronos*¹ and *Briareos*, nor what kind of society and service the Dæmons can furnish to a *sleeping deity*; as these notes have already been extended to a much greater length than was at first intended.—But the commentator has been reading Plutarch, and may have caught the infection of his garrulity; which would be the less to be regretted, had he also learnt from him the art of making garrulity entertaining.

"*Sae angry wæxt the wild winds,*

And stormy wæxt the sea."—P. 182, v. 14.

This is to be imputed to the displeasure of the marine lady, at being put to the trouble of groping for and fastening on her own head again; and if we may trust the tales of our own times, as well as of those who have gone before us, the resentment of these demi-goddesses has often been more fatal when not so justly provoked; unless it be allowed that the *spretæ injuria formæ* in having her love slighted, is a greater outrage in the eyes of a female, than having her head cut off.

¹ *Kronos* was probably the same as *Krodo*, who remained among the Saxons till the days of Charlemagne, by whom his shrine was destroyed. See Schedius de Dies Germanis, Syng. 4. c. 2. For *Briareos*, see *Sax. Gramm. Hist. Dan. lib. vj. Fol. 52. A.*

THE ETTIN LANGSHANKS AND
VIDRICH VERLANDSON.

IN the Wilkina Saga, this *Langbeen Riser*, or Ettin Langshanks, is called the Giant Etgeir, (cap. 174, p. 255,) and the detail of his adventure with Vidrich, Vidig, Wittich, or Vidga, the son of the renowned smith Velint, Veyland, or Verland, (the fabricator of the celebrated sword Mimmung, or Mimmering,) differs very little from that given in the ballad. In the Preface to the *Kæmpe Viser*, the editor objects to the incongruity of making King Tidrich come into Britingshaw to seek for the Ettin Langshanks, "whereas in the MS., it is with more propriety said, that it was the king of Denmark's men that went in quest of him, which is most probable. Vidrich slew him, and says, that it could be said in Denmark, that he overcame the Ettin Langshanks, as that took place in Zealand, the largest island in Denmark, which is otherwise called Birtingsland. As a farther proof, there is found a (Danish) mile from Roskild, Birke, and Birkingshaw; and there also, not only the Ettin Langshanks's grave, both long and large, but also a hollow in the hill, where his house was, and a hole close to it, which is called his oven. In the year 1658, the College Rector, Mr Rasmus Brokmand, caused the barrow to be opened, but found only a pot full of ashes, and a rusty fragment of a sword."—Had the writer of this passage been acquainted with the Wilkina Saga, he would probably have been less confident in the force of his proofs.

In the introduction to the piece which follows that with which we

are now engaged in the Kæmpe Viser, Mr Veile makes Bratingsborg to be "a castle near Tranberg church, in Samsø, whose triple ditch, rampart, wall, &c. could still be traced. Others were of opinion that it lay in Ifvøen, north from Ifvø.—Some think that Vidrich Verlandson (who ought to be called Villandson,) was born in the large district of Scania, which is now called Villands-herret, and lies buried on the side of Sollesborgs Ore, near Eisbeck Mill, where a large stone is still seen standing. Villands-herret still has a hammer on its seal, in memory of Sir Vidrich Verlandson."

The following description is given of the giant's person in the Wilkina Saga: "He was fearfully large; his legs were prodigiously thick and long; he had a strong, thick, and long body; there was the space of an ell between his eyes; and his whole stature was in proportion."—He is there represented as being placed to guard one of the passes into his brother's kingdom, for which he seemed, from his natural propensity to sleeping, to be but indifferently qualified. When Vidrich first found him, he snored so tremendously, that the leaves on the trees shook and rustled for a great distance round. It required many hard kicks in the ribs from Vidrich to make him open his eyes at all; and they were hardly well opened when they closed again, and the process of kicking must be commenced anew. The Highland and Irish Heroes, or, if you please, Giants, are many of them full as prone to somnolency as the Gothic ones; and, in the moment of danger, it was sometimes necessary to rouse them by dashing a fragment of a rock against their heads with such violence, that it rebounded for miles, &c.

In the introduction to the piece which follows that with which we would probably have been less content in the face of his proof. the writer of this passage been acquainted with the Wilkina Saga, he found only a pot full of ashes, and a rusty fragment of a sword.—Had Rector, Mr Rasmus Brokmund, caused the barrow to be opened, but close to it, which is called his oven. In the year 1658, the College large, but also a hollow in the hill, where his house was, and a hole and there also, not only the little Långshank's grave, both long and there is found a (Danish) mile from Roskilde, Birke, and Birking-shaw;

THE
ETTIN LANGSHANKS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 34.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

*Koning Tidrick sidder udi Bern,
Hand roser af sin Vælde :
Saa mangel hafver hand tvungen,
Baade Kæmper og raske Helte.
Der stander en Børg heder Bern, og der
boer i Konning Tidrick.*

KING Tidrick sits intill Bern,
He rooses him of his might ;
Sae mony has he in battle cow'd,
Baith kemp and doughty knight.
*There stands a fortress hight Bern, and thereintill
dwelleth King Tidrick.*

King Tidrick stands at Bern,
And he looks out sae wide :
“ Wold God I wist of a kemp sae bold
Durst me in field abide !”

Syne answer'd Master Hildebrand,
 In war sae ware and wight :
 " There liggs a kemp in Birting's Bierg ;—
 Dare ye him rouse and fight ?"

" Hear thou, Master Hildebrand,
 Thou art a kemp sae rare :
 Ride thou the first i' the shaw the day,
 Our banner gay to bear."

Syne answer'd Master Hildebrand ;
 He was a kemp sae wise :
 " Nae banner will I bear the day,
 For sae unmeet a prize."

Syne answer'd Vidrich Verlandson,
 He spoke in full good mood :
 " The first i' the press I'se be the day,
 To march to Birting's Wood."

Up spak he, Vidrich Verlandson,
 And an angry man he grew ;
 " Thro' hauberk as thro' hacketon
 The smith's son's sword sall hew."

They were well three hunder kemp,
 They drew to Birting's land :
 They sought the Ettin Langshanks,
 And in the shaw him fand.

Syne up spak Vidrich Verlandson :
 " A selcouth game you's see,
 Gin ye lat me ride first to the wood,
 And lippen sae far to me.

" Here bide ye a', ye kingis men,
 Whare twa green roads are met,

While I ride out in the wood alane,
To speer for you the gate."

It was Vidrich Verlandson,
Into the wood he rade;

And there he fand a little foot-path,
To the Ettin's lair that led.

Syne up spak he, King Tidrick:
"Hear what I say to thee;

Find ye the Ettin Langshanks,
Ye healna it frae me."

It was Vidrich Verlandson,
To Birting's hythe he wan;

And there the Ettin Langshanks
Laidly and black he fand.

It was Vidrich Verlandson
Strak the Ettin wi' his stang:

"Wake up, ye Langshanks Ettin;
Ye sleep baith hard and lang!"

"On this wild moor I've lien and slept
For lang and mony a year:

Nor ever a kemp has challenged me,
Or dared my rest to steer."

"Here am I, Vidrich Verlandson,
With good sword by my side,

And here I dare thy rest to steer,
And dare thy wrath abide."

It was the Ettin Langshanks,
He wink'd up wi' his ee:

"And whence is he, the page sae bald,
Dares say sic words to me?"

" Verland was my father hight,
 A smith of cunning rare;
 Bodild was my mother call'd,^{*}
 A kingis daughter fair.

" My full good shield that Skrepping hight,
 Has mony a dent and clour;
 On Blank my helmet mony a swerd
 Has brast, of temper dour.

" My noble steed is Skimming hight,
 A wild horse of the wood;
 My swerd by men is Mimmering nam'd,
 Temper'd in heroes blood.

" And I hight Vidrich Verlandson,
 All steel-clad as you see;
 And, but thy lang shanks thou bestir,
 Sorely shalt thou abie.

" Hear thou, Ettin Langshanks,
 A word I winna lie;
 The king is in the wood, and he
 Maun tribute hae frae thee."

" What gold I have full well I know
 Sae well to guard and ware,
 Nor saucy page sall win't frae me,
 Nor groom to claim it dare."

" Thou to thy cost salt find, all young
 And little as I be,
 Thy head I'll frae thy shoulders hew,
 And win thy gold frae thee."

It was the Ettin Langshanks
 Nae langer lists to sleep:

^{*} Bodild is, in another ballad, said to be the mother of Hogen.

"Young kemp, away, and to thy speed,
If thou thy life wilt keep."

Wi' baith his hooves up Skimming sprang
On the Ettin's side belyve;
There seven o' his ribs he brake;—
Sae they began to strive.

It was the Ettin Langshanks
Grip'd his steel stang in hand;
He strak a stroke at Vidrich,
That the stang i' the hill did stand.

It was the Ettin Langshanks,
He ween'd to strike him stythe;
But he his firsten straik has mist,
The steed sprang aff sae swythe.

'Twas then the Ettin Langshanks,
And he took on to yammer:
"Now lies my stang i' the hillock fast
As it were driven wi' hammer."

It was Vidrich Verlandson,
And wroth in mood he grew:
"Skimming, about! Good Mimmering,
Now see what thou canst do!"

In baith his hands he Mimmering took,
And strak sae stern and fierce,
That through the Langshanks Ettin's breast
The point his thairms did pierce.

Then first the Ettin Langshanks
Felt of a wound the pain;
And gladly, had his strength remain'd,
Wad paid it back again.

“ Accursed, Vidrich, be thy arm,
 Accursed be thy brand,
 For the deadly wound that in my breast
 I’ve taken frae thy hand !”

“ Ettin, I’ll hew and scatter thee
 Like leaves before the wind,
 But and thou tell me in this wood
 Whare I thy gold may find.”

“ O spare me, Vidrich Verlandson,
 And never strike me dead ;
 Sae will I lead thee to the house
 Roof’d with the gold sae red.”

Vidrich rode and the Ettin crept ;
 Deep in the wood they’re gone ;
 They found the house with gold sae red
 Like burning light that shone.

“ Away ye heave that massy stane,
 Lift frae the bands the door ;
 And mair gold nor ’s in a’ this land
 Within ye’ll find in store.”

Syne answer’d Vidrich Verlandson ;
 Some treason he did fear ;

“ The kemp is neither ware nor wise
 That sic a stane wad steer.”

“ Well Vidrich kens to turn a steed ;
 ’Tis a’ he understands :
 But I’ll do mair wi’ twa fingers,
 Nor thou wi’ baith thy hands.”

Sae he has taen that massy stane,
 And lightly o’er did turn :

Full grimly Vidrich ettled then
That he should rue that scorn.

“ There’s mair gold in this treasury
Nor fifteen kings can shaw :
Now hear thou, Vidrich Verlandson,
The first thou in sall ga.”

Syne up spak Vidrich Verlandson,
His cunning well he knew :
“ Be thou the first to venture in,
As fearless kemp should do.”

It was the Ettin Langshanks,
In at the door he saw :
Stark Vidrich strak wi’ baith his hands,
And hew’d his head him fra.

And he has taen the Ettin’s blood
And smear’d wi’ it his steed :
Sae rade he to King Tidrick,
Said, “ Foul has been my speed !”

And he has taen the Ettin’s corpse,
Set it against an aik ;
And all to tell the wondrous feat
His way does backward take.

“ Here bide ye a’, my doughty feres,
Under this green hill fair :
How Langshanks Ettin’s handled me,
To tell you grieves me sair.”

“ And has the Ettin mau’d thee sae ?
That is foul skaith and scorn ;
Then never anither sall be foil’d ;—
We’ll back to Bern return.”

“Thou turn thee, now, King Tidrich,
 Thou turn thee swythe wi’ me;
 And a’ the gold the Ettin had
 I’ll shew belyve to thee.”

“And hast thou slain the Ettin the day?
 That mony a man sall weet;
 And the baldest kemp i’ the world wide
 Thou never need fear to meet.”

It was then King Tidrich’s men,
 They green’d the Ettin to see:
 And loud they leuch at his laidly bouk,
 As it stood by the tree.

They ween’d that he his lang shanks
 Yet after them might streek;
 And nae ane dared to nigh him near,
 Or wake him frae his sleep.

It was Vidrich Verlandson,
 Wi’ mickle glee he said:
 “How would ye bide his living look
 That fleys ye sae whan dead?”

He strak the body wi’ his staff;
 The head fell to the eard:
 “In sooth that Ettin was a kemp
 That ance might well be fear’d.”

And they hae taen the red gold,
 What booty there did stand;
 And Vidrich got the better part,
 Well won with his right hand.

But little he reck’d a spoil sae rich;
 ’Twas a’ to win the gree;

And as the Ettin-queller wide
O'er Danmark fam'd to be.

Sae gladly rode they back to Bern ;
But Tidrick maist was glad ;
And Vidrich o' his menyie a'
The foremost place ay had.

HERO BODEN
AND THE
QUEEN OF DANMARK
TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KENNEDY VERSE, BY J. K. S.

It may be observed that this piece is a sort of counterpart to "The Wasted Dance." All the ingredients of the meaning in the original have not been preserved; but it is probable that the reader would have thought a greater license in this respect a very natural fault. The little thing is of a very different cast from those connected with the history of the Highlanders; but we have given it here on account of its characteristic peculiarities, and to show what use ballad-technicians make of the names of popular heroes, in appropriating to them parts which do not belong to them.

Kennedy's Danish Ballad (Kenny's 2d)
Handwritten text in the original image, which is mirrored and appears upside down. The text is mostly illegible due to the quality of the scan and the nature of the original document.

HERO HOGEN

AND THE

QUEEN OF DANMARCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 548.

It may be observed that this piece is a sort of counterpart to "The Wassel Dance." All the irregularities of the measure in the original have not been preserved; but it is probable that the reader would have thought a greater licence in this respect a very venial fault. This little ditty is of a very different cast from those connected with the history of the Niebelungen; but we have given it here on account of its characteristic peculiarities, and to shew what use ballad-reciters make of the names of popular heroes, in appropriating to them parts which do not belong to them.

*Kongen hand sidder i Ribè ;
 Hand drikker vin ;
 Saa byder hand de Danskè ridderè
 Hiem til sin.
 (Saa herlig dandser hand Hogen ! &c.)*

THE king he's sitting in Ribè;
 He's drinking wine;
 Sae he has bidden the Danish knights
 To propine.
 (Sae nobly dances he, Hogen !)

“ Ye stand up a’ my merry men
 And knightis bold,
 And gaily tread the dance wi’ me
 O’er the green wold.”
 (*Sae nobly, &c.*)

Now lists the king o’ Danmarck
 To dance in the ring;
 And neist cam Hero Hogen
 Afore them to sing.

Up wak’d the queen o’ Danmarck;
 In her bower she lay:
 “ O whilken o’ my ladies
 Strikes the harp sae ?”

“ It is nane o’ your ladies
 Whase harp ye hear;
 It is Hero Hogen
 Singing sae clear.”

“ Ye a’ get up, my maidens,
 Rose chaplets on your hair;
 Forth we will us a’ ride,
 Wassel to share.”

First rade the queen o’ Danmarck,
 In red scarlet tho;
 Syne ladies rade, and maidens,
 And maries a-row.

Fu’ lightly rade the Queen round
 And round the dance sae free;
 ’Twas a’ on noble Hogen ay
 Turned her ee.

’Twas then Hero Hogen,
 His hand raught he:

" O, list ye, gracious lady,
To dance wi' me ?"

Now dances Hero Hogen ;
He dances wi' the queen ;
And mickle glee, the sooth to say,
There passes them atween.

Up there stood a little may
In kirtle blue :

" O 'ware ye 'fore the fause claverers ;
They lyth to you."

It was the king o' Danmarck,
And he can there speer,
" What does the queen o' Danmarck
A-dancing here ?

" Far better in her bower 'twere
On her goud harp to play,
Nor dancing here sae lightly
Wi' Hogen thus to gae."

Up there stood a little may
In kirtle red :

" 'Ware now, my gracious lady ;
My lord's grim, I rede!"

" I've just but i' the dance come in ;
It's nae near till an en' ;
And sae my lord the king may
Mak himsell blyth again."

* From the peculiar turn of this stanza, the fidelity of the translation may be suspected.
Here is the original :

" Jeg er saa nylig i dandsen kommen,
Hun haver ikkè faaet endè ;
Saa vel maa min Herrè og Konning
Blivè blid igen."

Up there stood a little page
 Intill a kirtle green :
 “ ‘Ware ye, my gracious lady ;—
 My lord is riding hame.”

Shame fa' Hero Hogen,
 That e'er he sang sae clear ;
 The queen sits in her bower up,
 And dowy is her chear.
 (*Sae nobly dances he, Hogen !*)

The following ride, uncounted, and ridiculous piece, seems to be an imitation of the balladed copy of the *Edic Tale of Thor's Hammet*, (which has been admirably translated by the Hon. W. Herbert,) inserted in the *Kamper Viser*, in which the characters are all giants, merely, and not gods.—It shows in what manner the heroes and heroines of Gothic Romance have been treated by the vulgar in later times; and gives a rude and barbarous, but just and characteristic picture of an ancient Scandinavian wedding. Capricious and extravagant as the painting may seem, it is nevertheless, in all essential points, true to Nature, and the manners and usages of the times. Who is meant by *Mother Skrat*, we do not pretend to say, as we have never had the pleasure of meeting with her elsewhere, and do not find her in any of our repositories of Gothic discourses. But this is, probably, because we have so few authentic compositions of the elder Scandinavians remaining. We take her to be the goddess who presided over obsequious birth and horse-play of every kind, and to be here invoked by the spectators, to save them from hurting their sides with laughter. “*Skraie*” in Danish, signifies generally “to split or crack;” and particularly to “split the sides with laughing.”

SIR GUNCELIN.

THE following rude, uncouth, and ridiculous piece, seems to be an imitation of the balladized copy of the Eddic Tale of Thor's Hammer, (which has been admirably translated by the Hon. W. Herbert,) inserted in the Kæmpe Viser, in which the characters are all giants merely, and not gods.—It shews in what manner the heroes and heroines of Gothic Romance have been treated by the vulgar in later times; and gives a rude and barbarous, but just and characteristic, picture of an ancient Scandinavian wedding. Capricious and extravagant as the painting may seem, it is nevertheless, in all essential points, true to Nature, and the manners and usages of the times.

Who is meant by Mother Skrat, we do not pretend to say, as we have never had the pleasure of meeting with her elsewhere, and do not find her in any of our repositories of Gothic divinities. But this is, probably, because we have so few ludicrous compositions of the elder Scandinavians remaining. We take her to be the goddess who presided over obstreperous mirth and horse-play of every kind, and to be here invoked by the spectators, to save them from bursting their sides with laughter. “Skratte” in Danish, signifies generally “to split or crack;” and particularly to “split the sides with laughing.”

SIR GUNCELIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 50.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

*Det var Grefvø Herr Guncelin,**Hand taler til moder sin :**Jeg vil ridè mig op paa Land,**Og friste Manddom min.**(Vel op förrè Dag, vi komme**vel ofver den Hede.)*

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin

To his mother he can say,

“ It’s I will ride me up-o-land,

My manhood to essay.”

(Up, up afore day, sae come we well over the heath-O.)

“ And wilt thou ride thee up-o-land,

And dost thou tell me sae ?

Then I’ll gie thee a steed sae good,

Men call him Karl the gray.

(Up, up afore, &c.)

“ Then I’ll gie thee a steed sae good,

Men call him Karl the gray ;

Ye ne'er need buckle on a spur
Or helm, whan him ye hae.

“ At never a kemp maun ye career,
Frae never ane rin awa',
Untill ye meet with him, the kemp
That men call Ifver Blaa.”

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin
Can by a green hill ride,
There met he him, little Tilventin,
And bade him halt and bide.

“ Well met, well met, young Tilventin,
Whare did ye lie last night ?”

“ I lay at Bratensborg, whare they
Strike fire frae helmets bright.”

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin
Look'd under his helmet red :
“ Sae be't wi' little Tilventin !—
Thou's spoken thy ain dead.”

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin,
He his sword out drew ;

It was little Tilventin
He in pieces hew.

Sae rade he till Bratensborg,
He rapped at the yate :

“ Is there here ony kemp within
That dares wi' me debate ?”

It was Sir Ifver Blaa,
To the east he turn'd about :
“ Help now Ulf and Ismer Grib ;
I hear a kemp thereout.”

It was Sir Ifver Blaa,
 And he look'd to the West :
 " Thereout I hear Sir Guncelin :
 Help, Otthin ! as thou can best."

It was the Earl Sir Guncelin,
 And helm o'er neck he flang ;
 Sae heard, though mony a mile away,
 His mother dear the clang.

That lady she waken'd at still midnight,
 And till her lord she said :
 " May God Almighty rightly rede
 That our son may well be sped !"

The firsten tilt they thegither rode,
 Those kemps sae stark and bold,
 Wide on the field Sir Ifver Blaa
 Was cast upon the mold.

" Hear thou, Earl Guncelin,
 An thou will lat me live,
 I ha'e me a betrothed bride,
 And her to thee I'll give."

" I'll none of thy betrothed bride ;
 Yet wedded would I be :
 Give me Salenta, sister thine,
 As better liketh me."

Sae rode they to the bride-ale ;
 They roundly rode in fere ;
 And they hae bidden the kemperry men
 To come frae far and near.

They bade him, Vidrich Verlandson,
 Stark Tidrich out of Bern,

And Holger Danske, that ay for feats
Of chivalry did yearn.

Child Sivard Snaren they hae bidden,
Afore the bride to ride ;

And Ettin Langshanks he maun be
All by the bridegroom's side.

They've bidden Master Hildebrand,
And he the torch maun bear ;
Him followed twice sax kemps, and they
Drank and made lusty cheer.

And hither came Folquard Spillemand ;
For that the kemps sall pay ;
And hither came King Sigfrid Horne,
As he shall rue the day.

It was proud Lady Grimild,
Was bidden to busk the bride ;
But hard and fast her feet and hands
Wi' fetters they hae tied.

Theretill came Lady Gunde Hette,
In Norden Field that bade ;
She drank and she danced,
And luckily was sped.

There in came Lady Brynial,
And she carved for the bride ;
Her follow'd seven sma damsels,
And sat the kemps beside.

They follow'd the bride to the chamber in,
Their breakfast there to eat ;
Of groats four barrels she ate up,
Sae well she lik'd that meat.

Sax oxen she ate up, theretill
 Eight flitches of the brawn;
 Seven hogsheads of the ale she drank,
 Or she to yex began.

They follow'd the bride intill the ha';
 Sae bowden was her skin,
 They dang down five ells o' the wa'
 Ere they could get her in.

They led the bride to the bride-bench,
 And gently set her down:
 Her weight it brake the marble bench,
 And she came to the ground.

They serv'd her wi' the best o' fare;
 She made na brocks o' meat;
 Five oxen, and ten gude fat swine
 Clean up the witch did eat.

That mark'd the bridegroom (well he might !)
 'Twas little to his wish :
 " I never yet saw sae young a bride
 Lay her lugs sae in a dish !"

Up syne sprang the kempy men;
 Thegither they advise :
 " Whilk will ye rather pitch the bar,
 Or kemp in knightly guise ?"

The kempy men a ring they drew
 All on the sward sae green ;
 And there, in honour o' the bride,
 The courtly game begin.

The young bride wi' the mickle neives
 Up frae the bride-bench sprang :

And up to tulzie wi' her there lap
The Ettin wi' shanks sae lang.

There danced and dinnled bench and board,
And sparks frae helmets fly;
Out then leapt the kemps sae bold:
“ Help, Mother Skratt !” they cry.

And there a sturdy dance began,
Frae Ribè, and in till Slie :
The least kemp in the dance that was
Was five ell under the knee.

The least kemp in the dance that was
Was little Mimmering Tand ;
He was amang that heathen folk
The only Christian Man.

RIBOLT AND GULDBORG.

THE following belongs to a numerous class of Danish Ballads, and has been here selected on account of its near resemblance to some of the most noticed of our own. Of these, one of the most distinguished is the "Child of Elle," which seems (as well as "Erlington,") from the name, to be of Scandinavian origin. As the value of the *original fragment* of that piece is much enhanced by the publication of several similar tales which have lately appeared, it is hoped that, in whatever state it may be, it will no longer be withheld from the public.

"Erlinton," in the Bord. Min. (vol. iii. p. 235,) has, as much as any of our antient ditties, the appearance of being Scandinavian. The complete locality ascribed to the fine ballad of "The Douglas Tragedy," (Bord. Min. vol. iii. p. 243,) in Selkirkshire, affords no presumption of the event having happened in that country; as the scene of action cannot be more distinctly pointed out, than it is in Ribolt and Guldborg. Popular tales and anecdotes of every kind soon obtain locality wherever they are told; and the intelligent and attentive traveller will not be surprised to find the same story which he had learnt when a child, with every appropriate circumstance of names, time, and place, in a glen of Morven, Lochaber, or Rannoch, equally domesticated amid the mountains of Norway, Caucasus, or Thibet.

Of Ribolt and Guldborg it may be observed, that it seems to con-

tain almost all the materials of *Erlinton*, the *Douglas Tragedy*, and the *Child of Elle*, especially if the latter piece originally ended tragically for the hero and heroine.

Those who wish to see from what kind of materials these tales have been fabricated, may compare this piece with the romantic story of *Sir Sampson and Hildesvida*, the daughter of *Jarl Rudgeir*, with which the *Wilkina Saga* commences. In the *Saga*, as in the Swedish and Danish ballads of *Fair Midel*, &c., the knight causes the lady to pack up all the plate and treasures she can get her hands on, to carry away with her.

As we have pointed out the particular resemblance which *Ribolt* bears to the *Child of Elle*, &c., it may be proper to observe, that we have selected the five which immediately follow it, as having, in their subjects and narrative, a more intimate relationship to ballads of our own country. Two of this class have already been given to the public in "*Popular Ballads and Songs*, &c." Of these, "*Fair Annie*," on the same subject with "*Wha will bake my bridal bread*, &c." is one of the most interesting of the Danish Ballads; and the "*Merman Rosmer*," which we intend still farther to illustrate, is a very curious relic of antiquity. In the Notes to "*the Lady of the Lake*" will be found two more, "*The Elfin Gray*" and the "*Ghaist's Warning*." The first of these is a favourable specimen of a large class of Danish Ballads, which, like many of our most wild and antient Scottish ditties, are founded on stories of disenchantment. The last I have not met with in the form of a ballad in Scotland; but on the translation from the Danish being read to a very antient gentleman in Dumfriesshire, he said the story of the mother coming back to her children was quite familiar to him in his youth, as an occurrence of his own immediate neighbourhood, with all the circumstances of name and place. The father, like *Child Dyring*, had married a second wife; and his daughter by the first, a child of three or four years old, was once amissing for three days. She was sought for every where with the utmost diligence, but was not found. At last she was observed, coming from the barn, which, during her absence, had been repeatedly searched. She looked remarkably clean

and fresh; her clothes were in the neatest possible order; and her *hair*, in particular, had been anointed, combed, curled, and plaited, with the greatest care. On being asked where she had been, she said she had been with her *mammie*, who had been so kind to her, and given her so many good things, and dressed her hair so prettily.¹

As I have lately heard it insinuated, upon authority that ought to have had some weight, that nothing was known of the tragical fragment beginning, "O whare ha'e ye been, Lord Ronald, my Son?" (Bord. Min. vol. ii. p. 263. ed. 1810,) till the publication of Johnson's Scots Musical Musæum, I am happy to be able to furnish the reader (along with the assurance, that there are many persons in Scotland who learnt it long before it was printed) with two curious scraps, the genuineness of which is unquestionable. An English gentleman, who had never paid any attention to ballads, nor ever read a collection of such things, told me, that when a child, he learnt from a playmate of his own age, the daughter of a clergyman in Suffolk, the following imperfect ditty:²

"Where have you been to-day, Billy, my son?

Where have you been to-day, my *only* man?"

"I've been a wooing, mother, make my bed soon,

For I'm sick at heart, and fain would lay down."

"What have you ate to-day, Billy, my son?

What have you ate to-day, my *only* man?"

¹ The fairy Melusina had enjoined her husband not to see or enquire after her on a Saturday. The husband, however, having bored a hole with his sword in the door, beheld her in the bath, half woman, half fish, lamenting her fate. Having some years after, in an altercation, hinted at her deformity, she flew out of the window with loud lamentations, and being metamorphosed into her Saturday's shape, flew thrice about the castle, and then departed. She had shortly before born two infants, and the nurses frequently observed her entering the room "in the shape of a ghost," caressing the children, warming them at the fire, and giving them suck. By order of the count, no one disturbed her; and, in consequence, the children thrived with amazing rapidity. This is the account in the German popular story-book, which is somewhat different from the French original.

² Every child knows the nursery tale of the "Crowdin' Dow."

"I've ate eel-pie, mother, make my bed soon ;
For I'm sick at heart, and shall die before noon."

In the above fragment I have put the word *only* in italics, not so much on account of the singularity of the expression, as of its resemblance to the following German popular ditty, inserted in the *Knaben Wunderhorn*, of which, as it is too humble to be attempted in verse, we have given a *verbatim* English prose translation.

GROSSMUTTER SCHLANGENKÖECHIN.

"*Maria, wo bist du zur Stube gewesen ?*

Maria, mein einziges kind ?"

"*Ich bin bey meiner Grossmutter gewesen ;—*

Ach weh ! Frau Mutter, wie weh !"

"*Was hat sie dir dann zu essen gegeben,*

Maria, mein einziges kind ?"

"*Sie hat mir gebackne Fishlein gegeben ;—*

Ach weh ! Frau Mutter ! wie weh ! &c."

GRANDMOTHER ADDER-COOK.

"*Maria, what room have you been in,*

*Maria, my *only* child ?*"

"*I have been with my grandmother ;—*

Alas ! lady mother, what pain !"

"*What then has she given thee to eat,*

*Maria, my *only* child ?*"

" She has given me fried fishes ;—

Alas ! lady mother, what pain !"

" Where did she catch the little fishes,

Maria, my only child ?"

" She caught them in the kitchen-garden ;—

Alas ! lady mother, what pain !"

" With what did she catch the little fishes,

Maria, my only child ?"

" She caught them with rods and little sticks ;

Alas ! lady mother, what pain !"

" What did she do with the rest of the fishes ;

Maria, my only child ?"

" She gave it to her little dark-brown dog :

Alas ! lady mother, what pain !"

" And what became of the dark-brown dog,

Maria, my only child ?"

" It burst into a thousand pieces :

Alas ! lady mother, what pain !"

" Maria, where shall I make thy bed,

Maria, my only child ?"

" In the church-yard shalt thou make my bed,

Alas ! lady mother, what pain !"

That any one of these Scottish, English, and German copies of the same tale has been borrowed or translated from another, seems very improbable ; and it would now be in vain to attempt to ascertain what

it originally was, or in what age it was produced. It has had the great good fortune in every country to get possession of the nursery, a circumstance which, from the enthusiasm and curiosity of young imaginations, and the communicative volubility of little tongues, has insured its preservation. Indeed, many curious relics of past times are preserved in the games and rhymes found among children, which are on that account by no means beneath the notice of the curious traveller, who will be surprised to find, after the lapse of so many ages, and so many changes of place, language, and manners, how little these differ among different nations of the same original stock, who have been so long divided and estranged from each other. As an illustration of this, which we happen to have most conveniently at hand, we give the following child's song to the *Lady-bird*, which is commonly sung while this pretty insect is perched on the tip of the fore-finger, and danced up and down. Every child knows the English rhyme,

“ Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly and begone,
Your house is a-fire, and your children at home, &c.”

The German children have it much more perfect, as well as much prettier, the English having preserved only the second stanza in their address.

Marienwürmchen, setze dich
Auf meine hand, auf meine hand ;
Ich thu dir nichts zu leide.
Es soll dir nichts zu leide geschehn,
Will nur deine bunte Flügel sehn,
Bunte Flügel, meine Freude.

Marienwürmchen, fliege weg,
Dein Häuschen brennt, die kinder schrein,
So sehre, wie so sehre.
Die böse Spinne spinnt sie ein,

Marienwürmchen ; flieg hinein,
Deine kinder schreien sehre.

Marienwürmchen, fliege hin
Zu nachbars kind, zu nachbars kind,
Sie thun dir nichts zu leide ;
Es soll dir da kein leid geschehn,
Sie wollen deine bunte Flügel sehn,
Und grüss sie alle beyde.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMBE VIEN, p. 130.

Ribolt er en Grevs-søn,
(Om det er eders vilje ;)
Hans gilled Guldborg, det var i løn.
(Der hann lagtes for dem.)

Hans gilled hand, for hann var dunn,
(Om det er, &c.)

Ribolt was the son of an Earl's guide ;
(Sue be that ye are willing ;)
Guldborg he lang in secret to'ed.
(There's a hue and cry for them.)

When she was a bairn he lo'ed her well,
(Sue be, &c.)
And ay as she grew he lo'ed her the mair.
(There's a, &c.)

" Guldborg, will ye plight your troth to me,
And I'll till a better hand bring thee,
" Till a better hand I will thee bear,
Where there's never comes or shall be care.

RIBOLT AND GULDBORG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 750.

*Ribolt er en Greve-søn,**(Om det er eders villie ;)**Hand gilled Guldborg, det var i lön.**(Der huen legtes for dem.)**Hand gilled hendè fra hun var barn,**(Om det er, &c.)*

*RIBOLT was the son of an Earl gude ;**(Sae be that ye are willing ;)**Guldborg he lang in secret lo'ed.**(There's a hue and cry for them.)**Whan she was a bairn he lo'ed her sair,**(Sae be, &c.)**And ay as she grew he lo'ed her the mair.**(There's a, &c.)**“ Guldborg, will ye plight your troth to me,**And I'll till a better land bring thee.**“ Till a better land I will thee bear,**Whare there never comes or dule or care.*

" I will bring thee untill an öe
Where thou sall live and nagate die."

" It's till nae land can ye me bear
Where there never comes or dule or care ;

" Nor me can ye bring to sic an öe ;
For to God I owe that I should die."

" There leeks are the only grass that springs,
And the gowk is the only bird that sings ;

" There a' the water that rins is wine :
Ye well may trow this tale o' mine."

" O how sall I frae the castell win,
Sae fiel they watch me out and in ?

" I'm watch'd by my father, I'm watch'd by my mither,
I'm watch'd by my sister, I'm watch'd by my brither ;

" My bridegroom watches wharever I ga,
And that watch fears me maist ava !"

" And gin a' your kin were watching ye,
Ye maun bide by what ye hecht to me.

" And ye maun put on my brynie blae ;
My gilded helmet ye sall hae ;

" My gude brand belted by your side ;
Sae unlike a lady ye will ride :

" Wi' gouden spur at your heel sae braw,
Ye may ride thro' the mids o' your kindred a'."

His mantel blue he has o'er her thrown,
And his ambler grey he has set her upon.

As o'er the muir in fere they radé,
They met a rich Earl that till them said :

" O hear ye, Ribolt, dear compere mine,
Whare gat ye that page sae fair and fine ?"

" O it is nane but my youngest brither,
And I gat him frae nane but my mither."

" In vain ye frae me the truth wad heal :
Guldborg, Guldborg, I ken ye well."

" Your red scarlet ye well may len ;
But your rosy cheeks fu' well I ken."

" I' your father's castell I did sair,
And I ken you well by your yellow hair."

" By your claiths and your shoon I ken ye ill,
But I ken the knight ye your troth gae till ;"

" And *the Brok* I ken, that has gotten your han'
Afore baith priest and laic man."

He's taen the goud bracelet frae his hand,
And on the Earlis arm it band :

" Whaeveer ye meet, or wharever ye gae,
Ye naething o' me maun to nae man say."

The earl he has ridden to Kallö-house,
Whare, merrily-drinking, the kemps carouse.

Whan Sir Truid's castell within cam he,
Sir Truid at the deas he was birling free :

" Here sit ye, Sir Truid, drinking mead and wine,
Wi' your bride rides Ribolt roundly hyne."

Syne Truid o'er the castell loud can ca' :
 " Swyth on wi' your brynies, my merry men a' ! "

They scantly had ridden a mile but four,
 Guldborg she luikit her shoulder o'er :
 " Ye come now, O ! "

" O yonder see I my father's steed,
 And I see the knight that I hae wed. "

" Light down, Guldborg, my lady dear,
 And hald our steeds by the renyles here. "

" And e'en sae be that ye see me fa',
 Be sure that ye never upon me ca' ;
 " O my life-blood it is my fa' ! "

" And e'en sae be that ye see me bleed,
 Be sure that ye namena me till dead. "

Ribolt did on his brynie blae ;
 Guldborg she clasp'd it, the sooth to say. "

In the firsten shock o' that bargain
 Sir Truid and her father dear he's slain. "

I' the nexten shock, he hew'd down there
 Her twa brethren wi' their gouden hair. "

" Hald, hald, my Ribolt, dearest mine,
 Now belt thy brand, for it's mair nor time. "

" My youngest brither ye spare, O spare
 To my mither the dowy news to bear ;
 " Ye're welcome, O ! "

" To tell o' the dead in this sad stour—
 O wae, that ever she dochter bure ! " *

* " O vae, hun nogentid dotter föddè ! "

Whan Ribolt's name she nam'd that stound,
 'Twas then that he gat his deadly wound.

Ribolt he has belted his brand by his side :
 " Ye come now, Guldborg, and we will ride."

As on to the Rosen-wood they rade,
 The never a word till ither they said.

" O hear ye now, Ribolt, my love, tell me
 Why are ye nae blyth as ye wont to be ?"

" O my life-blood it rins fast and free,
 And wae is my heart, as it well may be !"

" And soon, fu' soon I'll be cald in the clay,
 And my Guldborg I maun a maiden lea'."

" It's I'll tak my silken lace e'en now,
 And bind up your wound the best I dow."

" God help thee, Guldborg, and rue on thee ;
 Sma boot can thy silken lace do me !"

Whan they cam till the castell yett,
 His mither she stood and leant thereat.

" Ye're welcome, Ribolt, dear son mine,
 And sae I wat is she, young bride thine."

" Sae pale a bride saw I never air,
 That had ridden sae far but goud on her hair."

" Nae wonder, nae wonder, tho' pale she be,
 Sae hard a fecht as she's seen wi' me !"

" Wold God I had but an hour to live !—
 But my last bequests awa' I'll give."

" To my father my steed sae tall I gie ;—
Dear mither, ye fetch a priest to me !

" To my dear brither that stands me near,
I lea' Guldborg that I hald sae dear."

" How glad thy bequest were I to fang,
But haly kirke wad ca' it wrang."

" Sae help me God at my utmost need,
As Guldborg for me is a may indeed.

" Ance, only ance, with a lover's lyst,
And but only ance, her mouth I kist."

" It ne'er sal be said, till my dying day,
That till twa brithers I plight my fay."

Ribolt was dead or the cock did crow ;
Guldborg she died or the day did daw.

Three likes frae that bower were carried in fere,
And comely were they withouten peer ;

Sir Ribolt the leal and his bride sae fair,

(Sae be that ye are willing,)

And his mither that died wi' sorrow and care.*

(There's a hue and cry for them.)

* See " Popular Ballads and Songs, &c. 1806," vol. I. p. 222.

NOTES ON RIBOLT AND GULDBORG.

There leeks are the only grass that springs,

And the gowk is the only bird that sings.—P. 324, v. 8.

In this couplet, Ribolt intimates, by two very characteristic metaphors, that the land to which he proposes to carry his mistress is a perfect paradise, enjoying a perpetual spring. "The leek," says the Danish editor, "was formerly, as among the Israelites, esteemed a very valuable herb, and the cuckoo a fine singing bird; who, nevertheless, only utters a cry which, in the learned language, is called *coccysmus*." His song is agreeable, because it is seldom heard, and then only in the most delightful season of spring, and the early part of summer."

It is not without good reason that the Welch, as well as most other mountaineers, are partial to leeks, which were formerly believed to be possessed of great medicinal virtues; and certainly, as *kitchen physic*, their nutritive qualities, their lightness, and their kindly exhilarating warmth, as well as the facility with which they are cultivated, render them peculiarly salutary and acceptable to the poor and frugal peasant, who breathes the sharp keen air of a mountainous country. In the East they are still a favourite vegetable; and the modern Egyptians *eat* them with as much cordiality, and with more than as much good reason, as the antient Egyptians *worshipped* them.

In the days of old, they were food for heroes, and supposed to contribute not a little to military ardour, as well as to manly vigour; as we learn from a poem on the actions of King Svein, quoted by Snorro, in "Heims Kringla," p. 828.

Var a sunnudag svanni,
Seggur hnie margur und eggjar,
Morgin than sem manne
Mær lauk ethur öl bære:

That is, "On the Sunday morning early, many fell by the edge of the sword, before the maidens had brought any one *leeks* or *ale* for his breakfast." In such high esteem, indeed, was this herb among the Scandinavians, that they did not call a man who was the ornament of his name, as we would do, the *flower* of his family, but ÆTTAR LAUKR, the *leek* of his family!—We shall not stop here to inquire what connection the Scottish *porridge* and *purry* have with the Latin *porrus* (a leek;) but the learned editors of "Orkneyinga Saga," not without an appearance of probability, suppose (in which they are supported by Schilter and Junius) that the original meaning of *leek* is found in the Greek λαχανον, which signifies *pot-herbs* in general; and that the *porrus*, on account of its superior qualities, was, by way of distinction, called LEEK, i. e. *the herb*.

Our Scottish *kail*, meaning originally *pot-herbs* in general, is in much the same predicament with the *leek*, and derives its denomination from a similar association of ideas. In Greek, χολη means *pot-herbs*. The Germans, who prefer putting the aspirate after the vowel, instead of *khol*, write *kohl*, from whence our specific name *cole-wort*, in Latin *caulis*. Now in German, *kohle*, which was formerly written without the final vowel, has also the same signification as the English *coal*, fire, and the Latin *calor*, &c. &c. And here we have to observe, that, so far as our knowledge of languages extends, we have found *all the generic names*, which imply *food*, to be composed of roots, which signify *heat* and *vigour*; and we are disposed to think, that the *leek*, on account of its heating, nourishing, and invigorating qualities, was by the antient Egyptians chosen from the vegetable kingdom, as the fittest emblem of the all-inspiring and animating power of heat, or *fire*; as the ox was chosen from the animal kingdom by them and other agricultural nations, and the quiet, useful, and milk-giving cow, by herdsmen, to be dedicated to *Mother Earth*, the prolific wife of *Mithra*, the power of *meethness*, or heat.

"And the gowk is the only bird that sings."—P. 324, v. 8.

Mr Syv is certainly right as to the charm found in the note of the cuckoo; and, under certain circumstances, the croaking of a frog might be no less acceptable to the ear.—"You have nothing like that in your country! Is it not delightful?" said an Englishman to his Scottish guest, whom he had taken out for the first time, in a fine summer's evening, to hear the song of the nightingale. "Ha' 'wa'!" said Saunders; "I wadna gi'e ae wheeple o' a *whaup* for a' the nichtingales in England!"—a sentiment which was perfectly natural, although perhaps more honourable to the animal than to the musical sympathies of my honest countrymen; for Saunders had lived all his days in a parish in the west of Scotland, which was so bleak and bare, that not even the rural lark ever condescended to visit it; and the only bird of song they had was the *whaup*, or curlew, that frequented their moors upon the approach of Spring.

I'm watch'd by my father, &c.—P. 324, v. 11.

So in "Erlinton:"

"And he has warn'd her sisters six,
And sae has he her brethren se'en,
Outher to watch her a' the night,
Or else to seek her morn and e'en."

"*And the Brok I ken, &c.*"—P. 325, v. 25.

Guldborg's bridegroom was *Sir Truid the Brok*. "The Broks," (Brook?) says the Danish editor, "as well as the *Bryks*¹ and *Sinklars*, came from Scotland; and *Eskè Brok* of Estrup was the sixth in descent of that family. One of his daughters was the Dame Elizabeth Brok, who gave her name to Broksøe in Portmosen. There is a long story about the hat which Eskè Brok took in an encounter he had with a *Dverg*, who, in order to get it again, gave him very advantageous terms, but with this deduction, that he should leave only female issue behind him. In like manner Ransov's lady received a gift from these subterraneous people, as Dame Sophia Ransov of Söeholm related to me, and as may be found elsewhere recorded."

"*They scantly had ridden a mile but four,*

Guldborg she lookit her shoulder o'er."—P. 326, v. 32.

The original term *Stund*, which signifies an hour, signifies also an *hour's walk*, or a German *mile*, or league; so, in the "Child of Elle:"

"Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a *mile*, &c."

And in "Erlinton:"

"They hadna ridden in the bonnie green wood
A *mile* but barely *ane*, &c."

As the German mile, or league, is the more probable distance, I have translated accordingly. The Scottish ballad phrase, "luikit her shoulder o'er," is perfectly Danish; thus,

"Det var høyè Bermerijs,
Hand sig ofver *Axel* saæ, &c."

¹ Qu. Bruces? *Bruce* is a common name in *Normandy* at this day, and was originally Danish.

It was high Bermeriis,

He him o'er his shoulder look'd.

"Light down, Guldborg, my lady dear,

And hald my steed by the renyies here."—P. 326, v. 34.

It seems deserving of remark, that although the circumstance of knights in armour (who never quitted the saddle while they could keep their seat in it) alighting from their horses in order to fight, is very unusual, and hardly ever to be met with either in the real or fabulous histories of the *preux Chevaliers*, more especially where one had to fight, *pele mele*, with many; yet this singularity occurs in all the Scottish versions of this tale:

"But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,

Light downe, and hold my steed, &c."—C. OF ELLE.

"He lighted off his milk-white steed,

And gae his lady him by the head, &c."—ERLINTON.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,

"And hold my steed in your hand,"—DOUG. TRAG.

If this is really an anachronism, it is not a little surprising, that the reciters of all the four pieces, in Denmark, England, and Scotland, should agree in the same mistake; as there is hardly a probability that it came to Scotland later than the middle of the fifteenth century, at which period, an armed knight and his charger were almost, like a Centaur, one animal.

"And e'en sae be that ye see me bleed,

Be sure that ye namena me till dead."—P. 326, v. 36.

There is in the *Kæmpe Viser* no note upon this passage, which wants illustration. It seems to have a reference to some prediction, wierd, fatality, or enchantment. In "*Erlinton*," the original idea appears to be still more obscured and deteriorated:

"Say'n ' See ye dinna change your cheer,

Untill ye see my body bleed."

This "untill," if there was nothing supernatural in the case, seems very much out of place in the mouth of such a man as Ribolt.

" *My youngest brither ye spare, O spare,
To my mither the dowy news to bear.*"—P. 326, v. 41.

So also in "Erlinton:"

" An' he has ——
—— killed them a' but barely ane;
For he has left that aged knight,
And a' to carry the tidings hame."

" *It's I'll tak my silken lace e'en now,
And bind up your wound the best I dow.*"—P. 327, v. 49.

This is the strongest proof that Guldborg could possibly give her lover of virtuous affection and unbounded confidence. So indecorous was it accounted for a lady to appear unlaced before any man, to whom she was not married, that many a *prude dame* of Guldborg's days would have esteemed it hardly pardonable in her to use such means, although the only means she had, of saving her lover from bleeding to death; and so much is the case now altered, that we doubt not but many of our readers will wonder what we could find in a couplet apparently so insignificant to call for a commentary!

It is from the manner and motive, rather than from the action itself, that the character of the actor is to be estimated. For a *gentle lady* to ride over hill and dale, through wood and wild, by night or by day, with a *gentle knight*, was held to be no disparagement to her chastity and delicacy; and such elopements as that of Guldborg with Ribolt were very common, and perfectly consistent with the adventurous spirit of the times. The frequency of such occurrences, as well as the dignity and interest with which they appear in our ancient ballads, is to be referred to the pride, jealousy, and stern, unbending severity of parents among the nobles; their quarrels and feuds with their neighbours; the unlimited power which they had over their children, the little social and endearing familiar intercourse, which the stately formalities then kept up, admitted of their having with them; and the peculiar manners and habits of the age, which gave the young, the brave, and the fair, opportunities of observing each other under circumstances which were calculated to make the most lively impressions, and to give rise to the most romantic and enthusiastic attachments.

" *Ribolt was dead or the cock did crow;
Guldborg she died or the day did daw, &c.*"—P. 328, v. 62.

So in the Douglas Tragedy:

" Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Margaret lang ere day."

[335]

ROMAN

Styke answer'd Young Child Dyring—
 He rode the bride to meet;
 The silk hat and the black scabbell
 Hang down to his horse's feet.

All rode they there, the bride-folk,
 On row and tail to see;

YOUNG CHILD DYRING.

And he about rode he.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 718.

It was the Young Child Dyring
 Alone along the strand;
 The bride was of the red gold

THE reader may compare this piece with the ballad of "Catharine Janfarie," in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and "The Young Lochinvar," in Marmion. Each of these belongs to a numerous class of Danish and Scottish Ballads.

And who is he, that noble child
 That rides me bold and free?

*Det var ungen Her Svend Dyring,
 Hand raade med Moder sin,
 Jeg vil mig udride,
 Her Magnuses brud igen.
 (I dag tager svenden sig orlov udaf herren.)*

It was the Young Child Dyring,
 Wi' his mither rede did he:
 "I will me out ride
 Sir Magnus's bride to see."
 (His leave the page takes to-day frae his master.)

"Will thou thee out ride,
 Sir Magnus's bride to see?
 Sae beg I thee by Almighty God
 Thou speed thee home to me."
 (His leave, &c.)

Syne answer'd Young Child Dyrè—
 He rode the bride to meet ;
 The silk but and the black sendell
 Hang down to his horse' feet.

All rode they there, the bride-folk,
 On row sae fair to see ;
 Excepting Sir Svend Dyrè,
 And far about rode he.

It was the Young Child Dyrè rode
 Alone along the strand ;
 The bridle was of the red gold
 That glitter'd in his hand.

'Twas then proud Lady Ellensborg,
 And under weed smil'd she :
 " And who is he, that noble child
 That rides sae bold and free ?"

Syne up and spak the maiden fair
 Was next unto the bride :
 " It is the Young Child Dyrè
 That stately steed does ride."

" And is't the Young Child Dyrè
 That rides sae bold and free ?
 God wot, he's dearer that rides that steed,
 Nor a' the lave to me !"

All rode they there, the bridal train,
 Each rode his steed to stall,
 All but Child Dyrè, that look'd whare he
 Should find his seat in the hall.

" Sit whare ye list, my lordings ;
 For me, whate'er betide,

Here I shall sickerly sit the day,
To hald the sun frae the bride."

Then up spak the bride's father,
And an angry man was he :
" Whaever sits by my dochter the day,
Ye better awa' wad be."

" It's I have intill Paris been,
And well my drift can spell;
And ay whatever I have to say,
I tell it best my sell."

" Sooth thou hast intill Paris lear'd,
A worthless drift to spell :
And ay whatever thou hast to say,
A rogue's tale thou must tell."

Ben stept he, Young Child Dyrè,
Nor reck'd he wha might chide;
And he has ta'en a chair in hand,
And set him by the bride.

'Twas lang i' the night; the bride-folk
Ilk ane look'd for his bed;
And Young Child Dyrè amang the lave
Speer'd whare he should be laid.

" Without, afore the stair steps,
Or laigh on the cawsway stane,
And there may lye Sir Dyrè;
For ither bed we've nane."

'Twas late intill the evening,
The bride to bed maun ga;
And out went he, Child Dyring,
To rouse his menyie a'.

“ Now busk and d’on your harness,
 But and your brynies blae ;
 And boldly to the bride-bower
 Full merrily we’ll gae.”

Sae follow’d they to the bride bower
 That bride sae young and bright :
 And forward stept Child Dyrè,
 And quenched the marriage light,

The cresset they’ve lit up again,
 But and the taper clear,
 And followed to the bride-bower,
 That bride without a peer.

* * * * *

And up Child Dyrè snatch’d the bride,
 All in his mantle blae ;
 And swung her all so lightly
 Upon his ambler gray.

They lock’d the bower, they lit the torch ;
 ’Twas hurry-scurry a’ ;
 While merrily ay the lovers gay
 Rode roundly to the shaw.

In Rosen-wood they turn’d about
 To pray their bridal prayer :
 “ Good night and joy, Sir Magnus !
 For us ye’ll see nae mair.”

Sae rode he to the green wood,
 And o’er the meadow green,
 Till he came to his mither’s bower,
 Ere folks to bed were gane.

Out came proud Lady Metelild,
 In menevair sae free :
 She's welcom'd him, Child Dyring,
 And his young bride him wi'.

Now joys attend Child Dyring,
 Sae leal but and sae bold ;
 He's ta'en her to his ain castell,
 His bride-ale there to hold.

(His leave the page takes to-day frae his master.)

Out came proud Lady Margrid,
In meekness and love;
She's welcome'd him, Child Dyring,
And his young bride him wif.

Now joy attend Child Dyring,

INGEFRED AND GUDRUNÈ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 662.

THE reader may compare this piece with "Cospatrick," (sometimes Gil Brenton) in the
Border Minstrelsy, vol. iii. p. 52, ed. 4.

*Ingefred og Gudrunè,
De sadè udi deres burè, &c.
(Det er saa favret om sommeren.)*

INGEFRED and Gudrunè
Intill their bower sat;
Proud Ingefred sew'd her goud girdle;
Sae sair Gudrunè grat.
(*And it's sae fair i' the summertide.*)

"Hear ye, dear sister Gudrunè,
Whareto greet ye sae sair?"
"Fu' well may I now sair greet,
My heart's sae fu' o' care.
(*And it's, &c.*)

"And hear ye, dear sister Ingefred;
Be bride the night for me;

It's a' my bonny bride-claes
 Sae freely I'll gie thee;
 And mair atour, the bridal gifts,
 Whatso that they may be."

"Gin I be bride the night for ye,
 Your bridegroom maun be mine."
 "And come o' me whatso God will,
 My bridegroom's ne'er be thine."

Intill the kirke they led her,
 Buskit in silk sae fine;
 The priest stood in his gilt shoon,
 Samsing and her to join.

As they fure o'er the meadow,
 A herd gaed wi' his fee:
 "Ware Samsing's house, fair lady,
 And near it comena ye!"

"Twa nightingales Sir Samsing has,
 They ladies ken sae well;
 And fâs he a may, or fâs he nane,
 Sae soothly they can tell."

They turn'd their carrs in greenwood,
 And chang'd their claes sae free;
 They changed a' but their rosy cheeks,
 That changed cou'dna be.

They've taen her till the castell,
 Whare nane the red goud spare;
 And the knights afore the bride-bink
 Their bridal gifts they bare.

It's up and spak a leach syne,

As in his place stood he:

"Methinks ye are proud Ingefired,
That mickle marvels me."

She took the goud ring frae her arm,
And to the minstrel gae—

"I'm but a drucken havrel; nane
Needs reck what I may say."

She trampit on the leaches' foot;
Frae's nail-root sprang the blude:

"It's nane needs reck a word I say—
But it be Sir Samsing gude."

'Twas late, and down the dew fell,
And the bride to bed can gae;

Sir Samsing says till his nightingales,
"Now sing what luck I hae."

"Hae I a may, or hae I nane
I' the bride-bed now wi' me?"

"Gudrunè stands i' the floor alane,
And ye've a may you wi'."

"Rise up, rise up, proud Ingefired,—
Gudrunè, here come ye;

What ails Gudrunè, dearest mine,
To quat her bed and me?"

"On the sea-strand my father liv'd;
Ae night the rievvers came;

Achtsome intill my bower brak;
A knight did work me shame.

"His man he held my hands there;
The knight he did that sin"—

¹ The minstrel and physician here seem to be the same person; a very antient union of professions.

"Chear up thy heart, my dearest!"
And kist her cheek and chin.

"'Twas my men that your bower brak:
Mysel that did that sin;
My man did hald your hands there;
Mysell the flower did win."

Proud Ingefired, for she bride was,
Sae blyth a luck had she,
She married sae rich a courtier,
A knight in his degree.¹

(*And it's sae fair i' the summertide.*)

¹ In a publication (of no credit) which has just reached us, entitled "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," by R. H. Cromek, (which is executed in such a manner as, were it of sufficient importance, to bring the authenticity of all popular poetry in question,) there is a very poor and mutilated copy of "Gil Brenton," in a note upon which is the following passage: "There are many incongruities in Mr Scott's copy, which it is strange that so able an antiquary could have let pass. For example, we never hear of *mass* being said in the *evening*, but *vespers*, as in the original here given. Mr Scott also omits that interesting personage, the "Billie Blin," and awkwardly supplies the loss by making the *bed*, *blankets*, and *sheets*, speak, which is an outrage on the consistency even of a fairy tale."

Now, in Mr Scott's copies, and the present writer's, where the hero is called Gil Brenton, the *blankets* and *sheets* are just as in the Minstrelsy; there is no word of "Billie Blin," and we doubt if ever any reciter of the ballad mentioned him; and as to *vespers*, neither the thing itself, nor the name, is known among the peasantry of Scotland; whereas the *mass*, having been the war-cry of the Reformers, and afterwards of the Covenanters, during the struggles between presbytery and episcopacy, is still familiar to every one.

SIR STIG AND LADY TORELILD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 757.

THIS piece bears a very striking resemblance to "Willie's Lady," in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 394, ed. 4., and "Sweet Willie of Liddisdale," in Popular Ballads and Songs, 1806, vol. ii. p. 179.

Her Ove har ej daatter uden een,

(Op under saa grøn en lind)

Hand giver hende til Elling hen.

(De ride saa varlig gennem lunden.)

SIR Ove has never a dochter but ane ;

(Up under sae green a lime)

He's parted wi' her, and till Elling she's gane.

(They ride to the greenwood sae warily.)

To a knight he has gi'en her, his bride to be ;

(Up under, &c.)

To Sir Stig Kop, for sae hight he.

(They ride, &c.)

Sith then was a towmon well near fulfill'd ;

Sae heavy wi' twins gaed Torèlild.

She gaed out and gaed in, kent na what to do,
And ay the langer the warr she grew.

Sir Stig he in hy did on his claes,
And in to the bower till his mither he gaes ;

“ O hear ye, dear mither, ye tell now me,
How lang wi’ bairn maun Torèlild be ?”

“ It’s forty ouks and a towmon mair
Maun Torèlild gang, or a bairn she bear.”

“ O na, dear mither, it canna be sae ;
But forty ouks Mary wi’ Christ did gae.”

“ Sin lax nor lee I hear can fa,
Then carry me back whare I cam fra.”

“ My horses are a’ i’ the meadow down,
My men in bed are sleeping soun’.”

“ Gin car nor driver I can fa,
It’s then on my bare foot I sall ga.”

But that word scarcely out had she,
Whan horse and car at the yett they see.

Sir Stig took her kindly up in his arm ;
In the gilded car lifted her but harm ;

On a bowster blue set her saftly syne,
And himself he drave to the greenwood hyne.

Whan they thro’ Rosen-wood can found,
The car it brak in that same stound.

“ A selcouth woman I sure maun be,
When my ain car canna carry me.”

" O grieve ye for this, sweet love, nae mae ;
For ye sall ride, and I sall gae."

Whan they cam till the castell yett,
His sister she stood and leant thereat.

" O rede me, dear sister, thou rede now me,
How my dear lady may lighter be."

Proud Metèlild's till the wild-wood^{*} gane ;
Twa dowies o' wax she's wrought her lane ;

She's wrapt her head in her pilche sae fine,
And gane to the bower till her mither hyne.

" O mither, forleet now a' your harms,
And tak your knave-bairn oys i' your arms."

" My cantrip circles I coost a' round ;
A' thing and place I ween'd was bound ;

" A' butt and ben well charm'd I trow'd,
A' but whare Torèlild's bride-kist stood."

The kist swyth frae that stede they fet,
And Torèlild on it they have set ;

And she was scarce well set down there,
Whan twa knave-bairns sae blyth she bare.

* * * * *

" O God, gin my life sae lang mat be !—
But my last bequests awa' I'll gi'e."

* " Wildwood," in the original, " örke," i. e. *desert, heath, wilderness.*

“ I’ll gie Stig’s mither my silken sark ;—
God gif she may brook it wi’ care and cark !

“ To his sister my browder’d shoe I lea’ ;—
God grant she may brook it ay free frae wae !

“ Last, like to like, to Sir Stig I gie
A rose-bloom sweet and fair as he !”

The following ballad is popular, in the nurseries particularly, where-
ever the German language is spoken. As a ballad, (at least, in any
thing like a perfect state,) I have never met with it in Scotland ; but
as a tale, intermixed with scraps of verse, it was quite familiar to me
when a boy ; and I have since found it in much the same state, in the
Highlands, in Lochaber and Ardenburgh. According to our tra-
dition, Ulrich had seduced the younger sister of his wife, (as indeed
may be gathered from the German ballad,) and committed the mur-
der to prevent discovery.—I do not remember that any names were
specified either in the Scottish or Gaelic manner of telling the story :
in every other particular, the British tradition differed nothing from
the German.

ULRICH AND ANNIE.

THE following ballad is popular, in the nurseries particularly, wherever the German language is spoken. As a *ballad*, (at least, in any thing like a perfect state,) I have never met with it in Scotland; but as a *tale*, intermixed with scraps of verse, it was quite familiar to me when a boy; and I have since found it in much the same state, in the Highlands, in Lochaber and Ardnamurchan. According to our tradition, Ulrich had seduced the younger sister of his wife, (as indeed may be gathered from the German ballad,) and committed the murder to prevent discovery.—I do not remember that any names were specified either in the Scottish or Gaëlic manner of telling the story: in every other particular, the British tradition differed nothing from the German.

ULRICH AND ANNIE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN IN HERDER'S VOLKSLIEDER, vol. I. p. 79,

AND DES KNABEN WUNDERHÖRN, p. 274.

*Es ritt einst Ulrich spazieren aus ;
 Er ritt wohl vor lieb Annchens Haus :
 " Lieb Annchen, willst mit in grünen Wald ?
 Ich will dir lernen den Vogelsang," &c.*

It's out rade Ulrich to tak the air,
 And he to dear Annie's bower can fare :
 " Dear Annie, wi' me to the greenwood gang,
 And I'll lear you the sma birds' sang."

The tane wi' the tither they out are gane,
 The copse o' hazel they've reekit alane ;
 And bit and bit they gaed farther on,
 Till they a green meadow cam upon.

On the green grass syne down sat he :
 " Dear Annie, come set you down by me."
 His head on her lap he saftly laid,
 And het gush'd the tears she o'er him shed.

" O Annie, dear Annie, why greet ye sae ?
 What cause to greet can Annie hae ?

Greet ye, belike, for your father's gude?
Or is't that ye greet for your young blude?

"Or am I nae fair eneugh for thee?"
"It's gudes or gear they reckna me;
Fu' little thro' my young blude I dree,
And Ulrich is fair eneugh for me."

"Up on that fir sae fair and lang
Eleven young ladies I saw hang—"
"O Annie, dear Annie, that did ye see?
How soon sall ye the twelfthen be!"

"And sall I then the twelfthen be?
To cry three cries then grant ye me!"
The firsthen cry that she cried there,
She cried upon her father dear;

The nexten cry that she did cry,
She cried to her dear Lord on high;
And the thirthen cry she cried sae still,
Her youngest brither she cried untill.

Her brither sat at the cule red wine;
The cry it cam thro' his window hyne;
"O hear ye, hear ye, my brethren a',
How my sister cries thereout i' the shaw!"

"O Ulrich, Ulrich, gude-brither mine,
Whare hast thou youngest sister mine?"

"Up there upon that linden green,
The dark-brown silk ye may see her spin."

"Whareto are thy shoon wi' blude sae red?"

* * * * *

"Well may the red blood be on my shoe,
For I hae shot a young turtle dow."

"The turtle dōw that ye shot there,
That turtle dōw did my mither bear."

* * * * *

It's deep in the greaf dear Annie was laid;
Fause Ulrich was high on the wheel display'd.
O'er Annie the cherubim sweetly sung;
O'er Ulrich croak'd the ravens young.

It will be amusing to compare this traditional fragment with "A merry ballad of the
Hawthorn Tree," in Ritschl's *Antiken Songs*, p. 46, and in the new Edition of Evans's
Ballads, vol. i. p. 342.

Es wollt ein mädchen töpferischen gah
Woll in die grüne heide.
Wo es fand sie da am weg stehnd
Ein korn, die war grüne, &c.

A LASSIE gailt out a rose-gathering
I the greenwood a' her lane;
And she fand by the gate a hazel tree
Was growing fresh and green.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow, my hazel dear,
How comes that ye're so green?"
"O thank ye, thank ye, maiden gay,
How comes that ye're so green?"

THE MAIDEN

AND

THE HASEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN IN HERDER'S VOLKSLIEDER, vol. I. p. 109,

AND DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN, p. 192.

It will be amusing to compare this traditional fragment with "A merry ballet of the Hawthorn Tree," in Ritson's Antient Songs, p. 46, and in the new Edition of Evans's Ballads, vol. I. p. 342.

*Es wollt ein mædchen rosenbrechen gehn
Wohl in die grüne heide.
Was fand sie da am wege stehn?
Ein hasel, die war grüne, &c.*

A LASSIE gaed out a rose-gathering
I' the greenwood a' her lane ;
And she fand by the gait a hasel tree
Was growing fresh and green.

" Gude morrow, gude morrow, my hazel dear,
How comes that ye're sae green ?"
" O thank ye, thank ye, maiden gay,
How comes that ye're sae sheen ?"

" I'll naething heal, but truly tell
How comes that I'm sae sheen ;
I eat white bread, and I drink red wine,
And that maks me sae sheen."

" Ye eat white bread, and ye drink red wine,
And that maks ye sae sheen ;
And the cauler dew fa's ilka morn on me,
And that maks me sae green."

" The cauler dew fa's ilka morn on ye,
And that maks ye sae green ;
But ance that a lassie her garland tines,
It's never found again."

" But the lassie that wishes her garland
To keep, maun bide at hame ;
Nor dance o'er late in the gloamin,
Nor gang to the greenwood her lane."

" O thank ye, thank ye, my hasel dear,
For the counsel ye hae gi'en ;
I mith danced o'er late i' the gloamin,
But now I'll bide at hame."

"I'll meeting here, but truly tell
How comes that I'm so shewn;
I eat white bread, and I drink red wine,
And that makes me so shewn."

"Ye eat white bread, and ye drink red wine,
And that makes ye so shewn;
And the counter dew is like a green
And that makes me so green."

CHILD AXELVOLD.

"The counter dew is like a green
And that makes ye so green;
But once that I kissed her garland ring,
It's never found."

WE consider this piece as a very favourable specimen of the old narrative ballad, equally simple, perspicuous, and satisfactory; where nothing seems to be wanting, and nothing redundant. The natural passions are sketched with a masterly and chaste hand, and the more interesting features are marked with such happy dexterity, that, in the successive scenes, as they pass in review before us, every thing seems to be alive, exactly in its place, and acting its proper part; and there is in the whole a propriety, neatness, and elegance, which is deserving of all approbation.

As one of the most affecting passages (where Child Axelvold's mother takes off her coronet) derives its beauty entirely from fashions and usages now little thought of in this country, it may not be improper here to subjoin some such account of them, as may tend to illustrate the text.

The MAIDEN CORONET, or tire for the head, although of various forms and qualities, according to the taste or condition of the wearer, was uniformly open at the top; and no one covered her head, till she had forfeited her right to wear the coronet, chaplet, garland, or

bandeau.¹ This was the case in many parts of Scotland, till within the last twenty or thirty years. The ballads and songs of the northern nations, as will be seen by the specimens we have produced, abound with allusions to this very antient usage; and every body in Scotland knows

“The lassie lost her silken snood;

A-puing o’ the bracken.”²

Of the coronets worn by the peasant girls in Livonia, Courland, Esthonia, Lithuania, &c., a curious assortment has been sent me by my learned and zealous friend, the Reverend Gustav von Bergmann, pastor of Ruien, in Livonia; and some of them are very picturesque and elegant. The older ones, worn by brides on their wedding-day, are simple bandeaus of dyed horse-hair, curiously plaited, diversified, and figured, which will be referred to elsewhere.³ The others are of cloth, silk, velvet, &c., tastefully ornamented with beads, spangles, gold and silver embroidery, precious stones, artificial emblematic flowers, &c.; and some raised before in form of a retroverted crescent, and tyed with a ribbon behind. One, which seemed of very antique workmanship, I have seen upon a Lithuanian damsel, which was a solid, radiated, open crown of gilt brass, lined with royal purple velvet, perfectly orbicular, resting upon the top of the head, (where the Scottish maidens used to wear the *cockernonie*,) and held on by a fillet tyed under the hair, which was plaited down the back, and adorned with a bunch of different-coloured ribbons at the end, as is the fashion all over that country, as well as in a great part of Russia. No entreaty could in-

¹ To this purpose is the Lettish (*Livonian*) metrical adage:

Visseem schihdeem mellas galvas

Visseem gnihdu pilnas;

Kurrai meitai mitschka galvā,

Ta irr veena mauka.

“Every Jew has black hair full of nits; the girl that wears a close cap is a w——.”

² See, in the subsequent part of this volume, the notes on “Sir Lave and Sir John.”

³ The ends of the hairs are turned inward, which makes it very uneasy, as no lining was originally allowed. The moral intended to be conveyed by this is simple and obvious.

duce her to part with it, although as much money was offered as might have been a temptation. But whatever were her reasons for prizing it so highly, they must have been good; and to give her coronet, for love or money, to a young man and a stranger, would have been a transaction of most inauspicious omen; so I left her, much more pleased with her scruples and her delicacy, than I could have been with the possession of the relic which I was so desirous to obtain.

This metal crown seems to be an humble relative of the golden one worn by the mother of Child Axelvold, which was probably substituted, in a more ostentatious age, by the richer Asiatics and their descendants, for the more simple, significant, and elegant garland of flowers, which the Greeks borrowed from them, or retained after their separation from them. This ornament the Greeks called *Μίτρη*, with an allusion, we suppose, to the radiated crown or circlet which surrounded the head of Mithra, the God of Fire, and to the *Apollinis infula*, and *σέμμα Διοῦ*, worn by his priests, and those who officiated in his sacrifices.—As Venus, as well as Freija, was originally the same as Mithra, that is, *the power of vivifying and fecundifying heat*; this crown was, at the first entrance upon her mysteries, dedicated by the bride to that goddess:

Τῇ Παφίῃ σεφάνουε, τῇ Παλλάδι τὴν πλοκαμίδα,
 Ἀρτέμιδι ζώνην ἄνθετο Καλλιρὼν
 Ἐυρετο γὰρ μνηστῆρα, τὸν ἠθέλε, καὶ λαχεν ἥβην
 Σώφρονα, καὶ τεκέων ἄρσεν ἔτικτε γένος.

Agath. apud Sched. syngr. 1. c. 4.

“Callirhoe dedicated her coronet to *Venus*, her hair to *Minerva*, and her girdle to *Diana*; for she had found the suitor whom she loved; she had obtained the prudent youth; and becoming pregnant, she had brought forth a man-child.”

In this statement we have been the more particular, because the translators of the Greek poets, who abound with elegant allusions to the nuptial ceremony of taking off the bride's coronet, generally inter-

pret *μίτρη* by the *zone* or *girdle* (of plaited rushes,) which, among the Greeks and Romans, was not properly a *virgin zone*, because it was to be worn by the *wife*, till it became too short.

In later times, the unbinding the *coronet*, and unbuckling the *girdle*, in putting the bride to bed, were so nearly connected with each other, that the *zone* and *coronet* were sometimes put for each other, and *μίτρη* applied to the former, as in the *Argon.* of *Apoll. Rhod.* B. 1, l. 287:—

ὃ ἔπι μίτῳ

Μίτρην πρῶτον ἔλυσα καὶ ὕσατον.

This may be partly accounted for from the circumstance of the *zone* being otherwise related to the *coronet*, as an astronomical and mythical emblem.

The Jews still retain the usage of the nuptial coronet: “A mulieribus quoque et virginibus in peculiare cubiculum [sponsa] NON VELATO CAPITE, passis capillis deducitur; festivæ cantilenæ nuptiales coram illâ canuntur; illam in pulchro sedili collocant; crinem illi pectunt; capillosque in elegantes cirros et cincinnos distribuunt; magnificam vittam imponunt, &c.—Singularis est mulierum in hoc capillorum comtu lætitia, quam elegantibus cantilenis, saltatione, ludisque omne genus testantur, ut sponsam exhilarent: magno id enim habent loco, Deoque gratissimum et acceptissimum opus esse censent.”—See *Buxtorfi Synagoga Judaica, a B. filio aucta*, &c. 12mo. Basil. 1680, p. 629.

Writing “De honestate copulæ conjugalis,” among the Sveo-Goths of his time, Olaus Magnus, (Lib. xiii. c. x.) says: “Est et alia ratio continentiæ, quod die desponsationis suæ, coronata diademate imaginis Divæ Virginis (quod dono parochianorum pro tali effectu rema-

* Οὐ μὲν δὴρὸν ἔμελλεν ἔπ' ἀνδρὶ θυμὸν ἰαίνειν,
Οὐδ' ἄρα παρθενικὴν Μίτρην ἄχραντον ἔρυσθαι.

MÖSCH. EUROP. I. 73.

This is only one of many examples.

net,) incedere valeat [sponsa] inviolato pudore. Prætereà spe bonâ ducuntur, ut quæcunque sponsa tali diademate amicta fuerit, nunquam a fide marati fæcunditate prolis, et morum honestate confirmata discedet: imo ut hæc a Deo novi conjuges consequantur, doctrinâ parentum admoniti, per aliquot noctes et dies à carnalibus lasciviis sese refrenant. —

— “ Prætereà mos est, ut aliquot delicatiora fercula in lecto sedentibus nuptis exhibeantur, ut iis cum astantibus brevi morâ vescantur: tandemque, valedicentibus amicis, suâ pace fruuntur. Sequenti tamen die, nova nupta, CRINIBUS ABSCONSIS, affabili incessu convivis argenteos scyphos electiore liquore repletos, in signum quod materfamilias effecta sit, liberaliter propinat.”

Among Christians, Our Lady, the Queen of Heaven, was the successor of the Syrian Astarte, (who held in her hand a *crucifix*,) the Greek and Roman Venus, &c., and the Gothic Freija; and to Our Lady the maidens continued to dedicate their *virgin* garlands, as they had formerly done to her predecessor. This has been in a great measure done away by the zeal (whether discreet or otherwise) of the clergy; but a usage of so long standing had too fast a hold on the prejudices of the people to be easily abolished; and the walls of the country churches in Livonia and Courland still display multitudes of garlands and votive chaplets of flowers, ever-greens, and aromatic herbs, which, after having been carried to the grave on the coffins of the deceased, have been nailed up there by the parents, relatives, or lovers of *maidens* who have died in the parish. This pious offering, not being suspected of a heathen origin, has been indulged.

The Abbe Fortis informs us, that a Morlach girl, who has been convicted of having “lost her garland,” has her *mitre*, or *head tyre*, torn from her head in the church by the clergyman, in the presence of the whole congregation; and her hair is cut, in token of ignominy, by some relation;—a barbarous and indecent brutality, which, like our

* The learned archbishop informs us, that the newly-married wives were accustomed to sleep for several nights with a naked sword between them and their husbands.

cutty-stool, is much more likely to make the unfortunate object cease to be ashamed of vice, than to recall her to the ways of virtue.

In the island of Zlarine, near Sebenico, according to the same author, one of the bride-men (who by that time is generally intoxicated) must, at one blow, with his broad sword, strike the bride's chaplet of flowers off her head, before she is put to bed. This is to indicate the violence which is necessary before the lady will resign her virgin honours. The same farce¹ of violence, and a sham-fight between the friends of the parties in carrying off the bride, (as is the custom among the New Hollanders,) has long been in use, and is still kept up among many of the Vandal nations: "Moschovitæ autem, Rutheni, Lithuani, Livonienses, præsertim Curetes,² quos ritus maximè plebeïæ conditionis, in nuptiis celebrandis observent, matrimonia absque sponsalibus per raptum virginum saltem contrahunt.—Quicunque enim paganorum sive rusticorum, filius suus uxorem in animo habet, agnatos, cognatos, cæterosque vicinos in unum convocat, illisque talem isto in pago puellam nubilem versari, quam rapi, et suo filio in conjugem adduci proponit: hi commodum ad hoc tempus expectantes, ac tunc armati equites suo more unius ad edes conveniunt, posteaque ad eam rapiendam proficiscuntur. Puella autem, quoad matrimonii contractionem libera, ex insidiis operâ exploratorum ubi moretur per eos direpta, plurimum ejulando, opem consanguineorum amicorumque ad se liberandam implorat: quod si consanguinei vicinique clamorem istum exaudierint, ipso momento armati adcurrunt, atque pro eâ liberandâ prælium committunt, ut qui victores istâ pugnâ extiterint, his puella cadat." (Ol. Mag. Lib. xiiij. c. ix.)

The same writer informs us, that among the Swedes, at the marriages of the nobles, the *spear*, (an appendage also of the Roman *Juno*,) which was a necessary implement in the furniture of a marriage cham-

¹ This, 300 years ago, was no farce, and the contest was often a bloody one.

² The Curish and Livonian songs still retain the memory of this violent carrying off of the bride, which was *then* done without the consent of the party or her friends. It is *now* not permitted, because the poor *slave*, in marrying, must *now* not consult his own liking, but the will and convenience of his master. The *dead letter of the Law* says, "the slave is free to choose;" but who is to enforce the execution of such a law?

ber, was next morning thrown out of the window, in the sight of all the guests, to indicate that the arduous deed was now atchieved, and all violence between the parties at an end; at the same time that the bridegroom, to shew how well he was pleased with his choice, specified the *morning gift*, or jointure which he settled on his wife. This is the *morning gift* alluded to in "Skiön Anna,"* and which we frequently meet with, under the same name, in our antient laws and records.

At how early a period these indelicate indications of delicacy began, we will not pretend to say; but we consider their being found among the inhabitants of New Holland as at least a presumptive evidence, that they are among the oldest usages of which any traces are preserved; perhaps as old even as the fashion of uniformly walking on the hind legs.

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To be sung to its own pleasant Tune.

DET war lilla Lisa och hennes kjæra mor, :, :

Och begge så sutio de uti en bur.

Hä, hä, nä nä, det mä nu så gä;

Och begge, &c.

It was lyle Lisa and her dear mother,

And baith sae sat they in ae bower.

Ho ho, no no, that may now so go;

And baith, &c.

Och modren hon talte til kjære dottren sin : :, :

“Hwad ær det för mjölk du har i bröstena din?”

Hä hä, &c.

And the mother she tald till dear dother hers,

“What is that for milk thou hast in breastis thine?”

Ho ho, &c.

“Det ær wæl ingen mjölk, fast eder tyckes så;

Det ær af det mjöd som jag drak uti gär.”

“It is well nae milk, though ye think sae;

It is of the mead that I drank yesterday.”

Och modren slog dottren på blekröda kind :

“Skal du så swara kjær modren din ?

And the mother strack the dother upo' the blaiken'd-red cheek :

“Shalt thou sae answer dear mother thine ?

Och dig så skal jag nu basa med et ris;

Riddar Wal, den skal jag hænga på qwist.”

“And thee sae shall I now baste (beat) with a ryse (rod;)

Sir Wal, him shall I hang upo' a twist (branch.)”

Lilla Lisa sadlar up sin gängare grä ;
 Sä rider hon sig til Riddar Wals gärd.
Lyle Lisa saddles up her ganger (ambler) gray ;
Sae rides she her till Sir Wal's [castle-] yard.

Och nær hon kom fram til Riddar Wals gärd,
 Skjön Riddar Wal ute för henne dær stär.
And whan she cam on till Sir Wal's [castle-] yard,
Sheen (fair) Sir Wal out afore her there stands.

“ Min moder hon ær mig sä grymmelig wred,
 Hon hwarken hörer, ej heller hon ser.
“ My mother she is with me sae grimly wroth,
She neither hears, nor yet sees.

“ Och mig sä wil hon nu basa med ris :
 Skjöne Riddar Wal wil hon hænga pä qwist.”
“ And me sae will she baste with a ryse ;
Sheen Sir Wal will she hang upo' a twist.”

“ Ao horor och skjökor skal hon basa med ris ;
 Tufwar och skjælmar skal hon hænga pä qwist.”
“ O' whores and scouts shall she beat with a ryse ;
Thieves and skellums [rogues] shall she hang upo' a twist.”

Riddar Wal sadlar sä up sin gängare grä ;
 Sä lyfter han lilla Lisa deruppä.
Sir Wal saddles sae up his ganger (ambler) gray ;
Sae lifts he lyle Lisa thereupo'.

Sä rida de bægga bort til en grön lund ;
 Dær lyster lilla Lisa hwila en stund.
Sae ride they baith forth till a green lind (wood ;)
There lists lyle Lisa to rest a stound.

Sä rida de bægga, alt til en grön æng ;
 Dær lyster lilla Lisa at bædda en sæng.
Sae ride they baith, all till a green mead ;
There lists lyle Lisa to make a bed.

Riddar Wal han breder ut sin kappe blä;
 Så födde lilla Lisa sönnerna twä.
Sir Wal he spreads out his mantle blae;
Sae bare lyle Lisa sonnis twae.

“Och nog wet jag en rinnende brunn;—
 Ack! om jag hade watten i samma stund!”
“And [sure] eneugh weet I [o'] a rinning burn;—
Och! gin I had water i' [this] samen stound!”

Riddar Wal sadlar up sin gängare grä;
 Så rider han sig öfwer böljorna blä.
Sir Wal saddles up his ganger gray;
Sae rides he him over the billows (?) blae.¹

Och nær som han kom til en rinnande ström,
 Där satt en næktergal i et träd, som sjöng.
And whan that he cam till a rinning stream,
There sat a nightingale in a tree, that sang.

Han sjöng så mycket om både fruar och mör,
 Men aldramæst om lilla Lisa som war död.
He sang sae mickle about baith fres and mays;
But allermaist about lyle Lisa that was dead.

Riddar Wal han tjente den jungfru i tro;
 Och hæmtade watten i bægga sina skor.
Sir Wal he served the maiden in truth;
And hame took water i' baith his shoon.

Riddar Wal sadlar up sin gängare grä;
 Så rider han sig öfwer böljorna blä.
Sir Wal saddles up his ganger gray;
Sae rides he him over the billows (?) blae.

Han rider ju fortare æn fogel han flög,
 Til dess han kommer der lilla Lisa war död.
He rides, ay faster an (than) fowl he flies,
Till there he comes where lyle Lisa was dead.

¹ Perhaps green slopes or rising grounds.

Riddar Wal drager ut sit förgyllande swærd ;
 Dä satte han fæstet alt emot en sten.
Sir Wal draws out his glittering sword ;
Tho (then) set he the hilt all against a stane.

Sä at udden i hans bröste-ben nu der stod,
 Och der utrann bara idel kärleks-blod.”
 Hä hä, nä nä, det mä nu sä gö,
 Och der utrann bara idel kärleks-blod.
Sae at (that) the point in his breast-bane now it stood,
And there out ran barely (but) his pure lover's blood.”
 Ho ho, &c.

Having thus exhibited the Danish, Swedish, and Scotish ballad, as nearly as possible, in one point of view, we leave the reader to make comparisons, and draw conclusions for himself.

THE

WASSEL DANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 558.

*Det er i nat vaagè-nat,**(Der vaager hvo som vil)**Der kommè saa mangè til dandsen brat,**(Der vaager hun stolt Signelild under**saa gronnen Öe.)*

*The night is the night o' the wauk;**(There wauk may he that will;)**There's fiel come to dance and wassel mak,**(Whare wauks she, the proud Signelild,**under sae green an öe.)**Proud Signild speer'd at her mither right,**(There wauk, &c.)**"May I gae till the wauk the night?"**(Whare wauks, &c.)**"O what will ye at the wauk-house do,**But sister or brither to gang wi' you?"*

* This is the counterpart of "Hero Hogen and the Queen of Denmark" in this work.

“ Brither or gude-brither hae ye nane,
Nor gang ye to wauk ouse the night alane.”

That maiden fine has prigget sae lang,
Her mithers at last gae her leave to gang.

“ Thou gang, thou gang now, dochter mine,
But to nae wauk-house gangs mithers thine.

“ The King he is coming wi’ a’ his men;
Sae lyth my rede, and bide at hame.”

“ There comes the Queen wi’ her maries a’;
To talk wi’ them, mithers, lat me fa.”

She to the green wood her way has tane,
And she is till the wauk-house gane.

Afore she wan the green strath o’er,
The Queen was gane to bed in her bower.

Ere she to the castell yett can win,
The wassel dance it was begun.

There danced all the Kingis men,
And the king himsel he danced wi’ them.

The King raught out his hand sae free:
“ Fair maiden, will ye dance wi’ me ?”

“ I’m only come o’er the dale, to see
An the Danish queen can speak to me.”

“ Ye dance wi’ us a wee but fear,
And the Queen hersell will soon be here.”

Out stept Signild, jimp and sma;
The King gae’r his hand, and they danced awa’.

"Hear ye what, Signild, I say to thee;
A lay o' love ye maun sing to me."

"In lays o' love nae skill I hae,
But I'll sing anither the best I may."

Proud Signild can sing a sang wi' that;
This heard the Queen in her bower that sat.

This heard the Queen in her bower that lay:
"Whilk ane o' my ladies is singing sae?"

"Whilk ladies o' mine dance at this late hour?
Why didna they follow me up to my bower?"

Syne up spak a page in kirtle red:
"It's nane o' your ladies, I well ye rede;"

"Nae ane o' your ladies I reckon it be,
But it is proud Signild under öe."

"Ye bring my scarlet sae fine to me,
And I will forth this lady to see."

Whan she came till the castell yett,
The dance gaed sae merrily and sae feat.

Around and around they dancing gae;
The Queen she stood and saw the deray;
And bitter the pangs her heart did wring,
Whan she saw Signild dance wi' the King.

Its Sophi says till her bower-woman;
"Bring a horn o' wine sae swyth ye can;"

"A horn o' goud come hand to me,
And lat it wi' wine well filled be."

ber, was next morning thrown out of the window, in the sight of all the guests, to indicate that the arduous deed was now atchieved, and all violence between the parties at an end; at the same time that the bridegroom, to shew how well he was pleased with his choice, specified the *morning gift*, or jointure which he settled on his wife. This is the *morning gift* alluded to in "Skiön Anna,"¹ and which we frequently meet with, under the same name, in our antient laws and records.

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Och begge, &c.

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And baith, &c.

Och modren hon talte til kjære dottren sin : :, :

“Hwad ær det för mjölk du har i bröstena din?”

Hä hä, &c.

And the mother she tald till dear dother hers,

“*What is that for milk thou hast in breastis thine?*”

Ho ho, &c.

“Det ær wæl ingen mjölk, fast eder tyckes så;

Det ær af det mjöd som jag drak uti gär.”

“*It is well nae milk; though ye think sae;*

It is of the mead that I drank yesterday.”

Och modren slog dottren på blekröda kind :

“Skal du så swara kjær modren din ?

And the mother strack the dother upo' the blaiken'd-red cheek :

“*Shalt thou sae answer dear mother thine ?*

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 Hon hwarken hörer, ej heller hon ser.
“ My mother she is with me sae grimly wroth,
She neither hears, nor yet sees.

“ Och mig sä wil hon nu basa med ris :
 Skjöne Riddar Wal wil hon hænga på qwist.”
“ And me sae will she baste with a ryse ;
Sheen Sir Wal will she hang upo' a twist.”

“ Ao horor och skjökor skal hon basa med ris;
 Tufwar och skjælmars skal hon hænga på qwist.”
“ O' whores and scouts shall she beat with a ryse ;
Thieves and skellums [rogues] shall she hang upo' a twist.”

Riddar Wal sadlar sä up sin gängare grä ;
 Sä lyfter han lilla Lisa deruppå.
Sir Wal saddles sae up his ganger (ambler) gray ;
Sae lifts he lyle Lisa thereupo'.

Sä rida de bægga bort til en grön lund ;
 Där lyster lilla Lisa hwila en stund.
Sae ride they baith forth till a green lind (wood ;)
There lists lyle Lisa to rest a stound.

Sä rida de bægga, alt til en grön æng ;
 Där lyster lilla Lisa at bædda en sæng.
Sae ride they baith, all till a green mead ;
There lists lyle Lisa to make a bed.

Riddar Wal han breder ut sin kappe blä;
 Så födde lilla Lisa sönnerna twä.
Sir Wal he spreads out his mantle blae;
Sae bare lyle Lisa sonnis twae.

“Och nog wet jag en rinnende brunn;—
 Ack! om jag hade watten i samma stund!”
“And [sure] eneugh weet I [o'] a rinnin burn;—
Och! gin I had water i' [this] samen stound!”

Riddar Wal sadlar up sin gängare grä;
 Så rider han sig öfwer böljorna blä.
Sir Wal saddles up his ganger gray;
Sae rides he him over the billows (?) blae.¹

Och nær som han kom til en rinnande ström,
 Där satt en næktergal i et träd, som sjöng.
And whan that he cam till a rinnin stream,
There sat a nightingale in a tree, that sang.

Han sjöng så mycket om både fruar och mör,
 Men aldramæst om lilla Lisa som war död.
He sang sae mickle about baith fres and mays;
But allermaist about lyle Lisa that was dead.

Riddar Wal han tjente den jungfru i tro;
 Och hæmtade watten i bægga sina skor.
Sir Wal he served the maiden in truth;
And hame took water i' baith his shoon.

Riddar Wal sadlar up sin gängare grä;
 Så rider han sig öfwer böljorna blä.
Sir Wal saddles up his ganger gray;
Sae rides he him over the billows (?) blae.

Han rider ju fortare æn fogel han flög,
 Til dess han kommer der lilla Lisa war död.
He rides, ay faster an (than) fowl he flies,
Till there he comes where lyle Lisa was dead.

¹ Perhaps green slopes or rising grounds.

Riddar Wal drager ut sit förgyllande swærd ;
 Dä satte han fæstet alt emot en sten.
Sir Wal draws out his glittering swærd ;
Tho (then) set he the hilt all against a stane.

Sä at udden i hans bröste-ben nu der stod,
 Och der utrann bara idel kärleks-blod."
 Hä hä, nä nä, det mä nu sä Gä,
 Och der utrann bara idel kärleks-blod.
Sae at (that) the point in his breast-bane now it stood,
And there out ran barely (but) his pure lover's blood."
 Ho ho, &c.

Having thus exhibited the Danish, Swedish, and Scotch ballad, as nearly as possible, in one point of view, we leave the reader to make comparisons, and draw conclusions for himself.

THE

WASSEL DANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 558.

*Det er i nat vaagè-nat,**(Der vaager hvo som vil)**Der kømmè saa mangè til dandsen brat,**(Der vaager hun stolt Signelild under**saa grønne Æ.)*

*THE night is the night o' the wauk;**(There wauk may he that will;)**There's fiel come to dance and wassel mak,**(Whare wauks she, the proud Signelild,**under sae green an òe.)**Proud Signild speer'd at her mither right,**(There wauk, &c.)**" May I gae till the wauk the night ?"**(Whare wauks, &c.)**" O what will ye at the wauk-house do,**But sister or brither to gang wi' you ?*

* This is the counterpart of " Hero Hogen and the Queen of Denmark" in this work.

“ Brither or gude-brither hae ye nane,
Nor gang ye to wauk ouse the night alane.”

That maiden fine has prigget sae lang,
Her mither at last gae her leave to gang.

“ Thou gang, thou gang now, dochter mine,
But to nae wauk-house gangs mither thine.

“ The King he is coming wi’ a’ his men ;
Sae lyth my rede, and bide at hame.”

“ There comes the Queen wi’ her maries a’ ;
To talk wi’ them, mither, lat me fa.”

She to the green wood her way has tane,
And she is till the wauk-house gane.

Afore she wan the green strath o’er,
The Queen was gane to bed in her bower.

Ere she to the castell yett can win,
The wassel dance it was begun.

There danced all the Kingis men,
And the king himsel he danced wi’ them.

The King raught out his hand sae free :
“ Fair maiden, will ye dance wi’ me ?”

“ I’m only come o’er the dale, to see
An the Danish queen can speak to me.”

“ Ye dance wi’ us a wee but fear,
And the Queen hersell will soon be here.”

Out stept Signild, jimp and sma ;
The King gae’r his hand, and they danced awa’.

“Hear ye what, Signild, I say to thee;
A lay o’ love ye maun sing to me.”

“In lays o’ love nae skill I hae,
But I’ll sing anither the best I may.”

Proud Signild can sing a sang wi’ that;
This heard the Queen in her bower that sat.

This heard the Queen in her bower that lay:
“Whilk ane o’ my ladies is singing sae?”

“Whilk ladies o’ mine dance at this late hour?
Why didna they follow me up to my bower?”

Syne up spak a page in kirtle red:
“It’s nane o’ your ladies, I well ye rede;

“Nae ane o’ your ladies I reckon it be,
But it is proud Signild under öe.”

“Ye bring my scarlet sae fine to me,
And I will forth this lady to see.”

Whan she came till the castell yett,
The dance gaed sae merrily and sae feat.

Around and around they dancing gae;
The Queen she stood and saw the deray;
And bitter the pangs her heart did wring,
Whan she saw Signild dance wi’ the King.

Its Sophi says till her bower-woman;
“Bring a horn o’ wine sae swyth ye can;

“A horn o’ goud come hand to me,
And lat it wi’ wine well filled be.”

The King raught out his hand sae free :
 " Will ye, Sophia, dance wi' me ?"

" To dance wi' thee nor can I nor will,
 'Less first proud Signild drink me till."

She hent the horn, and she drank sae free :—
 Her heart it brast, and dead fell she.

Lang luikit the King in speechless wae,
 As dead at his feet the maiden lay :

" Sae young and sae fair ! wae, wae is me,
 Thy dowie sakeless wierd to see !"

Sair grat the women and maries there
 As intill the kirk her like they bare

Had she but lythit her mither's rede,
 (*There wauk may he that will,*)
 That maiden she never sae ill had sped,
 (*Whare wauks she, the proud Signelild,*
under sae green an öe.)

*** The name of Sophia, Queen of Denmark, is rather an evidence of the antiquity of this piece than otherwise. In a modern production, the subject of which is fresh in the memory of every one, the author is likely to be faithful, at least, to the names and designations of the actors ; but in very old popular tales, the reciters are apt to appropriate the most distinguished parts to characters which have made a figure in their neighbourhood a century or two ago, and whose names are still in the mouths of the people.

OLUF PANT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 745.

*Oluf Pant hand sidder paa Korsöer-huus,**Og drikker med sinè svenne ;**At de faa dem et fuld godt ruus,**Saa de sig ei kunde temme.**(Oluf Pant hin vennè,**Med sinè svenne,**De monne saa sorgelig kvide.)*

OLUF Pant he sits in Korsöer-house,

A-drinking wi' his men ;

And merrily drink they and carouse,

Till themselves they downa tame.

*(Oluf Pant the bonny,**Wi' a' his menyie,**They maun a' sae sorry and wae be !)*

“ My service now will ye forleet,

And lose baith meat and fee ;

Or follow me swyth to Gerlev,

For a lemman there to see ?”

(Oluf Pant the bonny, &c.)

His service nane wad there forleet,
 Amang his merry-men a',
 Nor langer while deval, but till
 They took their steeds frae the sta'.

He's bidden them saddle the bonniest steed
 They in the sta' can find:
 "Mat Burmand's be our host the night,
 As he this while sall mind!"

Sae on they've ridden to Studèby,
 Thro' wood and shaw in haste;
 Tygè Olesen stood i' the cauler air,
 And bade them in to guest.

It was then Rich Oluf Pant
 Rade up till Gerlev yett;
 His steed that day, the sooth to say,
 Full proudly did curvett.*

He rade intill Mat Burmand's yard,
 Well wrapt in vair sae gay;
 And out the husbande he could come,
 All in his kirtle gray.

"Thou shalt lend us thy house the night,
 And mak us bierdly cheer;
 But and gie us thy huswife swyth,
 Or I sall fell thee here."

"Gin I lend you my house the night,
 And mak ye bierdly cheer;
 But and gie you my huswife swyth,
 'Twill gang my heart right near."

* In the Danish it is, "his steed sprang like a *magpie*, (skade,") or a *skate*, for the word signifies both.

Their steeds he's till the stable led ;
 Gien them baith corn and hay ;
 And merrily they to the chalmer gang,
 To talk wi' huswife and may.

The husbande turn'd him snell about,
 All in his kirtle gray,
 And he has sought the gainest gate
 To Andershaw that lay.

Oluf Mortensen, that gude prior,
 Speer'd at the husbande right,
 "What has befa'n that thee has drawn
 Up here sae late the night?"

"O sad's my teen and unforeseen ;
 Oluf Pant is in my hame ;
 But him and his rout I may drive out,
 My wife is brought to shame."

'Twas then the gude Prior Oluf Mortensen
 O'er a' the house can ca',
 "Up, up in haste, and swythe do on
 Your brynies, my merry-men a' !

"Swyth busk ye weel frae crown to heel
 I' your gear, as best ye may ;
 Oluf Pant to cow will be nae mow ;
 We'll find nae bairns play.

"And hye, thou luckless husbande, hame,
 And lock thy dogs up weel ;
 And keep a' quiet as ye may ;—
 We'll tread close at your heel."

Buskit and boun the stout Prior
 Till Burmand's yard he rade :

Now God in Heaven his help mat be;—
 Oluf Pant he draws his blade!

Oluf Mortensen at the door gaed in,
 In a grim and angry mood;
 Oluf Pant lap lightly till his legs,
 And up afore him stood.

“Wha bade thee here till Gerlev-town,
 Wi’ my husbände leal to guest?
 Up, up, to horse, and swyth be gone,
 Or thou’s find a bitter feast.”

Oluf Pant wi’ that gan smile aneath
 His cleading o’ towsy vair,
 And, “They are mine as well as thine,”
 He saftly whisper’d there.

Swyth out the Prior drew his sword;
 He scorn’d to flinch or flee;
 The light in the chandler Oluf Pant put out,
 And wi’ Helenè fight maun he.

I’ the hen-bauks up Oluf Pant he crap;
 There he was nagate fain:
 The Prior took tent whareas he sat,
 And in blood-bath laid him then.¹

Sae they the rich Oluf Pant hae slain,
 And his men a’, three times three,
 A’ but the silly little foot-page,
 And to him his life they gie.

¹ Oluf Pant was slain in the year 1397. The Pants were a noble family in Denmark; and I find (says the Danish editor) from the book of genealogy, that the Prior of Andershaw was called *Jep* Mortensen, and was an Jernskeggè. Michel Petersen Jernskeg was from Erling, which is now called Birkholm.

ROSMER HAF-MAND, OR THE
MER-MAN ROSMER.

WHEN on a former occasion, "in Popular Ballads and Songs," vol. ii. p. 282, the present writer laid before the public a translation of the first ballad of "Rosmer," he expressed an opinion that this was the identical romance quoted by Edgar in "King Lear," which in Shakespeare's time was well-known in England, and is still preserved, in however mutilated a state, in Scotland. Having the outline of the story so happily sketched to his hand, it would have required no very great exertion of talents or industry for one exercised in these studies, to have presented this Romance in a poetical dress, far more correct and generally engaging, than that in which it can be expected to be found; but, as he accounts an original, however imperfect, which bears the genuine marks of the age which produced it, and of the taste of those who have preserved it, much more interesting to the historian or antiquary, than any mere modern tale of the same kind, however artfully constructed, he has preferred subjoining the Scottish legend *in puris naturalibus*, in the hope that the publication of it may be the means of exciting curiosity, and procuring a more perfect copy of this singular relic.

* * * * *

[" King Arthur's sons o' merry Carlisle]
Were playing at the ba' ;
And there was their sister Burd Ellen,
I' the mids amang them a'.

" Child Rowland kick'd it wi' his foot,
And keppit it wi' his knee ;
And ay, as he play'd out o'er them a',
O'er the kirk he gar'd it flee.

" Burd Ellen round about the isle
To seek the ba' is gane ;
But they bade lang and ay langer,
And she camena back again.

" They sought her east, they sought her west,
They sought her up and down ;
And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle]
For she was nae gait found !"

At last her eldest brother went to the Warluck Merlin, (*Myrddin Wyldt*), and asked if he knew where his sister, the fair burd Ellen, was? " The fair burd Ellen," said the Warluck Merlin, " is carried away by the fairies, and is now in the castle of the king of Elfland ; and it were too bold an undertaking for the stoutest knight in Christendome to bring her back." " Is it possible to bring her back," said her brother, " and I will do it, or perish in the attempt." " Possible indeed it is," said the Warluck Merlin ; " but woe to the man or mother's son who attempts it, if he is not well instructed beforehand of what he is to do."

Inflamed no less by the glory of such an enterprise, than by the desire of rescuing his sister, the brother of the fair burd Ellen resolved

to undertake the adventure ; and after proper instructions from Merlin (which he failed in observing,) he set out on his perilous expedition.

“ But they bade lang and ay langer,
Wi’ dout and mickle maen ;
And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle,
For he camena back again.”

The second brother in like manner set out ; but failed in observing the instructions of the Warluck Merlin ; and

“ They bade lang and ay langer,
Wi’ mickle dout and maen ;
And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle,
For he camena back again.”

Child Rowland, the youngest brother of the fair burd Ellen, then resolved to go ; but was strenuously opposed by the good queen [Gwenevra,] who was afraid of losing all her children.

At last the good queen [Gwenevra] gave him her consent and her blessing ; he girt on (in great form, and with all due solemnity of sacerdotal consecration) his father’s good *claymore* [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and repaired to the cave of the Warluck Merlin. The Warluck Merlin gave him all necessary instructions for his journey and conduct, the most important of which were, that he should kill every person he met with after entering the land of Fairy, and should neither eat nor drink of what was offered him in that country, whatever his hunger or thirst might be ; for if he tasted or touched in Elfland, he must remain in the power of the Elves, and never see *middle eard* again.

So Child Rowland set out on his journey, and travelled “ on and ay farther on,” till he came to where (as he had been forewarned by the War-

luck Merlin) he found the king of Elfland's horse-herd feeding his horses. "Canst thou tell me," said Child Rowland to the horse-herd, "where the king of Elfland's castle is?"—"I cannot tell thee," said the horse-herd; "but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the cow-herd, and he perhaps may tell thee." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the horse-herd. Child Rowland then went on a little farther, till he came to the king of Elfland's cow-herd, who was feeding his cows. "Canst thou tell me," said Child Rowland to the cow-herd, "where the king of Elfland's castle is?"—"I cannot tell thee," said the cow-herd; "but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the sheep-herd, and he perhaps may tell thee." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the cow-herd. He then went on a little farther, till he came to the sheep-herd. * * * *

[*The sheep-herd, goat-herd, and swine-herd are all, each in his turn, served in the same manner; and lastly he is referred to the hen-wife.*]

"Go on yet a little farther," said the hen-wife, till thou come to a round green hill surrounded with rings (*terraces*) from the bottom to the top; go round it three times *widershins*, and every time say, "Open, door! open, door! and let me come in; and the third time the door will open, and you may go in." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the hen-wife. Then went he three times *widershins* round the green hill, crying, "Open door! open, door! and let me come in;" and the third time the door opened, and he went in. It immediately closed behind him; and he proceeded through a long passage, where the air was soft and agreeably warm like a May evening, as is all the air of Elfland. The light was a sort of twilight or gloaming; but there were neither windows nor candles, and he knew not whence it came, if it was not from the walls and roof, which were rough and arched like a

grotto, and composed of a clear and transparent rock, incrustated with *sheeps-silver* and spar, and various bright stones. At last he came to two wide and lofty folding-doors, which stood a-jar. He opened them, and entered a large and spacious hall, whose richness and brilliance no tongue can tell. It seemed to extend the whole length and height of the hill. The superb Gothic pillars by which the roof was supported were so large and so lofty (said my seannachy,) that the pillars of the Chanry Kirk, or of Pluscardin Abbey, are no more to be compared to them, than the Knock of Alves is to be compared to Balrinnies or Ben-a-chi. They were of gold and silver, and were fretted like the west window of the Chanry Kirk,* with wreaths of flowers composed of diamonds and precious stones of all manner of beautiful colours. The key-stones of the arches above, instead of coats of arms and other devices, were ornamented with clusters of diamonds in the same manner. And from the middle of the roof, where the principal arches met, was hung by a gold chain, an immense lamp of one hollowed pearl, perfectly transparent, in the midst of which was suspended a large carbuncle, that by the power of magic continually turned round, and shed over all the hall a clear and mild light like the setting sun; but the hall was so large, and these dazzling objects so far removed, that their blended radiance cast no more than a pleasing lustre, and excited no other than agreeable sensations in the eyes of Child Rowland.

The furniture of the hall was suitable to its architecture; and at the farther end, under a splendid canopy, seated on a gorgeous sopha of velvet, silk, and gold, and “Kembing her yellow hair wi’ a silver kemb,”

“There was his sister burd Ellen;
She stood up him before.”

* The cathedral of Elgin naturally enough furnished similes to a man who had never in his life been twenty miles distant from it.

Says,

“ God rue on thee, poor luckless fode !^{*}

What hast thou to do here ?

“ And hear ye this, my youngest brither,

Why badena ye at hame ?

Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,

Ye canna brook ane o’ them.

“ And sit thou down ; and wae, O wae

That ever thou was born ;

For come the king o’ Elfland in,

Thy leccam² is forlorn !”

A long conversation then takes place ; Child Rowland tells her the news [of merry Carlisle,] and of his own expedition ; and concludes with the observation, that, after his long and fatiguing journey to the castle of the king of Elfland, he is *very hungry*.

Burd Ellen looked wistfully and mournfully at him, and shook her head, but said nothing. Acting under the influence of a magic which she could not resist, she arose, and brought him a golden bowl full of bread and milk, which she presented to him with the same timid, tender, and anxious expression of solicitude.

Remembering the instructions of the Warluck Merlin, “ Burd Ellen,” said Child Rowland, “ I will neither taste nor touch till I have set thee free !” Immediately the folding-doors burst open with tremendous violence, and in came the king of Elfland,

“ With “ *fi, fi, fo, and fum !*

I smell the blood of a Christian man !

Be he dead, be he living, wi’ my brand

I’ll clash his harns frae his harn-pan !”

“ Strike, then, Bogle of Hell, if thou darest !” exclaimed the undaunt-

^{*} Fode—*man*.

² Leccam—*body*.

ed Child Rowland, starting up, and drawing the good claymore [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain.

A furious combat ensued, and the king of Elfland was felled to the ground; but Child Rowland spared him on condition that he should restore to him his two brothers, who lay in a trance in a corner of the hall, and his sister, the fair burd Ellen. The king of Elfland then produced a small crystal phial, containing a bright red liquor, with which he anointed the lips, nostrils, eye-lids, ears, and finger-ends¹ of the two young men, who immediately awoke as from a profound sleep, during which their souls had quitted their bodies, and they had seen &c. &c. &c.—So they all four returned in triumph to [merry Carlisle.]

Such was the rude outline of the Romance of Child Rowland, as it was told to me when I was about seven or eight years old, by a country tailor then at work in my father's house. He was an ignorant and dull good sort of honest man, who seemed never to have questioned the truth of what he related. Where the *et cæteras* are put down, many curious particulars have been omitted, because I was afraid of being deceived by my memory, and substituting one thing for another. It is right also to admonish the reader, that "The Warluck Merlin—Child Rowland—and Burd Ellen," were the only *names* introduced in *his* recitation; and that the others inclosed within brackets are assumed upon the authority of the locality given to the story by the mention of *Merlin*. In every other respect I have been as faithful as possible.

It was recited in a sort of formal, drowsy, measured, monotonous recitative, mixing prose and verse, in the manner of the Islandic Sagas; and as is still the manner of reciting tales and *fabulas aniles* in the winter evenings, not only among the Islanders, Norwegians, and

¹ This anointing the seats of the five senses seems borrowed from the sacrament of *extreme unction* in the Catholic church; but *extreme unction* (with blood,) *lustration by water*, the *sign of the cross*, *breaking of bread* and *drinking of wine*, &c. were in use among the Goths long before the introduction of Christianity; and the *Mitres* of our bishops are lineally descended from the radiated turbans of the priests of *Mithra*, the Persian God of the Sun.—The *Rosary* is used by the followers of *Lama*, among the Kalmucks, &c.

Swedes, but also among the Lowlanders in the North of Scotland, and among the Highlanders and Irish. This peculiarity, so far as my memory could serve me, I have endeavoured to preserve; but of the *verses* which have been introduced, I cannot answer for the exactness of any, except the stanza put into the mouth of the king of Elfland, which was indelibly impressed upon my memory, long before I knew any thing of Shakespeare, by the odd and whimsical manner in which the tailor curled up his nose, and sniffed all about, to imitate the action which “fi, fi, fo, and fum!”¹ is intended to represent.

Pleased with the fire which his tales struck from me, as well as teased by my indefatigable importunity and endless questions, as I sat on a *creepy*² by his knee, my good Seannachy let me into the following secrets in the natural history of Elfland, which I can still find as interesting as I did thirty years ago, although for somewhat different reasons.

“You have seen,” said he, “on a fine day in the *go-harst*³ (post-autumnal season) when the fields are cleared, a number of cattle from different farms collected together, running about in a sort of phrensy, like pigs boding windy weather; capering, leaping, bellowing, and goring one another, as if they were possessed, although there is no visible cause for such disorder.

“If, at such a time, you were to look through an elf-bore in wood, where a *thorter knot* (the knarry end of a branch) has been taken out, or through the hole made by an elf-arrow, (*which has probably been made by a warble*) in the skin of a beast that has been elf-shot,⁴ you may see the elf-bull *haiging* (butting) with the strongest bull or ox in

¹ I question whether any of our actors on the stage now understand this ejaculation, if it may be so called, so well as my Seannachy did.

² “Creepy,” short-legged stool.

³ It is pity that this word is not English, as we have none to supply its place.

⁴ In his notes upon the ballad of Sir Oluf and the Elf King’s Daughter, (of which a translation will be found in “Popular Ballads and Songs,” vol. i. p. 219,) the Editor of the K. Viser says, that Sir Oluf was “Elf-shot.”

the herd ; but you will never see with that eye again.—Many a man has lost his sight in this manner !¹

“ The elf-bull is small, compared with earthly bulls, of a mouse-colour ; *mosted* (crop-eared,) with short *corky* horns ; short in the legs ; long, round, and *slamp* (supple) in the body, like a wild animal ; with short, sleek, and glittering hair, like an otter ; and supernaturally active and strong. They most frequently appear near the banks of rivers ; eat much green corn in the night time ; and are only to be got rid of by, &c. &c. (*certain spells which I have forgot.*)

“ A certain farmer, who lived near the banks of a river, had a cow that never was known to admit an earthly bull ; but every year, in a certain day in the month of May, she regularly quitted her pasture, walked slowly along the banks of the river, till she came opposite to a small holm covered with bushes ; then entered the river,² and waded or swam to the holm, where she continued for a certain time, after which she again returned to her pasture. This went on for several years, and every year, after the usual time of gestation, she had a calf. They were all alike, mouse-coloured, mosted, with corky horns, round and long bodied, grew to a good size, and were remarkably docile, strong, and useful, and all ridgels.³ At last, one forenoon about Martinmas, when the corn was all “ under thack and raip,” as the farmer sat with his family by the *ingle-side*, they began to talk about killing their *Yule Mart*. “ Hawkie,” said the gude-man, “ is fat and sleek ; she has had an easy life, and a good goe of it all her days, and has been a good

¹ Here, among many others of the same kind, he specified one instance of a man of his own acquaintance who lost the sight of an eye in consequence of looking through an *elf-bore*. “ It is true,” said he, “ the man himself always denied it, from the fear of the vengeance of the fairies, but every body knew that he lost it in that way.”—Such is the power of credulity in forcing evidence for its own delusion !—There was no danger of my Seanachy putting his eye-sight in jeopardy by such a rash indulgence of curiosity.

² In the southern counties of Scotland, this story, or one very similar, has been peculiarly appropriated to Saint Mary’s Loch, in Selkirkshire.

³ This is a fortunate circumstance for the fabulist, as otherwise the ceremony of castration, by obliging the steers to declare themselves too soon, would have quite spoiled the story.

cow to us ; for she has filled the plough and all the stalls in the *byre* with the finest steers in this country side ; and now I think we may afford to pick her old bones, and so she shall be the *Mart* !"—

The words were hardly uttered, when Hawkie, who was in the byre beyond the *hallan*, with her whole bairn-time, tyed by their *thrammels* to their stalls, walked out through the side of the byre with as much ease as if it had been made of brown paper ; turned round on the midding-head ; lowed once upon each of her calves ; then set out, they following her in order, each according to his age, along the banks of the river ; entered it ; reached the holm ; disappeared among the bushes ; and neither she nor they were ever after seen or heard of. The farmer and his sons, who had with wonder and terror viewed this phenomenon from a distance, returned with heavy hearts to their house, and had little thought of Marts or merriment for that year."

The foregoing tale will be found in the unpublished MS. of the late Mr Boucher of Epsom's Glossary, as it was furnished by the present writer, who was then altogether unacquainted with the following tragical and curious history of an elf-bull, in "Eyrbyggiasaga," published in 4to., in Copenhagen, by the learned Professor G. J. Thorkelin, in 1787, p. 317, who with much probability supposes it to be of a date anterior to 1264.

"It was milking-time, about nine in the evening, when Thoroddr returned ; and as he rode towards the stable, a cow, running before him, broke her foot. The cow, which was *yeld*, was taken ; and, being too lean to be slaughtered, Thoroddr caused her foot to be bound up ; and, as soon as it was strong enough, she was sent to Ulfarsfell to be fattened, as the pasture there was as good as on the holms. There are some who say that the islanders, when carrying their dried fish to the inner part of the creek, saw with the cow, as she was feeding upon the side of the fell, a strange bull of a mouse-colour, that nobody knew. Next autumn Thoroddr thought of killing the cow ; but those who were sent to fetch her could no where find her. After much search

to no purpose, they at last gave her up for lost, supposing she must have been either dead or stolen. A little before the *Yule*-time, one morning as the neat-herd at Koerstead was going as usual to the cow-house, he saw the broken-footed cow, that had been so industriously sought for, standing before the door. Turning her into the cow-house, and tying her up, he carried the news to Thoroddr, who, entering the cow-house, and viewing and handling the cow, discovered that she was with calf, and therefore not fit for a mart, especially as he had flesh enough besides for his family. About the end of the following spring, she had a *quey*-calf, and shortly after a bull-calf, which was so large that she died soon after calving. This large bull-calf was brought into the house, and was of a mouse-colour, and seemed well worth preserving. When the calves were carried into the room, there happened to be present an old *Kerling* (*sic. in orig.*) who had been foster-mother to Thoroddr, and was now become blind. In her younger days she had been reputed to have the second sight; but as she grew old, her predictions were regarded as the ravings of dotage, although many of them were verified by the events. The calf, with his legs bound, being laid on the floor, bellowed aloud, on which the Kerling, in the greatest terror, cried out, "That is the low of an Elf's imp, and of no earthly creature; and you will do well to destroy it immediately!" Thoroddr said it would be a pity to kill such a fine calf, which, if properly taken care of, must turn out an excellent steer. The calf then lowed a second time; on which the Kerling threw away what she had in her hand, and said, "My bairn! let the calf be killed; for if he is brought up, we shall all one day have great cause to rue it." "Well, nurse, since you will have it so," said Thoroddr, "he shall be killed." Both calves were then taken out of the room, and Thoroddr gave orders to kill the *quey*, and carry the bull into the barn, to be brought up, with strict injunctions that nobody should undeceive the old nurse. This calf grew so fast, that before spring he was full as large as those that had been calved several months before him. When let out, he ran very much about the meadow, and roared like a full-grown bull, so loud that it was heard in the house. Then the Kerling said,

“As this monster is not killed, he will assuredly do us more mischief than words can express!”—The calf grew a-pace, and that summer was turned into a field of saved grass; and by autumn, he was so large that few year-olds could match him. He was well-horned, and of all the cattle the most sleek and beautiful to see, and was thence called *Glæsir*. Before he was two years old he was as large as a five-year-old ox; fed mostly among the cows, not far from the house; and as often as Thoroddr went into the fold, Glæsir went up and smelled him, and licked his cloaths, and Thoroddr patted him. He was gentle as a lamb both to men and cattle; but when he roared, it was tremendous, and the old woman never heard it without expressing the greatest consternation and horror. When Glæsir was four years old, if women, or children, or striplings, went near him, he took no notice of them; but if men passed, he chafed and threatened, and was so surly and unruly that he would hardly suffer himself to be driven out of the way.”

[Glæsir continuing to be unmanageable, and to roar as terribly as ever, Thoroddr, moved by the continual warnings and apprehensions of his nurse, promises in good earnest to slaughter him next autumn, as soon as he should be fat enough. But the old *spæ-wife* tells him that it will be too late; and breaks forth into a vehement, prophetic, and poetical rapture, in strains which, far from resembling those of Cassandra, except in their inefficacy, were perfectly perspicuous and to the point.]

“So it fell out, that same summer, that one day after Thoroddr had got the hay in a hay-field raked together, and made up into cocks, there fell a great deal of rain. Next morning the servants going out, observed Glæsir in the hay-field, disencumbered from the board which, since he became vicious, had been fastened upon his horns, running about, overturning the cocks, and scattering the hay all over the field, which he had never been accustomed to do; at the same time that his roarings and bellowings so terrified the servants, that no one durst venture to go and drive him away. On their telling Thoroddr what Glæsir was at, he ran out, and snatching up a large birchen stake by the

two forks, hastened into the field, with it over his shoulder, to attack the bull. Glæsir, seeing this, desisted from the havoc which he was making, and advanced to meet him, regardless of his threats, and the noise he made to intimidate him. On this Thoroddr struck him so hard between the horns, that the stake broke short close by the forks. Glæsir then rushed upon Thoroddr, who, seizing him by the horns, turned his head aside; and in this manner they struggled for some time; Glæsir always striking, and Thoroddr avoiding, till the latter began to be fatigued. Then Thoroddr leaped upon his neck, and leaning over between his horns, clasped his hands under his throat, which he gripped with all his might, in hopes of stifling him, or tiring him out; and in this manner the bull ran about the field, carrying him upon his neck.

“The servants seeing their master in such danger, and, being weaponless, not daring to interfere, ran home to arm themselves, and returned with spears and other weapons. When the bull saw that, he stooped his head between his legs, and shook it till he got one of his horns under Thoroddr, then raised it with a jerk so suddenly, that he threw up Thoroddr’s legs, so that he stood almost upon his head upon the bull’s neck. When his legs fell down again, Glæsir stooped his head once more, and struck him with his other horn in the belly, goring him so that he let go his hold, and the bull, roaring tremendously, ran along the meadow towards the river. The servants pursued him through a ravine of the mountain called Geirvaur, till he reached a fen below the farm-stead of Hello, where he ran into a pool, dived, and never after came up again; and ever since, the fen has been called Glæsiskellda.—Returning to the house, they found Thoroddr dead of his wound.”

This idea of peopling the subterraneous and submarine regions, not only with supernatural men and women, but with beasts also, which indulge in frequent intercourse with those of our element, is found in Arabia, Persia, India, Thibet, among the Kalmuck and Mongol Tar-

tars, Swedes, Norwegians, Scottish Lowlanders, Highlanders, and Hebrilians; and it may, perhaps with more propriety than any other superstition, be denominated *Gothic*, (if the term is used in contradistinction to *Greek* and *Roman*,) because no distinct traces of it, it is presumed, are to be found among the latter, who seem to have lost sight of it. And here, as a justification of this gossiping, the present writer begs leave to remark, that almost all the superstitions and antient popular usages which are accounted national among us, particularly in the Highlands and Hebrides, are still found in various parts of Sweden and Norway. How far *these*, as well as the *language* and *poetry* of the Highlanders, have been affected by the residence of the Nor-men among them, may on some future occasion be the subject of inquiry, to which end measures have been taken for procuring ample materials from curious and learned friends in the university of Lund, with whom the writer's correspondence has at present been broken off, by the disastrous war in which these countries are unhappily involved. *

* This was written two years and a half ago.

THE
SECOND BALLAD
OF
ROSMER HAFMAND,

OR THE
MER-MAN ROSMER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 165,

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

*Buckè Been og Elfver Steen,
Og fleer kand jeg ickè nefnè,
De lodè sig byggè saa haard en Knar;
Til Island monnè de stefnè.
(Jeg bryder aldrig min tro.)*

Bow-HOUGHs and Elfin-stane,
And fiel mair I canna name,
They loot them bigg sae stark a ship;
Till Island maun they stem.
(*I never will break my troth.*)

They shot the ship out in the brim
That bremm'd like an angry bear:

The WHITE GOOSE¹ sank ; the laidly elves
 Loot her rise up nae mair.
 (*I never, &c.*)

'Twas then the young Child Roland,
 He sought on the sea ground,
 And leading untill Eline's bower,
 A little green sty he found.

Roland gaed to the castell ;—
 He saw the red fire flee :
 " Now come o' me whatso God will,
 It's here that I maun be."

And it was the Child Roland,
 Intill the court rade² he,
 And there stood his sister proud Eline,
 In menevair sae free.

And Roland into the castel came :
 His hands he downa steer :
 " God rue on thee, poor luckless fode,
 What hast thou to do here ?"

This Eline was to him unkent :
 " What for soe'er thou came,
 What so thy letter or errand be,
 Would thou had bidden at hame !

" And gae thou till that chalmer in,
 Sae frozen wat and haw ;
 But come the lang-shanks Ettin in,
 He'll rive thee in dugits sma.

" And sit thou down, thou luckless fode,
 And warm thou thy shin-bane ;

¹ The name of the ship.

² Orig. " Hand kom der ridendis i gaard."

But come the lang-shanks Ettin in,
He'll stick thee on this stane."

Hame cam Rosmer Lang-shanks,
And he was wroth and grim ;
" Sae well I wiss there's come in here
A christian woman or man !"

Proud Eline lyle is gane to him,
To win him as she dow :
" There flew a crow out o'er the house,
Wi' a man's bane in his mou."

Rosmer screeched and sprang about :
" Here's a christian man I ken ;
But and thou tell me truth, but lies,
I will thee stick and bren !"

Eline lyle took o'er her her blue mantel,
And afore Rosmer can stand :
" Here is a Child frae Island come,
O' my near kin and land."

" And is a Child frae Island come,
Sae near a-kin to thee ?
His ward and warrant I swear to be ;
He's never be drown'd by me."

Sae here in love and lyst fu' derne
Scarce twa years o'er them flew,
Whan the proud lady Eline's cheek
Grew a' sae wan o' hue.

About twa years he there had been ;
But there maun be nae mair ;
Proud Eline lyle's wi' bairn by him :
That wirks them mickle care.

Proud Eline lyle's now ta'en on her
 Afore Rosmer to stand :
 " Will ye gie till this fremmit page
 Forlof hame till his land ?"

" And will he gae hame till his land ?
 And say'st thou that for true ?
 Then o' the goud and white money
 A kist I'll gie him fu'."

Sae took he mickle red goud,
 And laid it in a kist ;
 And proud Eline lyle laid hersell wi' it ;—
 That Rosmer little wist.

He took the man under his arm ;
 The kist on his back took he ;
 Sae he can under the saut-sea gang,
 Sae canny and sae free.

" Now I hae borne thee till the land ;
 Thou seest baith sun and moon :
 And I gie thee this kist o' goud,
 That is nae churlis boon."

" I thank thee, Rosmer, thou gude fellow ;
 Thou'st landed me but harm ;
 I tell thee now for tidings new,
 Proud Eline lyle's wi' bairn."

Then ran the tears down Rosmer's cheeks,
 As the burn rins down the brae :
 " But I hae sworn thee ward and warrant,
 Here drowning thou should hae."

Hame to the knock syne Rosmer ran,
 As the hart rins to the hind ;

But whan to the knock that he cam hame,
Nae Eline lyle could he find.

But proud Eline and Child Roland,
Wi' gaming lyst and joy,
Gaed hand in hand, wi' kindly talk,
And mony an amorous toy.

Rosmer waxt sae wroth and grim,
Whan he nae Eline fand,
He turn'd intill a whinstane gray,
Siclike he there does stand.

But when to the knock that he can hear,
 Nae Eline iye could be fair.

But proud Eline and Child Roland,
 Wi' gaming i'et and joy,
 Gled hand in hand, wi' kindly talk,
 And mair an' mair an' mair.

THE
 Rosmer wast see wroth and grim,
 When he use Eline find.
 He thow'd intae the door
 Steil he there does stand.

THIRD BALLAD

OF

ROSMER HAFMAND.

*Island Konning lader byggè et skib,
 Saa nær ved Islands sidè ;
 Og der det gamle raad var død,
 Det gik de svenne til gvidè, &c.
 (Der de finge fred udi hafvet ud,
 da seyledè de Normænd.)*

ISLAND's King gar'd bigg a ship,
 Sae near to Island's side ;
 That sair did young Child [Aller] rue,
 Whan the gude ald rede-man died.
 (There mak they peace i' the saut sea out,
 whare sailed the Normen.)

Rosmer lap out i' the brim :
 " And wha my cann sall scorn ?"

Seven score ships to the ground he sank,
 Loot never nane return.
There mak they, &c.

Down sank the noble kingis men ;
 Down sank they every man,
 But him, Child Aller, the kingis son,
 A little green sty that fand.

And there he fand sae wee a house,
 The roof was gilded fair :
 " God's will be done ! However it gang
 Wi' me, I'se gang in there !"

It was Aller the kingis son,
 He braids in at the door ;
 It was proud Lady Eline lyle,
 She stood up him before.

" Sit thou down, thou luckless page,
 And warm thy limbs sae froren ;
 But come the lang-shanks Ettin in,
 Thy leccam is forloren.

And sit thou down, thou luckless page,
 And beek thy limbs — ere lang,
 The Ettin Rosmer will be in,
 And spit thee on a stang."

Late at e'en came Rosmer hame,
 About the gloaming hour :
 " What ha'e ye done wi' the Christian man ?
 That ye had in your bower ?"

" There flew a bird out o'er the house,
 Wi' a man's leg in his mouth ;

I turn'd me about, and I coost it out,
As fast as e'er I couth."

It was proud Lady Eline lyle
Afore Rosmer can stand:
"It's here is come a little page,
Was born in my father's land."

"And is there come a little page
Was in thy kingdom born?
Then true I swear, he well sall fare,
Nor dree or skaith or scorn."

For eight years now he there had been,
A tryal hard and sair!—
Now Eline lyle's wi' bairn by him,
Tho' they were ever sae ware.

It was proud Lady Eline lyle,
Afore Rosmer she gaed:
"Sae lang the Childe has now been here,
For langer he'll be dead."

"Ye lat him gang, he's o' my kin,
And gi'e him goud sae red;
For gin he bide i' the castle lock'd,
For langer he'll be dead."

"Then, gin he here sae lang has bidden,
And greens for hame and land;
Then I'll gi'e him a kist o' goud
Sae fitting till his hand."

"Though ye gi'e him a kist o' goud
Sae fitting till his hand,

Sae little will the gift bestead,
But ye set him on the strand."

It was proud Lady Eline lyle,
Sae well her part she wist ;
She's gane intill her still chamber,
And laid hersel i' the kist.

He took the kist upon his back,
The man intill his hand,
And thro' the saut sea he is gane,
The lang gaite to the strand.

"Now I ha'e borne thee till the land,
Thou seest the sun ance mair ;
Till father and mither, till sister and brither,
Sae gladly may'st thou fare."

"Thou hast gi'en me a goodly gift,
And landed me, but harm ;
Rosmer, I canna heal frae thee,
Lady Eline is wi' bairn."

Astonish'd Rosmer stood thereat,
And fast his tears ran down :
"But I ha'e pledged my oath to thee,
I'd sink thee to the ground."

Rosmer lap i' the saut sea out,
And he can rope and rair ;
Aback he sterte, whan he cam hame ;—
Nae Eline lyle was there.

* * * The last stanza has been omitted, because it appeared to be nonsense, something like the penult stanza of the first ballad on the same subject. From the three pieces on this adventure, all translated as literally as possible, which are now before the public, it will be seen what confidence we can have in the *authenticity* and *identity* of traditionary poetry.

SIR LAVA AND SIR JOHN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 669.

[This piece, and that which follows it, have been inserted here as specimens of the old Danish humorous popular ballad; the only specimens I have ever met with, if "Sir Guncelin," in this volume, does not come under that description. "Sir Lavè" seems to have been originally a very serious composition, and has a good many stanzas in common with other serious pieces in the Danish Collection; but is rendered perfectly ludicrous by the quaint impertinence of Sir John's strange rejoinders, most of which, from the former popularity of the piece, are become in Denmark, at this day, proverbial expressions applied to an unwelcome guest of any kind, whom one does not know well how to get rid of.]

Her Lavè hand reed sig under öe

(J erè vel baarn)

Der festè hand sig saa ven en möè.

Jeg rider med, sagdè Jon.

(J binder op hiehm af guld, og følger Her Jon, &c.)

SIR Lavè he raid him under öe,

(Ye are well born)

And he has wedded sae fair a may.

"I ride wi'm!" quo' John.

(Ye bind up your helm of gold, and follow Sir John.)

He's married a bride, and he's brought her hame,
And Knight and Child gaed to welcome them.

"Here ride I!" quo' John.

They set the bride on the bridal bink;
Sir John he challenged them round to drink:

"Swyth! waucht it out!" quo' John.

They've taen the bride to the bridal bed;
To loose her snood nae mind they had.

"I'll loose it!" quo' John.

In lap Sir John, and the door lock'd he:
"Ye bid Sir Lavè gude night frae me:

Here lye I!" quo' John.

Wi' that word's gane to Sir Lavè syne:
"Sir John is sleeping wi' young bride thine!"

"That I'm doing!" quo' John.

Sir Lavè he rapp'd at the door wi' din:
"Get up, Sir John, and lat us in!"

"See an I do that!" quo' John.

"Gin ye winna lat my bride alane,
I'll gae to the king, and I'll complain."

"In a gude hour!" quo' John.

Ear on the morn, whan day did spring,
Sir Lavè is gane to complain to the king.

"I will wi'm!" quo' John.

"I wedded yestreen sae fair a bride;
Sir John has lien a' night by her side."

"That I did!" quo' John.

"Gin baith o' you hald the lady sae dear,
Then ye for her sake should break a spear."

"Content!" quo' John.

The morn, the sun he shone sae bright;
The knights they met to see the sight.

"Here am I!" quo' John.

The first ae tilt that they raid sae free,
Sir John's horse he fell down on his knee.

"Help now, God!" quo' John.

The neisten tilt they thegither raid,
O' the eard Sir Lavè was sprawling laid.

"There lies he!" quo' John.

Sir John he has gane to the castell in:
Up stood the lady there afore him.

"Thou art mine!" quo' John.

Sir John's made amends for a' his harms,
(*Ye are well born,*)

And now he sleeps in the lady's arms.

"I have her bodily," quo' John.

(*Ye bind up your helm of gold and follow Sir John.*)

NOTE ON SIR LAVE AND SIR JOHN.

THE notes on the foregoing piece, and on Libussa, which are referred to in another part of this work, having been by some accident mislaid while at the press, and it being impossible to replace them at present, as no copy or reference is preserved; I shall only briefly observe here, that the ceremonies of "setting the bride on the bridal bench," loosing her snood, &c., are still preserved in Jutland, Ditmarsh, and Sleswig, and probably in Holstein, and other parts of the antient Angle-land. Immediately on her return from the church, after being married, the bride is set in great state, on the sofa or bench near the stove or fire-place, in the best room in the house, to receive the compliments, and wedding gifts, of the guests. The presents are laid beside her on the bench, while the bride-men hand round drink, bride-cake, &c. In Scotland, the presents were formerly laid on the marriage bed; and in some parts of the country this usage is still kept up, although with little of its original benevolence and patriarchal dignity. I remember several instances of it in Morayshire when I was a boy; in one of which a droll old fellow (still alive) threw a flail on the bed, for the young goodman's use, should his wife prove disobedient; on which his wife, in order to preserve the balance of power in their new state, presented the young goodwife with a large new kitchen tongs, with suitable instructions how and when it was to be used. The flail, however, soon found its way to its proper place, the barn; and the tongs probably still serves the goodwife to stir up the *ingle* against John's coming in cold and weary from his labour.

The ceremony of putting on the *curtsh*, or close cap, on the morning after the marriage, when the young wife is no longer entitled to wear the *snood*, or maiden tyre, is still observed in the north of Scotland, and gives the matrons in the neighbourhood an opportunity of enjoying a scene of jollity and gossiping, from which those who may still wear *snoods* are very properly excluded.

WIT AT NEED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KÆMPE VISER, p. 709.

[Compare this ballad with the Scottish one in Ritson, beginning, "Our gudeman cam hame at e'en, &c.," a translation of which is so popular in Germany, that I have found many well-informed Germans, who were very unwilling to admit that it was not original, and peculiar to their country.]

Broder spurde søster ad,

Tidt og mangè sindè,

Viltu dig ej mand givè i stad.

Aldt sørger hun for hiertekiere sin, &c.

THE brither did at the sister speer,

(Oft and many times,)

"Will ye na tak a man to your fere?"

(It's a' for her dearie she sorrowæs sae.)

"O na, O na, dear brither!" she said,

(Oft and many, &c.)

Før I am o'er young yet to wed.

(It's a', &c.)

Gin they say true in this gate en',
Ye've nae been ay sae fleyt for men."

"*They say* was ay for a lyar kent;
O' *they says* nane but fools tak tent."

"But wha was that for a *Knight* sae braw,
That rade frae your castle this morning awa?"

"A *Knight*!" quo' she; "braw *knights* indeed!—
'Twas my *little foot page* upon his steed!"

"But what were they for twa pair o' *sheen*,
That lay afore your bed yestreen?"

"Twa pair o' *sheen*!" quo' she; "o' *sheen*!"
'Tis surely my *slippers*, Billy, you mean."

"And what wee *bairnies*, the tither day,
Was it i' the bed wi' you that lay?"

"Wee *bairnies*!—O aye!—the tither day,
Wi' my *dowie*, I mind now, I did play!"

"But what for a *bairnie* was it that cried
Sae loud i' your bower this morrow tide?"

"Could ever sic greeting a *bairnie's* be?
'Twas my *lassie* that grat, she had tint her key."

"And what bonny *cradle* was it sae braw,
That I i' the neuk sae cannily saw?"

"Bonny *cradle*!" quo' she; "gude sain your een!
It's my silk *loom* wi' the wab you've seen."

" Now, brither, what mair ha'e ye to speer ?
I've answers eneuch, ye needna fear !"

* * * *

Whan women for answers are at a stand,

(Oft and many times,)

The North Sea bottom will be dry land

(It's a' for her dearie she sorrows sae.)

ANKE VAN THARAW.

THIS very amiable little piece owed its origin to rather an unamiable cause, having been an ebullition (not of tenderness and love, but) of spite. The following translation of it is done from the original Prussian Low Dutch, in "Sammlaug Deutscher Volkslieder, mit einem Anhang Flammaendischer und Franzoesischer, nebst melodien. Herausgegeben durch Buesching und von der Hagen. Berlin, 1807." It appeared in a large collection of songs from various poets, with music, by Alberti, printed at Koenigsberg in 1638 and 1650, and has often been reprinted. A High German translation of it will be found in Herder's "Volkslieder," vol. i. p. 92; the first nine couplets of which are reprinted in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn."

The author was Simon Dach, who was born at Memel (a somewhat singular place to give birth to a poet!) in 1605, and died in 1659, of consumption and hypochondria. "Anke van Tharaw" was produced as a poetical revenge on the occasion of his first love having jilted him. But however subject *first love* may be to those spurts of spleen and passion by which our fates in life are so often decided, its impressions are seldom entirely effaced from the mind; and poor Simon Dach never forgave himself for having written a song which has been admired by every body that understood it, for nearly two centuries. During his last illness he suffered much; and after a dreadful access of pain, "Ha!" said he, "that was for the song of Anke van Tharaw."

ANKE VAN THARAW;

ANNIE O' THARAW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PRUSSIAN LOW DUTCH.

Anke van Tharaw öss, de mi geföllt,

Se öss mihn Lewen, mihn Goet on mihn Gölt.

Anke van Tharaw heft wedder eer Hart

Op mi geröehtet ön Löw' on ön Schmart, &c.

ANNIE O' THARAW, I've waled for my fere,

My life and my treasure, my gudes and my gear.

Annie o' Tharaw, come weal or come wae,

Has set her leal heart on me ever and ay.

Annie o' Tharaw, my riches, my gude,

Ye're the saul o' my saul, ye're my flesh and my blude.

Come wind or come weather, how snell sae or cald,

We'll stand by ilk ither, and closer ay hald.

Pain, sickness, oppression, and Fortune unkind,
Our true-love knot ay but the faster sall bind.

As the aik, by the stormy winds toss'd till and fra,
Ay roots him the faster, the starker they blaw;

Sae love in our hearts will wax stranger and mair,
Thro' crosses and down-drug, and poortith and care.

Should ever my fate be frae thee to be twinn'd,
And wert thou whare man scarce the sun ever kenn'd,

I'll follow thro' deserts, thro' forests and seas,
Thro' ice and thro' iron, thro' armies o' faes.

Annie o' Tharaw, my light and my sun,
Sae twined our life-threads are, in ane they are spun.

Whatever I bid you's ay sure to be dane,
And what I forbid, that ye'll ay lat alane.

The love may be warm, but how lang can it stand
Whare there's no ae heart, and ae tongue, and ae hand?

Wi' cangling, and wrangling, and worrying, and strife,
Just like dog and cat, live sic man and sic wife.

* This, and the following stanza, stand thus in the original:

“ War öm söck hartaget, kabbelt on schleiht,
On glihk den hungen on katten begeiht.

“ Anke van Tharaw, dat war wi nich dohn,
Du böst mihn Dühfken, mihn Schahpken, mihn Hohn.”

Annie o' Tharaw, that we'll never do,
For thou art my lammie, my chuckie,² my dow.

My wish is to you ay as gude's a comman',
I lat *you* be *gudewife*, ye lat *me* be *gudeman*;

And O how sweet, Annie, our love and our lee,
Whan thou and I ae soul and body sall be!

'Twill beet our bit ingle wi' heavenly flame;
But wrangling and strife mak a hell of a hame.

² So Macbeth, Act iii. Scene ii.—“Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest **CHUCK**,
Till thou applaud the deed.”

It is still in use in Scotland as a term of endearment: In England, an uxorious old fool calls
his young wife, “my **CHICKEN**.”

BALADE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE OLD FRENCH OF THE ENGLISH POET GOWER.

As Mr Weber has given in this volume (p. 8,) two translations from the German *Minnesænger*, or Love-poets, I have ventured, as a companion to Simon Dach's ditty, to attempt putting into an English dress, a very pretty trouvreur "Balade" of the English poet Gower. It is the thirty-sixth in order, of the "Cinquante Balades" in the Marquis of Stafford's MS. of that poet; which it is hoped that nobleman, so distinguished for his good taste and liberality, will give to the world; as I believe no other copy of these very curious pieces exists. This, I doubt not, will be the wish of all men of taste, who have read the following account of them by the Historian of English Poetry: "They are tender, pathetic, and poetical; and place our old poet Gower in a more advantageous point of view than that in which he has hitherto been usually seen. I know not if even any among the French poets themselves, of this period, have left a set of more finished sonnets.—Nor had yet any English poet treated the passion of love with equal delicacy of sentiment, and elegance of composition—although I must confess, there are some lines which I do not exactly comprehend."

The original will be found in Warton's History of English Poetry, among the "Addenda," and in the Life of Gower, in the second volume of Alexander Chalmers's edition of the English Poets.

BALADE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE OLD FRENCH OF GOWER.

Now in this jolly time of May,
 To Eden I compare the ground ;
 While sings the Merle and Poppingay,*
 Green herb and tree bloometh around,
 And all for Nature's feast are crown'd ;
 Venus is Queen, all hearts obey,
 And none to Love may now say Nay.

When this I see, and how her sway
 Dame Nature over all extends ;
 And all that lives, so warm, so gay,
 Each after kind to other tends,
 Till liking life and being blends ;—
 What marvel, if my sighs bewray
 That none to Love may now say Nay !

To nettles must the rose give way,
 And Care and Grief my garland weave ;
 Nor ever Joy dispense one ray
 To cheer me, if my Lady leave
 My love unblest, and me bereave

* In this country the "popinjay" certainly adds very little to the melody of the groves ; but when the beautiful *golden jay*, which is common on the continent, condescends to sing, his notes, five or six in number, are remarkably sweet, full, and mellow ; and are the more to be prized, because he screams horribly at least ten times for once that he sings.

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Then go, and try her ruth to move,
If aught thy skill, my simple lay ;
For thou and I too well approve,
That none to Love may now say Nay.

Grotta Sabngr,

AN EDDIC LAY OF PAGAN TIMES.

THIS wild and extraordinary romance of early Pagan times in the North has hitherto been little, if at all, known in this country. In 1794, it was printed at Copenhagen, with translations in Latin and Danish ; but it was never published, and is in few hands. Two copies of it in Icelandic were brought to Edinburgh, in MS., last year, by Mr F. Magnusen, from Island, and are now here, along with all the other unpublished Eddic remains ; of which advantage should have been taken in the course of this work, had not my part of it been nearly printed off two years ago, before I had access to them.

It is not very easy to conjecture why this very curious piece should have been rejected, or rather so long neglected, by Sandvig, and the Arna-Magnean editors of the Edda of Sæmund. It is found in all the MS. copies of that collection, except the parchment one in the king's library at Copenhagen ; and has this peculiarity in its favour, that it is the only one of all the Sæmund lays which is found entire in the Edda of Snorro ;* a proof, if not of its superior antiquity, at least of the esteem in which it was held by Snorro. Had it no other merit, however, its having survived so many changes of religion, manners, language, and government, during eleven centuries, surely entitles it to some notice. The prose translation here given, is intended merely to make the original more intelligible. The tale is thus introduced in the Edda :

* Not that published by Resenius, but Oluf Orm's copy, a transcript of which is now in this country.

Formali til Grotta Savngs,

PREFACE TO THE QUERN-SONG.

“GOLD is called (by the poets) the meal of Frothi ; the origin of which is found in this story. Odin had a son called Skiöldr, (from whom the Skiöldvngar are descended) who settled and reigned in the land which is now called Danmaurk, but was then called Gotland. Skiöldr had a son named Frithleif, who reigned after him. Frithleif’s son was called Frothi, and succeeded him on the throne. At the time that the Emperor Augustus made peace over the whole world, Christ was born. But as Frothi was the most powerful of all the monarchs of the North, that peace, wherever the Danish language was spoken, was imputed to him ; and the North-men called it Frothi’s peace.

“At this time no man hurt another, even if he found the murderer of his father or brother, loose or bound.¹ Theft and robbery were then unknown, insomuch that a gold ring (*armlet*)² lay for a long time untouched in Jalangursheath.

“Frothi chanced to go on a friendly visit to a certain king in Sweden, named Fiölnir ; and there purchased two female slaves, called Fenia and Menia, equally distinguished for their stature and strength. In those days there were found in Danmaurk two Quernstones of such a size, that no one was able to move them ; and these mill-stones were endued with such virtue, that the Quern in grinding produced what-

¹ The point of honour, which obliged every North-man in those days, as an indispensable duty of piety, to revenge the death of a relative, makes a striking feature in the Danish ballads, as it does in the manners of many nations at this day.

² These rings were often of great weight and value. See Note on *Rigs-mal*.

ever the grinder wished for. The quern was called *Grotti*; ¹ he who presented this quern to Frothi was called *Hengikiöptr* (*hanging chops*.) The king caused these slaves to be brought to the quern, and ordered them to grind gold, peace, and prosperity for Frothi, allowing them no longer rest or sleep than while the cuckow was silent, ² or a verse could be recited. Then they are said to have sung the lay which is called *GROTTA-SAVNGR*; and before they ended their song, to have ground a hostile army against Frothi, insomuch, that a certain sea-king, (*pirate*) called *Mysingr*, arriving the same night, slew Frothi, taking great spoil, and so ended Frothi's Peace. *Mysingr* took with him the Quern *Grotti*, with *Fenia* and *Menia*, and ordered them to grind salt. About midnight they asked *Mysingr* whether he had salt enough? On his ordering them to go on grinding, they went on a little longer, till the ship sunk under the weight of the salt. A whirlpool was produced where the waves are sucked up by the mill-eye, and the waters of the sea have been salt ever since!"

Such is the Eddic prose account of this extraordinary adventure. Had the learned Bishop of Drontheim, Eric Pontoppidan, been acquainted with it, it might have helped him wonderfully in accounting for the *MÖL-STROM* off the coast of Norway, which has puzzled and terrified so many men as well as monsters.³

¹ I take this to be an old Gothic name for a mill of any kind, perhaps from the *grey stone* used for mill-stones; hence the Gaëlic *grattan*, meal ground on a *mullin-grattan*, or hand-mill; the Scottish, *groats*; Eng. *grits*; Germ. *grout*; Dan. *grytte*, to grind; and the Swedish, *gröt*, in Scottish, *crowdy*.

² Even in the north of Scotland, about Midsummer, when the weather is fine, as it generally is at that time, there is so little darkness during the night, that the morning and evening twilights almost melt into each other: the cuckow calls through the whole night, and the lark and thrush are silent but a very short space.

³ This is not meant as a sneer at that venerable prelate, whose life, as well as his learning, were an ornament to his country, and to the age in which he lived.

GROTTA-SAVNGR;

THE

QUERN SONG.

Fenia and Menia.

Nv erom komnar
til konvngs hvsa
framvísar tvær
fenia oc menia.
thær ro at frótha
frithleifs sonar
mátkar meyar
at mani hafthar.

“ Now are we come
to the king’s house,
two fore-seers,
Fenia and Menia.”
These were at Frotha’s [house,]
Frithleif’s son,
(mighty maidens)
held as thralls.

Thær at lvthri
leiddar varo
oc griótz gia
gángs of beiddo.
het hann hvarigri
hvíld ne yndi
áthr han heyrthi
hlióm ambátta.

They to the Quern [eye]
were led,
and the grey millstone
were bid set a-going.
He promised to neither
rest nor relief,
ere he heard
the maidens’ lay.

Thær thyt thvlo
thavgn horvinnar,

They made to rumble,
ceasing silence,

leggiom lvthvr
 lettom steinom.
 bath hann enn meyar
 at thær mala sklydo

Svngo oc slvngo
 snvthga steini
 sva at frótha man
 flest sofnathi.
 thá qvath that menia
 var til meldz komin.

Avth mölom frótha
 mölom alsælann
 fiöld fiár
 á fegins lvthri

Siti hann á avthi
 sofi hann á dvni
 vaki hann at vilia
 thá er vel malit.
 her skyli engi
 avthrom granda
 til bavlz bva
 ne til bana orka
 ne höggva thví
 hvavssó sverthi
 thó at bana bróthvr
 bvndinn finni.

En han qvath ecki
 orth it fyrra.
 sofit ei thit
 ne of sal gavkar

with their arms, the Quern's
 light stones.
 He bade again the maidens,
 that they should grind.

They sang, and whirled
 the grumbling stone,
 so that Frothi's folk
 mostly slept.
 Then thus sang Menia,
 who had come to the grinding :

Menia.

“ Let us grind riches to Frothi !
 Let us grind him happy
 in plenty of substance,
 on our gladdening Quern.

“ Let him brood over treasures !
 Let him sleep on down !
 Let him wake to his will !
 There is well ground !
 Here shall no one
 hurt another,
 to plot mischief,
 or to work bane (*death*),
 nor strike therefore
 with sharp sword,
 though his brother's murderer
 bound he found.’

Both.

“ But he spake no
 word before this :
 ‘ Sleep not ye,
 nor the cuckows without,

etha lengvr enn sva longer than while
lióth eitt qvethac. I sing one strain."

Fenia.

Varrattv fróthi "Thou wast not, Frothi,
fvlspakr of thic sufficiently provident,
málvinr manna [tho'] persuasively eloquent,
er thu man keyptir. when thou boughtest slaves.
kavss thu at affi Thou boughtest for strength,
oc at álitom and for outward looks;
en at æterni but of their ancestry
eckí spvrthir. didst nothing ask."

Genia.

Harthr var harvngnir "Hardy was Hrungnir
oc hans fathir. and his father;
thó var thiassi yet was Thiassi
theim avflgari. stouter than they.
ithi oc avrnir Ithi and Arnir
okrir nithiar our relations,
bræthvr bergrisa mountain ettin's brethren,—
theim erom bornar. of them are we born."

Fenia.

Komia grotti "The Quern had not come
or gria fialli from the grey fell,
ne sá hinn harthi nor thus the hard
hallr or iörtho. stone from the earth,
ne moli sva nor thus had ground
mæx bergrisa the mountain-ettin maiden,
ef vissi ótt if her race known
vætvx til hennar. had not been to her."

Genia.

Væx vetor nío "We nine winters,
vorom leikor playful wierd-women,

avflgar alnar	were reared to strength,
for iorth nethan.	under the earth.
stótho meyar	We maidens stood
at meginverkom	to our great work ;
færthóm siálfar	we ourselves moved
setberg or stath.	the set mountain from its place.

Velltom grióti	We whirled the Quern
of garth risa	at the giant's house,
sva at fold fyrir	so that the earth
för skiálfandi.	therewith quaked.
sva slavnngdom vith	So swung we
snvthga steini	the whirling stone,
hafga halli	the heavy rock,
at halir tóco.	that the subterraneans heard it."

Fenia.

En vith sithan	" But we since then,
svithiótho	in Sweden,
framvísar tvær	two fore-seers,
í fólk stigom	have fought.
bræddom biörno	We have fed bears,
en brvtom skiöltho	and cleft shields ;
gengom í gegnom	encountered
gräserkiat lith.	grey-shirted (mailed) men.

Steyptom stilli	We've cast down one prince ;
stvddom annann	stayed up another.
veittom góthom	We gave the good (brave)
gvttormi lith.	Guttormi help.
vara kyrrseta	Unstably we sat
áthvr knvi felli.	Till the heroes fell.

Fram heldom thví	Forward held we
thav misseri	these six months [so]
at vith at kavppom	that we in conflicts

kendar voro.	were known.
thar skortho vith	There scored we
skavrpom geirom	with sharp spears
blóth or beniom	blood from wounds,
oc brand rythom.	and reddened brands.

Nv erom komnar	Now are we come
til konvngs hvsa	to the King's house,
miskvnnlavsar	unpitied,
oc at mani hafthar.	and held as thralls.

avrr etr iliar	The earth bites our feet beneath,
en ofan kvldi	and the cold above;
drögum dólgs siötví	we drive an enemy's Quern;
dapvrt er at frótha.	sad is it at Frothi's [house]!

Hendor skvlo hvílaz	Hands shall rest;
hallr standa mvn	the stone must stand;
malit hefi ec fyrí mik,	I've ground for my part
mit ofleiti.	with diligence."

Genia.

nv mvna havndom	" Now must not to hands
hvíld vel gefa	rest well be given,
áthvr fyllmalit	till enough ground
frótha thycki.	Frothi thinks.

Hendor skvlo havlda	Hands of men shall
harthra triónor	harden (<i>temper</i>) swords,
vapn valdreyrvg.	blood-dropping weapons."

Fenia.

vaki thv fróthi.	" Awake thou, Frothi!
vaki thv fróthi	Awake thou, Frothi!
ef thv hlytha vill	If thou wilt listen to

savngom ockrom
oc savgom fornom.

our song,
and prophetic sayings.

Eld se ec brenna
fyrir avstan borg.
vígsþiavll vaka
that mǫn viti kallathr.
mǫn herr koma
hinnig at bragthi
oc brenna bæ
fyri þvthlvngi.

I see fire burn
east of the town ;
the war heralds wake;
it must be called the beacon.
An army must come
hither forthwith,
and burn the town
for the prince.

Mǫnnatv halda
hleithrar stóli
ravthom hríngom
ne regingrióti.
tavkom á mavndli
mær skarpara.
eroma vafnar
í valdreyra.

Thou must no more hold
the throne of state,
nor red rings,
nor stone (*royal*) edifice.
Let us drive the Quern,
maiden, more sharply !
We shall not be armed
in the bloody fray."

Qenia.

Mól míns favthvr
mær ramliga
thvíat hon feigth fíra
fiölmargra sá.
stvkko stórar
stethor frá lvthri
iárnar fiarthar.
mölom enn framarr.

" My father's daughter
ground more furiously,
because the near deaths she
of many men saw.
Wide sprung the large
prop (from the quern-eye)
of iron to a distance.—
Yet let us grind on !"

Jfenia.

Möloom enn framarr
mon yrsv sonr
nith hálfðana
hefna frótha.

" Yet let us grind on !
Yrsu's son must
with the Kalfdani
revenge Forthi.

sa mæn hennar
heitinn verða
bætt og bróðir.
vitom báðar það.

So must he of his [mother]
be called
son and brother :—
we both know that."

Both.

Mólo meyar
megins kostotho
voro vngar í
iötvnmóði.
skvlfu skaptre
skavtz lvthr ofan
hravt hinn havfgi
hallr svndr í tvav.

The maidens ground,
and bestowed their strength.
The young women were in
ettin mood.
The spindle flew wide;
the hopper fell off;
burst the heavy
nether millstone in two!

En bergrisa
brvthr orth vrn qvath.
malit havfom fróði
senn mænom hættu.
hafa fyllstathit
fljóð at meldri.

But the mountain giantess
woman these words said :
"We have ground, Forthi!
Now must we finish.
Full long stood
we maidens at the grinding."

Rigs-Mal,

THE SONG OF KING ERIC.

RIG, (*Rich*) or ERIC, the second, who ruled in Scandia about the end of the second century, is the hero of the following piece, which is supposed to be a production of the seventh or eighth century. This Rig, or Eric, is said to have been the first of the Goths in Scandia who assumed the denomination of KONG (*king*), his predecessors having been styled DIAR, or DROTTNAR, that is, chiefs, or lords. He was likewise the first who divided his subjects into the three distinct classes of Nobles, Husbandmen, and Slaves, distinguishing precisely the rights and privileges of each; and upon this foundation, the following allegorical poem was constructed. The fiction is exceedingly simple, being no more than a personification of the different orders of society, and making them the children of King Rig; but this simplicity in the design, and the plain and unambitious manner in which the story is told, constitute the principal excellence of the piece, which is certainly, so far as it goes, one of the most curious and interesting "manners-painting strains" that have been preserved, not even excepting the *Odyssey* of Homer. On this account, it is deserving of much more attention, in a historical point of view, than it has hitherto met with, as it gives us, in a few short lines, a complete picture of the manners, dress, education, pursuits, and habits of life, of our Northern forefathers, upwards of a thousand years ago. Of the fidelity of the outline there can be no doubt, as the Scald (if he deserves that name) has painted

from nature, and given us the manners of his own time ; and the baldness of the execution is the best warrant for the accuracy of his delineations. Those who are acquainted with the present state of the lower class of Scottish Highlanders, will be surprised to find their out-of-doors and fire-side scenes so minutely described by a Scandinavian poet of the seventh or eighth century.

The following copy is no more than a reprint of that which was edited at the university of Lund, in Sweden, in 1801, by Emanuel Wenster. It was only a College Exercise ; but the *imprimatur* of the learned President, Professor Sjöborg, (to whom I am indebted for my copy) is sufficient security for its accuracy.

Rígs-Mal,**CARMEN DE ERICO.**

Svo segja men í fornum sögum að
ein hver af Asum, sá er Heimdallr hiet,
fór ferðar sínar og fram með síðfar
ströndu nockri og nefndist Rígr. Ef-
tir saugu theírri er kvæði thetta :

Ar quadu ganga
grænar brautir
aflgann og alsæmínn
As¹ kunnigann
romann og róskvan
Rígr stiganda.

Geck hann meir at that
midrar brautar
kom hann at húsi
hurð var á gætti
ínn vann að ganga
elldr á gólfi²

NARRATUR in antiquis fabulis unus fi-
liorum Odini, qui Heimdallr dictus est,
constitutum iter ingressus, ad littus quod-
dam pervenisse, et appellatus fuisse Rígr.
Ex hac narratione hoc compositum est
carmen :

Olim profectus est
virentibus viis
fortis et grandævus
multiscius As,
robustus ille et alacer
progrediens Rígr.

Ultra procedens
media via,
adiit domum ;
subpatente janua,
statim ingressus est.—
In pavimento ignis.

¹ Odinus divus et Asiaticus, omnesque ab eo oriundi As dicti sunt.

² Focus enim (*sicut et nunc etiam apud Scotomontanos plerumque moris est,*) in medio pavimenti erat, et fumus per foramen, quod in culmine tecti fuit, transiit.

Hión sátû thar Sederunt hic conjuges,
 haurd af eárne durati laboribus,
 Ai oc Edda¹ Ai et Edda,
 alldin fallda. veteri vestitu.

Rigr kunni theim His potuit Rigr
 ráð at segia² dare consilia;
 meir settizt hann ipse insedit
 midra fletia medio scamno:
 enn á hlid hvara ad utrumque latus
 hión salkynna. familia domus.

Thá tók Edda Protulit tum Edda
 okunn leif³ conspersum cinere panem
 thúngann oc thyckvann ponderosum et crassum,
 thrúnginn sádum. plenum furfuribus.

Bar hon meir at that Plura quoque apposuit
 midra skutla media mensa;
 sod var i bolla vas jure repletum
 sette á biód admotum fuit,
 war kálfr sóðinn elixus vitulus,
 krása beztr. deliciæ epularum.

Reis han upp thadan Hinc surrexit,
 reidzt at sofna dormire cupiens,
 Rigr kunni theim Rigr iis potuit
 ráð at segia dare consilia;
 meir lagdizt hann procubuit autem
 midrar reckiu medio lecto:
 enn á hlid hvara ad utrumque latus
 hión salkynna. familia domus.

¹ Proavus et Proavia.

² Id enim temporis nobilissimi, omnium sapientissimi et insimul litteratissimi fuerunt.

³ Nam in cinere et prunis coctus fuit. Describitur scilicet conditio et fortuna hominum infimi generis.

Thar var hann at that	Ibi moratus est
thriar nættr saman	tres noctes continuas;
geck hann meir at that	Inde profectus est
midrar brautar	media via.
lidu meir at that	Post hæc absoluti
mánudir nío.	menses novem.

Jód ól Edda	Filium Edda peperit,
jósu vatni ¹	quem baptizarunt:
hörvi svartann	cute nigra fuit;
hietu Thræl ²	dictus est Thræl;
han nam at vaxa	cito crevit,
oc vel at dafna.	optime valens.

War thar a höndum	Manuum fuit
hrockinskinni	rugosa cutis,
kropner knúar	lapsæ genæ,
figur digrir	digiti crassi,
fulligt andlit.	vultus torvus,
lotr hrygr	dorsum curvum,
langir hælær.	calces longæ.

Nam hann meir at that	Tempore didicit
magns um kosta	robore niti,
bast ad binda	philyras nectere,
byrdar giörva	et fasces componere,
bar han heim ad that	deinde virgas domum
hris giörstann dag.	tulit quotidie.

Thar kom ad gardi	Ad villam venit
gengilbeina	ambulando illa,
or var á ilium	quæ in manibus cicatrices,

¹ Multo ante acceptam Religionem Christianam, moris majorum fuit, ut aquam infantibus die lustrico superfunderent, nominaque dicerent. V. Ragnar Lodbroks Saga, p. 15. Suhm, l. c. p. 243, 279. Lagerbring, l. c. p. 446.

² Servus; Ang. thrall.

armr sólbrunninn fuscum brachium,
 nidrbiugt var nef nasumque collisum habens,
 oc nefnidzt Thye.¹ appellata fuit Thye.

Midra fletia Medio scamno
 meir settizt hon se locavit,
 sat hiá henni et juxta assedit
 sonr huss filius domus.
 ræddu oc ryndu Loquebantur et confabulabantur,
 reckiu giördu lectum parantes,
 Thræll oc Thye Thræl et Thye,
 thrúngin dægr. diebus profestis.

Bauru ólu thau Suis rebus contenti
 biuggu oc undu domos edificarunt et liberos genuerunt,
 hygg ec heti quos credo vocatos
 Hreimr oc Fiösnir Hreimarus et Fiösnir
 Klur oc Klöggr Klur et Klöggr
 Kefser Fulner Kefser, Fulner,
 Drottr oc Digralldi Drottr et Digralldi,
 Drumbr oc Hösnir Drumbr et Hösnir,
 Lutr Leggialdi.² Lutr, Leggialdi.

Lögdu garda Sæpibus segetes cingebant,
 akra toddu agros oblimabant,
 unnu at svinum sues nutriebant,
 geita gættu capras custodiebant,
 oc grófu torf. et cespites effodiebant.

Dætur voro thær Filiæ fuerunt
 Dumba oc Kumba Dumba et Kumba,
 Oekkvinkalfa Oekkvinkalfa

¹ Serva; *Ang.* a female *doer*, worker, or labourer.

² Quæ omnia nomina varia servorum negotia et proprietates indicabunt, q. d. gelu perferens; stabularius, bubulcus; servus; oppletus; onustus; corpulentus; tarde progrediens; dorsi inflexi; ad impositionem aptissimus.

oc Arinn-nefia	et Arinn-nefia,
Ysia oc Ambatt	Ysia et Ambatt,
Eikin-tiasna	Eikin-tiasna,
Törtrug Hypia	Törtrug, Hypia,
oc Trönubenia [*]	et Trönubenia :
thadan eru komnar	hinc origo
thræla ættir.	prosapiæ servorum.

Geck Rigr at that	Rigr procedebat
midrar brautir	media via,
kom han at húsi	domum adiit,
hurð var á gætti	subpatuit janua,
inn nam ad ganga	hic statim ingressus est.
elldr var á gólfi	Ignis erat in pavimento :
hion sato thar	sederunt hic conjuges,
helldu á syslu.	negotiis districti.

Madr telgdi thar	Maritus hic lignum
meid til rífiar	machinæ textoriæ paravit,
var skegg skapat	barba ei pexa fuit,
skaur var fyrri enni	et a fronte capilli,
skyrtu thröngva	arctumque indusium,
smockr á hálsi.	ad collum patens.

Sat thar kona	Uxor hic sedebat
oc sveigdi rock	et colo nevit,
breide fadm	extenso brachio,
bió til vadar	fila ad vestes paravit,
sveigr var á höfði	cacumen pilorum caput tegebat,
smockr var á bringu	sub colobio pectora subpatebant,
duckr var á halsi	focale collum circumdabat,
dvergar á oxlum	ad humeros fibulæ,

^{*} Muta; membro læsa; irrisa; nasum aduncum habens; immodesta; domestica; circumvincta; ponderosa et molesta trua, lasciva; cicatricosa.

Afi oc Amma¹
attu hús.

Rigr kunni theim
rad ad seggia
reis frá bordi
red at sofna
meir lagdist hann
midrar reckiu
en á hlid hvara
hión salkynna.

Thar var hann at that
thriar nætur saman
lidu meir at that
mánudir nio
jód ól Amma
jósu vatni
kölludu Karl²
kona sveip ripti
raudann oc riodann
ridudu raudu.³

Han nam at vaxa
oc vel at dafna
öxn nam at temia
ardr at giörva
hús at timbra
hladur at smida
karta at giörfa
oc keyra plóg.

Afi et Emma
domum possidebant.

His Rigr potuit
optima suadere;
mensa surrexit,
cupiens dormire:
ille cubuit
in medio lecto:
et ad utrumque latas
familia domus.

Ibi cunctatus est
tres noctes continuas,
post hæc completis
mensibus novem
filium Amma peperit,
quem baptizatum
Karl vocarunt,
materque linteo involvit:
crines erant rubri, rubicundæ genæ,
et arguti oculi.

Cito crevit,
optime vigens;
boves didicit mansuefacere,
aratra fabricare,
domos edificare,
horrea struere,
currus parare,
et aratro terram vertere.

¹ Avus et Avia.

² Homo plebeius, rusticus, fundi possessor.

³ Eximiæ pulchritudinis insignia.

Heim óku tha	Domum duxerunt
hángin-luklu	claves sonantes portantem,
geita-kyrtlu	pellibus caprinis indutam, virginem,
oc giptu karli	eamque Karl nuptam dederunt :
Snör ¹ heitir su	appellata fuit Snör,
settizt undir ripti	et sedebat sub linteo.

Biuggu hión	Connubio jungebantur,
oc bauga deildu	annulos permutabant,
breiddu blæiur	lodices sternebant,
oc bú giördu	et domum adornabant,
bauru ólu thau	liberos gignebant,
binggu oc vndu.	et læti ædificabant.

Heit Halr oc Dreingr	Dicti fuerunt liberi Halr et Dreingr,
Haulldr Thegn Smidr	Haulldr, Thegn, Smidr,
Breidr Bondi	Breidr, Bondi,
Bundin-skeggi	Bundinskeggi,
Bui oc Boddi	Bui et Boddi,
Brattskeggr oc Seggr. ²	Brattskeggr et Seggr.

Enn hetu svo	Aliis quoque
Audrum nöfnum	appellati fuerunt nominibus,
Snót Brudr Svanni	Snót, Brudr, Svanni
Svarri oc Sprakki	Svarri et Sprakki,
Fliod, Sprund oc Vif	Fliod, Sprund et Vif,
Feima, Ristill	Feima, Ristill :
thadan eru komnar	hinc origo
karla Ættir.	prosapiæ rusticorum. ³

¹ Snöri pro sneri, neo, plecto.

² Vir; subditus; miles; dominus; faber; humerosus; herus; vinctam cultamque barbam habens; colonus; incola, vel fundi possessor; cui barba prominet; qui gladio armatus est.

³ Sagax; sponsa; candida (cygni instar;) magnifica; loquax; blandiens; saliens; puella; hilaris; incavata vel sculpta.

Geck Rigr thadan Hinc Rigr abiit
 rettar brautir recta via,
 kom han at sal ad atrium venit,
 sudr horfdu dyr¹ versus austrum
 var hurd hnigin subpatuit janua,
 hringr var i gætti. habens annulum (*ansam.*)

Geck hann in at that Mox irrupit;
 gólf var stráad pavementum erat stramine velatum,
 sátu hion conjuges sedebant
 sáz i augu seque invicem intuebantur,
 Fadir oc Modir Pater et Mater,
 fingrum at leika. digitis ludentes.

Sat hús gumi Paterfamilias sedens
 oc snerre streing funes torquebat,
 alm of bendi arcum ulmeum tendebat,
 örvar skepti et manubria telis parabat,
 enn huss kona sed Materfamilias
 hugdi at örmum brachia inspiciebat,
 strauk of ripti linteum levigabat,
 strekti ermar, et amylo manicas polibat.

Keiste falld Electa sedebat,
 ringa var á bringu² in pectore annuli,
 sidar slædur syrma erat promissum,
 ser bláfaán indusium cœruleum,
 brun biertare crines fuerunt pulchriores,
 briost liosare pectus candidius,
 háls hvitari et collum magis album
 hreinni miöllu. purissima nive.

¹ Et domicilia majorum et sepulcra, immo templa, ostia habuerunt vel orientem spectantia, vel saltem solem versus, dum cursum flectit ad meridiem.

² Ring hoc loco ornamentum quoddam lunatum indicat, simile forsan fibulis pectoralibus puellarum nostrarum Scanensium.

Rigr kunni theim	His Rigr potuit
rád at seggia	dare consilia,
meir settizt hann	se locavit
midra fleita	medio scamno,
en á hlid hvara	et ad utrumque latus
hión salkynna.	familia domus.

Tha tok Modir	Proferens tum Mater,
merktann dúk	mappam pictura textili ornatam,
hvitann af hörvi	candidam et linteam, ¹
oc huldi biód	mensamque stravít
hon tók at that	deinde sumpsit
hleifa thunna	tenués placentas,
hvita af hveiti	tritico albentes,
oc huldi dúk	quibus mappam velabat.

Framsetti hon	Apposuit mensa
fulla skutla	repletas patinas,
silfri varda á biód	argenteis laminis obductas,
fan oc fleski	fruges et lardum,
fugla skeita	aves assas,
vin var i könnu	in cantharo vinum,
vardir kálkar	laminis obducta erant pocula,
drucku oc dæmdu	potabant et fabulabantur
dagr var à sinnum	ad seram vesperam ;
Rigr kunni theim	Hos Rigr novit
rád at segia.	optima monere.

Reis Rigr at that	Tum Rigr surrexit,
reckiu giörði	sternebatur autem lectus,
thar var hann at that	hic ille cunctatus est

¹ The Swedes of the present day excel perhaps all other nations in the art of bleaching and washing their linen, which is beautiful. This love of white linen is a very old Gothic virtue, which I fear makes a striking feature of distinction between the Goths and Celts. Of all the Greeks, the Thessalians retained most traces of their Gothic origin; and the love of fine linen among the rest.

thriar nætr saman	tres noctes continuas,
geck hann meir at that	deinde abiit
midrar brautar	media via :
lidu meir at that	transacti fuerunt
manudir nio	menses novem.

Svein öl Modir	Filium nobilem Modir peperit,
silki vafdi	quem serico involvit,
jósu vatni	quemque baptizatum
Jarl letu heita. ¹	Jarl vocarunt,
bleikt var hár	crines candicantes,
enn biartar vangar	genæ albæ,
ötul voru augu	oculi ardentes,
sem i yrmlingi.	quales serpentum.

Upp óx thar	Accrevit
Jarl á fletium	Jarl domi,
lind nam at skelfa	tilias quater discens,
leggja á streingi	aptare sagittas nervo,
álm at beygra	ulmos flectere,
örvar at skepta	manubria telis parare,
fleini att fleygia	hastas jacere,
fröckur at dyia	lanceas trajicere,
hestum rida	equo vehi
hundum verpa	canes ad venandum instituere,
sverdum bregda,	gladium vibrare,
sund at fremia.	natationibus uti.

Kom thar at ranni	Venit ad domum
Rigr gangandi	Rigr pedibus,
Rigr gangandi	Rigr pedibus,
runar kenndi	runas eum docuit,
sitt gaf heiti	promissaque fecit,
son kvedzt eiga.	eumque suscepit.

¹ Jarl, equestris dignitas, comes, vir apud plebem honoratior, prætor.

Thann bad hann eignatzt	Eum possidere jussit
ódal völlu	avitos agros,
ódal völlu	avitos agros
oc alldnar bygdir.	et antiqua rura.

Reid han meir thadan	Hinc equo vectus (<i>Jarl</i>)
myrkvann veg	tenebrosa via
heilug fiöll	ad pruinosa juga,
vnz at höllo kom	suumque venit ad atrium,
skapt nam at dya	hastam protendere discens,
skelfdi lind	tilias concussit,
hesti hleypti	equos domuit,
oc hiövi brá.	gladiumque gessit.

Vig nam at vekia	Aggressus est cædem quærere,
völl nam at rióða	campos sanguine inficere,
val nam at fella	strages facere,
va til landa.	et in terras invadere.

Red hann einn at that	Postea solus tuitus est
átian búvm	decem et octo prædia,
aud nam skipta	divitias suas divisit,
öllum veita	omnibus largiendo
meidma oc mösma	cimelia et munera,
mara svangrifia	equos pingues,
hringum hreytti	annulos nitidos,
hió sundr baug.	aureosque circulos secuit.

Oku mærir	Illustres viri curru vecti
vrgar brautir	sordidis viis
komu at höllu	ad atrium venerunt,
thar ed Hersir ² bió	in quo Hersir habitabat,

¹ Many of these massy rings of gold are preserved in the North, some of them having smaller rings hanging on them. These were used as money, and given, either whole or in parts, as presents, or for other purposes. See the Ballad of "Lady Grimild's Wrack" in this collection.

² *Hersir*, liber baro, provinciæ præfectus.

mætti han cui se obtulit
 miófin garde tenui corpore
 hvitri oc hoskvi candida, pulchra virgo
 hetu Erna.¹ appellata Erna.

Badu hennar Illam exorarunt,
 ok heim óku domumque revertentes,
 giptu Jarli Jarl nuptum dederunt,
 gek hun vnd line² illa vero sub linteo incessit,
 saman biuggu thau sic cohabitarunt
 oc ser undu mutuo se amantes,
 ættir jóku et stirpem propagarunt,
 oc alldrs nutu. vita fruentes.

Bur³ var hinn ellzti Bur natu fuit maximus
 enn barn annat et liberi huic proximi
 Jód oc Adal Jod et Adal
 Arfi, Mogr Arfi, Mogr,
 Nidr oc Nidiungr Nidr et Nidiungr
 namu leika Sonr et Svein
 Sonr oc Sveinn natare didicerunt
 sund oc tafl et latrunculis ludere,
 Kundra het einn Unus ex filiis Kundra dictus est,
 Konr var hinn yngsti.⁴ Konr erat natu minimus.

Upp óxu thar Educati domi sunt
 Jarli bornir Jarli filii,
 hesta tömdu equos domuerunt,
 hlifar bendu clypeos fabricarunt,

¹ Aquila.

² Umbraculis linteis vel sericis, *pell*, dictis, nostro quoque tempore, dum perageretur consecratio nuptialis, vsi sunt, antiquum obtinentes, rustici.

³ *Bur*, partus, foetus, filius, puer. Proprie nomen Patris Odini.

⁴ Infans; nobilis; heres; robustus juvenis; filius; nepos; adolescens; cognatus; consanguineus.

skeyti skofa
skelfdu aska.

vaginas formarunt,
arbores dejecerunt.

Enn Konr vngr
kunni runar
æfinn runar
oc alldr runar¹
meir kunni hann
mönnum biarga
eggjar deyfa
elldi at lægia.

Et Konr natu minimus
novit runas
antiquas runas,
et sui temporis runas,
ille quoque potuit
heroibus opem ferre,
acies hebetare,
incendia extinguere.

Klök nam fugla²
kyrra elda
sæva oc svefia
sorgir lægia
afl hafði oc elium
átta mana.³

Intellexit quid garriant aves,
potuit ignem restinguere,
fluctus compescere,
dolores lenire:
robur et vires habuit
octo virorum.

Hann vid Rigr Jarl
runar deildi
brögdum beitti
oc betr kunni
thá ödladist oc
thá eiga gat
Rigr⁴ at heita
rúnar kunna.

Rigr cum Jarl
runas divisit,
et doctrina certavit;
sed plures artes edoctus, vicit
divitiis quoque abundavit,
ex quo factum est
ut appellaretur Rigr,
et runarum peritus.

Reid konr vngr
kiörr oc skóga
kolfi fleigdi
kyrði fugla

Konr junior equo vectus
ad paludes sylvasque
tela emittebat,
avesque domitabat,

¹ Itaque vel id temporis plura runarum genera fuerunt.

² Non de auspicialibus solum, sed de nuntiis etiam et premonentibus avibus loquitur.

³ Eadem miracula Ynglinga Saga enumerat, C. 7, de artibus Odini magicis.

⁴ That is, *Rich*.

tha quad that kraka ein
sat quisti á :

tum cecinit cornix,
ramo supersedens :

Hvat skalltu Konr vngr
kyrra fugla
helldr mættu thier
hestum rida
oc her fella.

“ Cur cupis, Konr juvenis,
aves domare?
te magis deceret
equis vehi
et exercitus prosternere.

As Danr oc Danpr
dyrrar hallir
ædri ódul
en thier hafit
their kunno vel
kiöl at rida
egg at kienna
vndir riúfa.

Danr et Danpr
pretiosa atria,
et tuis meliores
hæreditates possident,
et bene norunt
navibus vehi,
acies tentare,
vulneraque facere.”

LIBUSSA,

OR

THE PRINCE'S TABLE;

A BOHEMIAN TALE.

THOSE who wish to know more of this beautifully romantic and poetical, historical, and moral tale of Pagan times, may consult Herder's "Volkslieder," vol. iii.; the third volume of "Die Deutschen Volksmærenchen," by Musæus, where it is very agreeably amplified; Hageck's "Boehmische Chronik," near the beginning, referred to by Herder, but which I have not seen; "Jo. Dubravii Olmutzensis Episcopi Historia Bohemica, ab origine gentis, &c. Hanoviæ, 1602," and "Æneæ Sylvii Historia Bohemica," in the works of that learned prelate, (afterwards Pope Pius the Second) printed at Basil, in 1551; and "Stranskii Respublica Bohemiæ, Elzev. 1634."

The narrative of the good Bishop of Olmutz is given in the true spirit of faithful and ingenuous credulity, and is extremely curious and interesting. It differs from the poetical legend only in entering more fully into detail. In the hands of the more judicious Æneas Sylvius, it assumes a more dignified and classical, but perhaps to readers of such a work as this, a less engaging form. Both, however, have made

use of the same materials, although the latter has been more fastidiously scrupulous.

As to the translation, strict fidelity, and a plain, unambitious, and characteristic simplicity, is all that has been aimed at:

" Descriptas servare vices, operumque labores."

HOR. de A. P. l. 86.

BOHEMIAN TALE.

Who is that Lady on the green wold sitting
Amid twelve noble Chieftains? 'Tis Libusa,
'Tis the wise daughter of the prudent Krok,
Bohemia's Princess, sits, and thinks and judges hard
Even now sharp sentences on the venialy Bohemian
Has she awarded. Fierce in wrath he rises, and the word
And thrice the ground strikes with his spear, exclaiming

"Woe to us Bohemians! Woe to us bold warriors
Thus by a woman to be ruled and cowed;
A long-haired woman, with short understanding,
Death—Death were better than a female ruler!
This beard Libusa: deep in her still bosom
Sank the harsh words; for an indignant mother
To all the land, and friend to justice, she
Was she: yet kindly thus she answers, smiling
Libusa: for a woman's heart is not so hard
As you suppose."

use of the same materials, although the latter has been more fastidiously scrupulous.
As to the translation, strict fidelity, and a plain, unambitious, and characteristic simplicity, is all that has been aimed at:

"Description serves to give, picturesque labors."

LIBUSSA, OR THE PRINCE'S TABLE;

A

BOHEMIAN TALE.

Who is that Lady on the green wold sitting
Amid twelve noble Chieftains? 'Tis Libussa,
'Tis the wise daughter of the prudent Kroko,
Bohemia's Princess, sits, and thinks and judges.

Even now sharp sentence on the wealthy Rotzan
Has she awarded. Fierce in wrath he rises,
And thrice the ground strikes with his spear, exclaiming

"Woe to us Boehmians! Woe to us bold warriors!
Thus by a woman to be rul'd and cozen'd;
A long-hair'd woman, with short understanding!
Death—Death were better than a female ruler!"
This heard Libussa: deep in her still bosom
Sank the harsh words; for an indulgent mother
To all the land, and friend to justice ever
Was she; yet kindly thus she answer'd, smiling:

“ Woe to you then, ye Bœhmians, ye bold warriors,
Thus rul’d and cherish’d by a gentle Woman;
A Man henceforth shall ye have for a Ruler,
The Dove shall to the Eagle yield the sceptre !”

Serene and beautiful in anger rose she :

“ To-morrow, when again we meet,—to-morrow
Your wish shall be accomplish’d.”

All in silence,

Awe-struck, and sore abash’d remain’d before her,
And felt how ill-requited were her wisdom,
Her truth, and mother’s love.—But she had spoken,
And all new-fangled parted, every fancy
But on the morrow and their Prince now dwelling.

Long, to Libussa’s hand and throne aspiring,
With gay attire and courtly adulation,
And proud parade of herds and rich possessions,
Had many a Magnate woo’d her. But Libussa
For wealth or splendour, hand nor throne will barter.
Whom will she choose ? In anxious care the nobles
All pass’d the sleepless night, hoping the morrow.

The morrow comes. The prescient Libussa,
Reckless of sleep or slumber, takes her journey
All lonely to the high and holy mountain;
There to the Goddess KLIMBA prays: The Goddess
Hears, and discloses thus the rich futurity.

“ Up, up, Libussa ! quick from hence descending,
Behind the mountain, on the banks of Bila,
Thy snow-white steed shall find the Prince, thy Husband,
Where now, with two white steers industrious ploughing,

The goad, the emblem of his stem, he holdeth,
 And eats his viands from an Iron Table.
 Haste, daughter, haste ! The hour of Fate is hasting !
 The Goddess ended ; and Libussa hasted,
 Conveen'd her Boehmians, on the earth low laying
 Her crown, and thus address'd them :

“ Up, ye Boehmians !

Up, ye bold warriors ! There, behind the mountain,
 On Bila's banks, my snow-white steed shall find him ;
 The Prince, my Husband, and my Offspring's Father,
 Where now with two white steers he ploughs industrious.
 The goad, the emblem of his stem, he holdeth,
 And eats his viands from an Iron Table :
 Haste, children, haste ! The hour of Fate is hasting !”

And they did haste, and took the Crown and Mantle,
 The steed, swift as the wind, before them running,
 And the white eagle hovering stately o'er them,
 Till on the Bila's banks, beyond the mountain,
 Still stood the steed, upon a peasant neighing
 That in his field was ploughing. Struck with wonder
 Stood all ; while he strode onward, inly musing,
 Eager and anxious, with his white steers ploughing,
 In his right hand a wither'd goad-staff holding.

With friendly salutation loud they greet him :
 He, his white steers more keenly urging, hears not.
 “ Hail, stranger, darling of the Gods ! our Ruler !”
 And they approach him, round his shoulders throwing
 The Mantle, and the Crown on his head setting.
 “ O had ye, sapient, let me end my labour,
 And p ough my field out, nothing it had injur'd
 Your kingdom !—But the hour of Fate is flying !

The goad-staff in the earth anon he planted;
 The snow-white steers he from the yoke unloosèd:
 "Go where ye came from!" — Through the air ascending
 Soar'd the white steers, and in the neighbouring mountain
 Entering, vanish'd, and the mountain closèd;
 And where it clos'd, a muddy torrent issued
 Of water, and still issues; and the goad-staff
 Green from the earth, in three fair branches parting,
 Luxuriant rose, and beautiful! Amazement
 Chain'd every tongue; when Przemysl the Thoughtful
 (Such was his name) anon the plough up-turning,
 And from his scrip his homely dinner drawing
 Of bread and cheese, upon the plough-share laid it,
 Low on the sward with courteous cheer he set them:
 "Approach, and share the cates your prince provides ye!"

And they, astonish'd at the true fulfilment
 Of Fate's prediction, saw the Iron Table,
 And goad green-flourishing; when lo! a wonder!
 Two of the stately branches straight were blasted,
 And the third blossomèd. They with amazement
 Broke silence, and the plougher thus address'd them:
 "Cease, cease, my friends, your wonder! There before ye
 Is of my royal house the stem that blossoms.
 Many shall seek to wear the crown, and wither,
 And one alone with royal honours flourish."

"But wherefore is that Table strange of Iron?"
 "And wot ye not what table 'tis a monarch
 Must ever eat from? Iron is it; iron;
 And ye the steers that plough to earn him viands!"
 "But why so eager was our prince in ploughing?
 Why griev'd he that the field had not been ended?"

" O had it ended been ! Had wise Libussa
But later sent ye to me ! So 'twas destin'd,
Rich fruit and plenty never in your kingdom
Had fail'd.—But now my steers are in the mountain !"

Then graceful rising, on the white steed mounted,
That paws, curvetts, and prances in proud triumph.
His sandals of the linden bark were plaited,
And his own hand with simple bast had sew'd them.
And on his feet they put the royal buskin :
" O leave me," said the prince on the white charger,
" My sandals of the linden bark, O leave me,
That my own hand with simple bast has sewed ;
'Twill to my sons and grandsons be a token
How once their royal ancestor was sandal'd ;"
Then kiss'd, and in his bosom hid the sandals.
And they rode on ; and still so kindly spoke he,
Still with such wisdom, that they ween'd they saw him
A Deity in his long garments riding.

And they approach'd the palace of Libussa.
With joy she greets him there with all her maidens ;
The people hail'd him for their Prince and Ruler ;
And wise Libussa chose him for her Husband.
And long they reign'd ; were good and happy ever ;
And Faith and Right and Justice ever triumph'd ;
And they built cities ; and the goad still flourish'd ;
And still remain'd the sandals for a token ;
And ever clear with labour was the plough-share,
While PREMISLAUS liv'd with WISE LIBUSSA.

* * * * *

O woe ! O woe ! The goad-staff now is wither'd ;
 The sandals of the linden bark are stolen ;
 And th' iron board's become a gilded table !

NOTES ON LIBUSSA.

Amid twelve noble Chieftains.—P. 462. v. 1.

THIS Royal Folksmote, or Court of Twelve Judges, where the prince presides, is the prototype of our Parliament, which was at first only a Supreme Court of Judicature; and of our trial by a Jury of Twelve; and marks the antiquity of the legend, and simplicity of manners which it commemorates.

The antient and widely-extended partiality to the number *Twelve*, in all things divine and human, where power and civil rule were concerned, was probably first connected with religious observance, relating to the passing of the Sun through the Signs of the Zodiack; and as we have the highest of all authorities for it, the generally received impressions among mankind may in this, as in many other cases, have been consulted and conformed to, in the adoption of human means for the effecting of divine purposes. Hence the Twelve Patriarchs sitting upon Twelve Thrones, judging the Twelve Tribes of Israel; the Twelve Apostles, under their divine Head; Jupiter and the Twelve *Dii Majores Gentium*; Odin and his Twelve Gods, in the Gothic Mythology; and their secularised representatives, under the second Odin, in Scandinavia; Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table, in Britain; Charlemagne, and his *Dussiperes*, in France, &c. &c.

Having examined many of those antient Circles of Stones which are commonly called Druidical, and finding them in places where it seemed very improbable, making all due allowance for the altered face of the country, that there ever could have grown groves of oak, such as the Druids are said to have chosen for celebrating their mysteries; I have been inclined to suspect that they were *Celtic Mote Hills*, and dedicated to *juridical* rather than *sacrificial* purposes. May not the Judge have sat, *sub dio*, on the large flat stone facing the south or east side, dispensing, like the sun, (whom, as the arbiter and dispenser of Nature, he represented) the blessings of Order, Justice, and Prosperity? And may not each of the *Patres* and *Notables* who had a seat in the court, have sat by one of the perpendicular stones, with those who were to be judged, and their advocates and evi-

dences, in the middle, and the attending multitude on the outside of the circle? And were not these circles of stones erected, as God was worshipped, *in the high places*, to be at all times seen by the people of the surrounding district or circle, to remind them of their duty, when the court was not sitting?

— *'Tis Libussa;* and *'Tis the wise daughter of the prudent Kroko.*—P. 462. v. 1.

“Crocus tunc erat [qui] ante alios boni justique viri speciem præ se ferebat, sermoneque comis et affabilis habebatur, ac multitudini maxime gratus ex opinione divinitatis, quam ex divinatione augurioque collegerat.—Cæterum valde superstitiosus erat, ut qui fontes et lucos pro diis coleret.” Dubrav. p. 5.—“Moriens autem tres filias reliquit, Brelam, herbarum et medicinæ peritam; Therbam sive Therbizam, augurem et sortilegam; tertiam Libussam, quæ ut natu minor fuit, ita divinarum humanarumque rerum scientia major.” Æn. Sylv. p. 85.—“Vetus autem mos etiam Germanis fuit, ut mulieribus fatidicis summos haberent honores.” Dubrav.

— *the high and holy mountain;*

There to the goddess Klimba prays.—P. 463. v. 7.

The seat of the guardian goddess of these herdsmen and agriculturists was supposed to be on the top of a mountain, (every nation had its own Olympus,) from whence she looked broad upon the ways of men, distributing rewards and punishments according to their deserts. At this day, this circumstance is often alluded to in the popular ditties of the aboriginal inhabitants of these countries; a fine example of which occurs in the following fragment of a Lettish orphan's Ode to Hope:

Noswihdusi laime brauze,	Eager, hasting, sweat-becover'd,
Noswihduschi kummelin'.	Laima drove her foaming steeds, ¹
Man nabbagam bahrisham	Me poor orphan, left forlorn,
Ruhmes weetu mekledam'.	Me a little place to find.
Zitti laudis tà sazzii',	Other folks then of me said:
Tew laimite	Thy good Fortune
Noslihkusì:	Drown'd [in tears] is.

* * * * *

* * [No!] * *

Man' laimite kalninâ	My Laima sits on a hill,
Sehsch sudrab' sohlînâ,	On [a] silver pedestal,
Man weetin dohmadam'.	Musing of [a] spot for me!

¹ See in next note, the account of the “Horse” *Svantovit*.

Were such a device of Greek or Roman origin, its appropriate beauty would often have been adverted to.

KLIMBA was the Goddess of Fate, answering to the Fortuna of the Romans. By the Esthonians, Livonians, Curlanders, ancient Prussians, &c., she was worshipped under the name of LAIMA,¹ the prefix K being omitted. Of this worship, many traces still remain in the tales, superstitions, and popular usages of these people. But the gods, as well as the men of early ages have been so mixed and jumbled together, that it is now extremely difficult to distinguish them. *Klimba* or *Laima* was accounted the general patroness of the country, and seems to have been originally the same as *Ops*, *Terra Mater*, the *Hertha*, (Tacit. Germ. c. 40.) of the Germans, and the *Triglas* of the Vandals, (Sched. de Diis Germanis, Syngr. 3, c. 10, &c. &c.)

This supposition is justified by the attributes of the goddess, as well as by the consideration that the *Goddess of the Earth* was worshipped by the same people under the name of *Lauma*. This latter had the distribution of rain and hail particularly in her disposal, and every Friday-eve was dedicated to her, on which it was unlawful for any woman to spin, &c. This vigil, (*Peekts wakkars*, i. e. the fifth-day wake, or vigil) is still religiously kept in Livonia and Curland, by every woman who has it in her power, and whose piety is not interfered with by the whip of a taskmaster or mistress.

When the Teutonic knights, and the ecclesiastical ruffians who accompanied them, introduced the Christian religion into this unhappy land with fire and sword, and not only rivalled, but if possible exceeded, the horrors to which their own forefathers had not long before been subjected by Charlemagne under a similar pretence, the monks persuaded the poor Neophytes that *Lauma*, instead of being, as they believed, a beneficent power, the protectress of women in childbed, and of infants and sucklings, was no other than the Roman *Lamia*, a she-devil, or sorceress, famous, like Mr Lewis's Grim White Woman, for devouring babes alive. In this the good fathers so far succeeded, that in the dialect of Livonia and Curland, *Lauma* bears the same import as *Lamia*, the Night-hag, or Night-Mare.

But it is much easier to give up names than prejudices. The *Lauma* or *Lamia* of the monks, was resigned to the fury of their ghostly tyrants with the more readiness, because they still had remaining their old and amiable divinity, *Thekla*, *Tekla*, or *Tikla*,² the goddess of *benison*, growing and thriving, who among the good old Letts had long presided over the tender bodies and minds of children, to guard them from accident, disease, and

¹ Letticè, *lemt*, to ordain, and *ma*, mother. In the Lithuanian dialect *laimus* signifies gain.

² *Tikls* in the Lettish dialect signifies *discreet* and *virtuous*. *Tikla* is invoked in Livonia, to still children when naughty, not as *The Saxons* are; or as *the wolf* was (and the *Cossacks* probably will be) in France, and *Brownie* in Scotland; but as the rewarder of infant virtue, as well as the punisher of infant vice.

vice, and to form them to vigour, beauty, and virtue. And what slave is there, however subdued, degraded, and oppressed, who can so far resign every hope and prospect of futurity, as no more to offer incense at the altar of *Fate* and *Fortune*? *Klimba* or *Laima*, and *Tikla*, are still resorted to by young and old. To *Tikla* the midwife and patient still address their secret vows; her invisible hand is still believed to receive the little stranger on his first visit to the light; she spreads his first flannel under him; blesses the child-bed; and then and there bestows the gifts and graces by which the colour of his future destiny is to be decided. It was very natural that quiet and unambitious husbandmen, as were these antient tribes when their merciless German invaders first came among them, should make *Mother Earth* the source of fortune and prosperity; and accordingly *Laima* in the Lettish dialect now signifies *Fortune* or *Fate*; and fragments of antient hymns are sung by the peasants at their popular festivals, in which the beneficent goddess is celebrated under the endearing name of *LAIMA MAHMINA*, or *Mother Goodluck*.

The beautiful execution of the mythical emblems upon marbles and coins, often disposes us to find an elegance and propriety in their allusions, to which they are not always entitled. Designing the *Goddess of Fortune* as she was designed by the Greeks and Romans, conveys a very bad moral. The people ought to be taught, that *Fortune* is the least blind of all Goddesses; and that she is, like the Slavonic *Laima*, the wide-surveying and never-slumbering rewarder of Perseverance, Industry, Economy, Integrity, and Domestic Virtue.

As the eagle was the bird of Jupiter, the woodpecker of Mars, the peacock of Juno, the owl of Minerva, and the dove of Venus, so the lesser titmouse¹ is the favourite bird of "Mother Goodluck," and consequently a bird of omen, as in the following Lettish fragment, of which I shall give a *verbatim* prose translation.

Sihle skaistī padseedaj
 Brahlis istabs gallinā.
 Eij mahsit klausitees,
 Kahdu dseesmu sihle dseed.

&c. &c. &c.

The Titmouse sang very sweetly.

My brother is in the chamber:

'Go, my little sister, and hear

What song the Titmouse sings.'

¹ This hardy and lively little bird remains in Russia during all the severity of the hardest winters.

The Titmouse sings this song :

"Brother must to the wars."

"Go, my little sister, into the garden,

Adorn thy brother's cap (*with roses*.)"—

She sang, and adorned his cap,

And accompanied him with tears.

"Weep not,

My little sister!

If I return not myself,

Yet if my charger, perchance, return,

Ask of my charger,

"Where fell thy rider?"—

* * * * *

The rider fell there,

Where blood ran in streams;

Where men made a bridge of bones;

Where hedges were plaited of swords

Nine rows thick.

* * * * *

I saw my brother

Shouting in the battle;—

Five rose-sprigs in his cap,—

The sixth at his sword's point.

* * * * *

There lie the heroes like oaks,

By the heaps of piled-up swords.

Thy snow-white steed shall find the prince, thy husband,

Where now, with two white steers, industrious ploughing.—P. 463. v. 8.

It is to be observed, that all these animals, sacred to the guardian goddess of a virtuous people, are *white*; the *white Eagle*, the emblem of empire founded on Wisdom and Justice; the *white Horse*, of honourable defensive War; and the *white Steers*, of honest agri-

¹ Walked on the bodies of the dead.

² i. e. Earning by his valour a sixth rose to compleat his chaplet.

cultural Industry.—There is something finely poetical in the idea of the goddess of Industry lending her own sacred steers to the husbandman the most distinguished among her worshippers for wisdom, integrity, and industry. *Worshipping the Ox*, as the Egyptians did, was a much less simple and rational manner of *dedicating* him to the same deity.

Respecting the *sacred Horse*, a good illustration is found in *Saxo Grammaticus, lib. xiiij. F. 158, d.* “Præterea peculiarem albi coloris equum titulo possidebat; cujus jubæ aut caudæ pilos convellere nefarium ducebatur. Hunc soli sacerdoti pascendi insidendique jûs erat, ne divini animalis usus, quo frequentior, hoc utilior haberetur. In hoc equo, opinione Rugiæ, SVANTOVITUS (id simulacro vocabulum erat) adversum sacrorum suorum hostes bella gerere credebatur. Cujus rei præcipuum argumentum extabat, quod is nocturno tempore stabulo insistens, adeo plerumque mane sudore ac luto respersus videbatur, tanquam, ab exercitatione¹ veniendo, magnorum itinerum spacia percurrisset. Auspicia quoque per eundem equum hujusmodi sumebantur, &c. &c.”

“Effigies [Svantoviti] erat quadrifrons, qualis olim Jani apud nonnullos, ut circumstantes ab omni fani parte, conspectu simulachri perfruerentur. Dextrâ cornu, levâ arcum gestabat, proxime suspensa erant, ensis, frenum, sella, juxtaque candidus equus stabulabatur simulachro consecratus. * * * Vinum pridie solenniter in cornu quod dextrâ gerebat, infusum, si postridie integrum sine ulla diminutione manebat, bonum incrementi liquidarum fluentiumque rerum illius anni eventum significari dicebat [sacerdos:] malum vero, si quid de vino fuerat sua sponte diminutum. Habuit et placenta, à sacerdote et populo comesa, sua præsagia, futuram ejus anni copiam aut inopiam præsagens. * * * Diu hæc superstitio, et cultus ejusdem simulachri etiam inter Boiemos viguit, donec Divus Vinceslaus, Principem Boiemæ agens, impetratis ab Othone Cæsare *Divi Viti* reliquiis, sanctum virum idolo profano abolito, venerandum Boiemis exhibuit.”—Dubrav. p. 6.

Dubravius calls this idol *Svatovit*; and it is called *Suiantovit* by Stranskus (Respub. Boiem. p. 248,) who enters more into detail on the subject of Libussa and her religion. Whatever may have been the origin of the name, the attributes of *Svantovit* had certainly nothing to do with Saint Vitus, whose image was full as useless, and much more expensive, to his worshippers, than that of his predecessor.

The goad-staff in the earth anon he planted.—P. 465. v. 11.

“Stimulum vero, quo boves urgebantur, terræ defixum, mox fronduisse, ac tres corili ramos emisisse: ex quibus duo statim exaruerunt, tertium in arborem ejusdem generis proceram excrevisse. * * * Vidi inter privilegia regni, litteras Caroli Quartj² Romanorum Imperatoris, Divi Sigismundi Patris, in quibus hæc tanquam vera continentur, villæ-

¹ For the nature of his supposed exercise, see the preceding note.

² Charles the Fourth was set up by the Pope, in 1347, and crowned at Rome.

que illius incolæ in qua hæc gesta creduntur, libertate donantur, nec plus tributi pendere jubentur, quam nucum illius arboris exiguam mensuram."—Æn. Sylv. p. 86.

——— *Through the air ascending,*

Soar'd the white steers.—P. 465. v. 11.

"Solutos boves elevatos in aëra ferunt, et in altissimam præscissæ rupis speluncam delituisse, nunquam postea visos."—Æn. Sylv. 86.

My sandals of the linden bark O leave me, &c.—P. 465. v. 12.

"Servati calcei diu apud Bohemos religiose habiti, ac per sacerdotes templi Vissegradensis ante Reges delati, dum pompa coronationis educitur."—Æn. Sylv. p. 86.

ABSTRACT

OF THE

EYRBIGGIA-SAGA.

ABSTRACT
OF THE
FYRBIGIA-SAGA.

ABSTRACT

OF THE

EYR BIGGIA-SAGA,

BEING THE EARLY ANNALS OF THAT DISTRICT OF ICELAND LYING AROUND
 THE PROMONTORY CALLED SNÆFELLS.

OF the various records of Icelandic history and literature, there is none more interesting than the Eyrbyggja-Saga, composed (as has been conjectured by the learned Thorkelin) before the year 1264, when Iceland was still subject to the dominion of Norway. The name of the author is unknown, but the simplicity of his annals seems a sufficient warrant for their fidelity. They contain the history of a particular territory of the Island of Iceland, lying around the promontory called Snæfells, from its first settlement by emigrants from Norway: and the chronicle details, at great length, the feuds which took place among the families by whom the land was occupied, the advances which they made towards a more regular state of society, their habits, their superstitions, and their domestic laws and customs. If the events which are commemorated in these provincial annals are not in themselves of great importance, the reader may, in recompense, derive, from the minuteness with which they are detailed, an acquaintance with the manners of the northern nations, not to be acquired from the perusal of more general history. It is,

therefore, presumed, that an abstract of the more interesting parts of the Eyrbyggja-Saga may be acceptable to the readers of the Northern Antiquities. The learned Thorkelin published a correct edition of this history in 1787, executed at the expence of Suhm, the illustrious and munificent patron of northern literature. A Latin version, supplied by the well-known accuracy of the editor, assists the difficulties of those who are imperfectly acquainted with the original Icelandic.

In the year of God 883, a Norwegian nobleman, named Biorn, having been declared an exile by Harold, King of Norway, had recourse to the protection of Rolf, or Rollo, who united the qualities of a priest and a warrior, and kept the temple of Thor in the Island of Mestur. Biorn was kindly received, and furnished with a vessel to pursue his fortune in the spring. But finding that by this proceeding he had incurred the resentment of Harold, Rolf, or, as he was called from his sacred office, Thorolf, (quasi Thor's-Rolf,) resolved to abandon his habitation and to set sail for Iceland, where, ten years before, a colony had been settled by Ingolf, the son of Arne. Thorolf made an immense sacrifice to Thor preparatory to his departure; and having received, or fabricated, an oracle authorizing his change of residence, he set sail, carrying with him the earth upon which the throne of Thor had been placed, the image of the Mace-Bearer itself, and the wooden work of his temple. When the vessel of the adventurer approached Iceland, Thorolf cast the columns of the idol's sanctuary into the sea, and declared his purpose of establishing his new residence wherever they should be thrown on shore. Chance, and the current of the tides, directed the pillars to a promontory or peninsula, called from that circumstance Thorsness.* Here, therefore, Thorolf established himself

* Thorsness seems to have been that small peninsula, mentioned by Sir George Mackenzie in his Survey of the Gold-bringe Syssell of Iceland, which is itself a huge indented promontory on the south-western coast of that island. Near the peninsula the travellers saw the Helgafels, on which there is still a small hamlet, which, they observe, derives its name from the superstitious usages with which it was anciently connected.—*Travels in Iceland*, p. 186, 7.

and his followers, and, mindful of his tutelar deity, erected a temple for Thor, the ample scale of which testified the zeal of his devotion. An inner sanctuary contained the altar of the deity, on which was placed a silver ring, weighing two ounces, which was used in the ministration of every solemn oath, and which decorated the person of the priest of Thor upon all occasions of public meeting. Here also was deposited the vessel which contained the blood of the sacrifices, and the sacred implement for sprinkling it upon the altar and the worshippers. Idols, representing the various deities of Scandinavian mythology, were placed around the altar, and a tax was imposed upon all the settlers for the maintenance of the solemn rites and sacrifices by which they were to be propitiated; Thorolf reserving to himself the office of high-priest, with the duty of maintaining the temple and superintending the ritual. A series of curious ordinances marked the foundation and extent of his authority. The whole promontory of Thorsness was under the protection of the deity, but a small eminence entitled Helgafels, (*i. e.* the Holy Mount,) was so peculiarly sacred, that none of the settlers were to look upon it until they had performed their morning ablutions, and each living creature which should trespass upon its precincts was liable to be punished with death. To the terrors of religion were added the solemnities of legal authority. Near the Holy Mount was established the place of justice, where the popular assemblies were held.¹ This spot was also sacred, neither to be defiled by blood, nor polluted by any of the baser necessities of nature, for satisfying which a neighbouring rock was appointed. In these institutions we recognize the rude commencement of social order and public law. The infant settlement of Thorolf was strengthened by the arrival of Biorn, the fugitive upon whose account he had incurred the indignation of King Harold, and by that of other northern chiefs, whom the fate of

¹ Each little district of settlers had its provincial assembly, for the purpose of making laws, imposing punishments, and accommodating differences. At a later period, general assemblies of the whole Icelandic people, called Althing, were held at a place called Thingvalla, on the shores of a salt-water lake.—See *Mackenzie's Travels*.

war, or the love of adventure, had banished from their respective homes. Each chose his habitation according to his pleasure, and the settlement began to be divided into three districts, called Eyrarvert, Alpta-fiord, and Breida-wick, all of which acknowledged the authority of the Pontiff Thorolf, and the sanctity of his institutions.

The death of Thorolf, however, led the way to internal dissension. A patriarch, called, from the number of his family, Barna-Kiallak (rich in children,) was tempted to dispute the sanctity of the territory of Thorsness, which had been sedulously stipulated. His tribe, confident in their numbers, openly disputed the power of Thorstein, who had succeeded his father Thorolf as pontiff, and announced that when occasion pressed they would pay no more respect to the soil of the sacred territory than to unconsecrated ground, nor would they take the trouble to secede to the rock appointed for such purposes. With this foul intent they marched towards Thorsness, and were met by Thorstein at the head of his tribe, servants, and allies, who, after a sharp skirmish, was fortunately able to prevent the intended profanation of the sacred soil. But as neither party could boast decisive success, an armistice was agreed upon, and a congress opened under the mediation of an aged settler called Thordus. This ingenious referee at once removed the ostensible cause of dispute, by declaring that the territory having been polluted by human blood shed in the conflict, had lost its sanctity in future, and, to take away the secret cause of contention, he declared that Thorgrim, one of the sons of Kiallak, should be conjoined with Thorstein in the charge of the temple of Thor, with an equal share in the duties and revenues of the office of pontiff, and in the charge of protecting from sacrilege a new place of justice, which was now to be established. It is described as a circular range of upright stones, within which one more eminent marked the Stone of Thor, where human victims were immolated to the Thunderer, by breaking or crushing the spine. And this description may confute those antiquaries who are disposed to refer such circles exclusively to the Celtic tribes, and their priests the Druids.

Thorstein, son of Thorolf, perished by shipwreck. His grandson Snorro became the most distinguished support of his family, and the following commencement of his history marks the singular system of laws which already prevailed in Iceland, as well as the high honours in which the female sex was held in that early period of society. The tutelage of Snorro, whose father died young, had devolved upon Borko the Fat, his father's brother, who had married Thordisa, his mother, and was thus at once his uncle and father-in-law. At the age of fourteen, Snorro, with two companions, went abroad to visit his relations in Norway, and returned to Iceland after the lapse of a year. His companion Thorlef was splendid in dress, arms, and equipment, being girded with a sword of exquisite workmanship, and bearing a shield painted blue, and exquisitely gilded, and a spear, the handle of which was plated with gold. But Snorro was dressed in a dark garment, mounted upon a black mare, and his whole appearance intimated want and dejection. This assumed poverty rendered Snorro more acceptable at Helgafels, the abode of his uncle Borko. For, by the law of descent, Snorro was entitled to one half of the possessions of his grandfather, now administered by Borko; and his appearance gave the latter ground to think that he would sell them in his necessity for an inconsiderable price. He was, therefore, not displeased to see his nephew return in a condition which did not seem to supply to him the means of escaping from his tutelage. A singular incident, however, interrupted their family concord. Shortly after Snorro had taken up his abode with his uncle, a party of twelve armed men, headed by Eyolf Gray, suddenly appeared at Helgafels, and their leader announced that he had slain a relative of Thordisa, the mother of Snorro. Borko, to whom the slaughter was indifferent, and who was connected with Eyolf, received him joyfully, and commanded his wife to make him good cheer. While she obeyed his commands with undisguised reluctance, Eyolf chanced to drop the spoon with which he was eating; as he stooped to recover it, the vindictive matron, unable to suppress her indignation, snatched his sword, and severely wounded him.

ere he could recover his erect posture. Borko, incensed at this attack upon his guest, struck his wife, and was about to repeat the blow, when Snorro, throwing himself between them, repelled his attack, and placing his mother by his side, announced haughtily his intention to protect her. Eyulf escaped with difficulty, and afterwards recovered from Borko a fine for the wound which he had sustained, and the uncle and nephew were obliged to have recourse to justice, to arrange their mutual claims, which were rendered yet more inextricable by this brawl. When they appeared before the assembled patriarchs of the settlement, Borko admitted that his nephew, in right of his father deceased, was entitled to one half of the territory of Helgafels, and he also agreed that they could not conveniently possess it in community. Wherefore he offered to purchase that property from Snorro, and to make payment of an adequate price. To this proposal Snorro replied, that his uncle ought first to fix the price to be given, and that he, as descended of the elder brother, should then have it in his option either to sell his own share in the property, or to purchase Borko's moiety at the price to be so named. Borko, confident in the supposed poverty of his nephew, estimated the half of the joint property at sixty ounces of silver, a sum far beneath the real value; when, to his astonishment, Snorro at once made payment of the stipulated sum, and obtained full possession of his paternal mansion and estate. Nor did the vexations of Borko end here. For when he was about to depart from Helgafels, his wife Thordisa invoked witnesses to bear testimony that she solemnly divorced her husband Borko, alleging, as a sufficient reason, that he had raised his hand against her person. And such were the rights of an Icelandic Mater-familias, that the divorce and division of goods immediately took place between her and her husband, although one would have presumed that the attempt to murder a guest in his own presence, might have been admitted as a satisfactory apology for the violence of the husband. Snorro having thus at an easy rate obtained possession of his whole paternal inheritance of Helgafels, lost no time in assuming the sacred character of priest of Thor,

and continued, from his boldness, craft, and dexterity, to act a conspicuous part in the various feuds which agitated the settlers in this sterile and dreary country, as fiercely as if they had been contending for the mines of Peru, or the vineyards of Italy; so that the subsequent part of this history may be considered as the annals of Snorro's pontificate.

Our annalist has not left the scene altogether unvaried. Wars and prosecutions before the assembly of the people are indeed the groundwork; but such spells and supernatural incidents, as the superstition of the age believed in, are introduced like the omens and miracles of classic history. Such incidents, indeed, make an invariable part of the history of a rude age, and the chronicles which do not afford these marks of human credulity, may be grievously suspected as deficient in authenticity. The following account of a trial of skill between two celebrated sorceresses, occupies several pages of the Eyrbyggja-Saga.

"Tell me," said Katla, a handsome and lively widow, to Gunlaugar, an accomplished and gallant young warrior, "tell me why thou goest so oft to Mahfahlida?—Is it to caress an old woman?" "Thine own age, Katla," answered the youth inconsiderately, "might prevent thy making that of Geirrida a subject of reproach."—"I little deemed," replied the offended matron, "that we were on an equality in that particular—but thou, who supposest that Geirrida is the sole source of knowledge, mayst find that there are others who equal her in science." It happened in the course of the following winter that Gunlaugar, in company with Oddo, the son of Katla, had renewed one of those visits to Geirrida, with which Katla had upbraided him. "Thou shalt not depart to-night," said the sage matron, "evil spirits are abroad, and thy bad destiny predominates."—"We are two in company," answered Gunlaugar, "and have therefore nothing to fear."—"Oddo," replied Geirrida, "will be of no aid to thee, but go, since thou wilt go, and pay the penalty of thy own rashness."—In their way they visited the rival matron, and Gunlaugar was invited to remain in her house that night. This he declined, and passing forward alone, was next morning found lying before the gate of his father

Thorbiorn, severely wounded and deprived of his judgment. Various causes were assigned for this disaster, but Oddo, asserting that they had parted in anger that evening from Geirrida, insisted that his companion must have sustained the injury through her sorcery. Geirrida was accordingly cited to the popular assembly, and accused of witchcraft. But twelve witnesses, or compurgators, having asserted upon their oath the innocence of the accused party, Geirrida was honourably freed from the accusation brought against her.¹ Her acquittal did not terminate the rivalry between the two sorceresses, for Geirrida belonging to the family of Kiliakan, and Katla to that of the pontiff Snorro, the animosity which still subsisted between these septs became awakened by the quarrel.

It chanced that Thorbiorn, called Digri (or the corpulent,) one of the family of Snorro, had some horses which fed in the mountain pastures, near to those of Thorarin, called the Black, the son of the enchantress Geirrida. But when autumn arrived, and the horses were to be withdrawn from the mountains, and housed for the winter, those of Thorbiorn could nowhere be found, and Oddo, the son of Katla, being sent to consult a wizard, brought back a dubious answer, which seemed to indicate that they had been stolen by Thorarin. Thorbiorn, with Oddo, and a party of armed followers, immediately set forth for Mahfahlida, the dwelling of Geirrida and her son Thorarin. Arrived before the gate, they demanded permission to search for the horses which were amissing. This Thorarin refused, alleging, that neither was the search demanded duly authorized by law, nor were the proper witnesses cited to be present, nor did Thorbiorn offer any sufficient pledge of security when claiming the exercise of so hazardous a privilege. Thorbiorn replied, that as Thorarin declined to permit a search, he must be held as admitting his guilt; and constituting for

¹ This ceremony of compurgation formed, as is well known, the remote origin of the trial by jury. The compurgators were at first a kind of witnesses, who, upon their general knowledge of the character of the accused, gave evidence of his being incapable of committing the crime imputed, but gradually obtained the character of judges, who formed their opinion upon the evidence of others adduced in their presence.

that purpose a temporary court of justice, by chusing out six judges, he formally accused Thorarin of theft before the gate of his own house. At this the patience of Geirrida forsook her. "Well," said she to her son Thorarin, "is it said of thee, that thou art more a woman than a man, or thou wouldst not bear these intolerable affronts." Thorarin, fired at the reproach, rushed forth with his servants and guests; a skirmish soon disturbed the legal process which had been instituted, and one or two of both parties were wounded and slain, before the wife of Thorarin, and the female attendants, could separate the fray by flinging their mantles over the weapons of the combatants. Thorbiorn and his party retreating, Thorarin proceeded to examine the field of battle. Alas! among the reliques of the fight was a bloody hand, too slight and fair to belong to any of the combatants. It was that of his wife Ada, who had met this misfortune in her attempts to separate the skirmish. Incensed to the uttermost, Thorarin threw aside his constitutional moderation, and mounting on horseback, with his allies and followers pursued the hostile party, and overtook them in a hay-field, where they had halted to repose their horses, and to exult over the damage they had done to Thorarin. At this moment he assailed them with such fury, that he slew Thorbiorn upon the spot, and killed several of his attendants; although Oddo, the son of Katla, escaped free from wounds, having been dressed by his mother in an invulnerable garment. After this action, more bloody than usually happened in an Icelandic engagement, Thorarin returned to Mahfahlida, and being questioned by his mother concerning the events of the skirmish, he answered in the improvisatory and enigmatical poetry of his age and country,—

From me the foul reproach be far,
With which a female waked the war,
From me, who shunned not in the fray
Through foemen fierce to hew my way;
(Since meet it is the eagle's brood
On the fresh corpse should find their food,)

Then spared I not in fighting field,
 With stalwart hand my sword to wield;
 And well may claim at Odin's shrine,
 The praise that waits this deed of mine.

To which effusion Geirrida answered, "Do these verses imply the death of Thorbiorn?"—And Thorarin, alluding to the legal process which Thorbiorn had instituted against him, resumed his song.

Sharp bit the sword beneath the hood
 Of him whose zeal the cause pursued,
 And ruddy flowed the stream of death,
 Ere the grim brand resumed the sheath;
 Now, on the buckler of the slain
 The raven sits, his draught to drain,
 For gore-drenched is his visage bold,
 That hither came his courts to hold.

As the consequence of this slaughter was likely to be a prosecution at the instance of the pontiff Snorro, Thorarin had now recourse to his allies and kindred, of whom the most powerful were Arnkill, his maternal uncle, and Verimond, who readily promised their aid both in the field and in the Comitia, or popular meeting, in spring, before which it was to be presumed Snorro would indict Thorarin for the slaughter of his kinsman. Arnkill could not, however, forbear asking his nephew how he had so far lost his usual command of temper. He replied in verse.

Till then, the master of my mood,
 Men called me gentle, mild, and good;
 But yon fierce dame's sharp tongue might wake
 In wintry den the frozen snake.

While Thorarin spent the winter with his uncle Arnkill, he received information from his mother Geirrida, that Oddo, son of her old rival

Katla, was the person who had cut off the hand of his wife Ada, and that he gloried in the fact. Thorarin and Arnkill determined on instant vengeance, and travelling rapidly, surprised the house of Katla. The undismayed sorceress, on hearing them approach, commanded her son to sit close beside her, and when the assailants entered they only beheld Katla, spinning coarse yarn from what seemed a large distaff, with her female domestics seated around her.—“Her son,” she said, “was absent on a journey;” and Thorarin and Arnkill having searched the house in vain, were obliged to depart with this answer. They had not, however, gone far, before the well-known skill of Katla in optical delusion occurred to them, and they resolved on a second and stricter search. Upon their return they found Katla in the outer apartment, who seemed to be shearing the hair of a tame kid, but was in reality cutting the locks of her son Oddo. Entering the inner room they found the large distaff flung carelessly upon a bench. They returned yet a third time, and a third delusion was prepared for them; for Katla had given her son the appearance of a hog, which seemed to grovel upon the heap of ashes. Arnkill now seized and split the distaff which he had at first suspected, upon which Katla tauntingly observed, that if their visits had been frequent that evening, they could not be said to be altogether ineffectual, since they had destroyed a distaff. They were accordingly returning completely baffled, when Geirrida met them, and upbraided them with carelessness in searching for their enemy. “Return yet again,” she said, “and I will accompany you.”—Katla’s maidens, still upon the watch, announced to her the return of the hostile party, their number augmented by one who wore a blue mantle. “Alas!” cried Katla, “it is the sorceress Geirrida, against whom spells will be of no avail.” Immediately rising from the raised and boarded seat which she occupied, she concealed Oddo beneath it, and covered it with cushions as before, on which she stretched herself, complaining of indisposition. Upon the entrance of the hostile party, Geirrida, without speaking a word, flung aside her mantle, took out a piece of seal’s-skin, in which she wrapped up Kat-

la's head, and commanded that she should be held by some of the attendants, while the others broke open the boarded space beneath which Oddo lay concealed, seized upon him, bound him, and led him away captive with his mother. Next morning Oddo was hanged, and Katla stoned to death; but not until she had confessed that through her sorcery she had occasioned the disaster of Gunlaugar, which first led the way to these feuds. This execution is remarkable, because it seems to have taken place without any previous ceremony of judicial procedure, which, in general, we find the Icelanders considered as necessary preliminaries to the condemnation and execution of criminals. Spring now approached, and it became necessary for Thorarin to take some resolution; for, although it seemed possible that the slaughter might be atoned by a pecuniary imposition, yet so many persons had been slain, that the usual fines corresponding to their rank was more than sufficient to exhaust his fortune: And, to hasten his determination, Snorro, accompanied by a band of eighty horsemen, appeared before the house of Arnkill, for the purpose of citing Thorarin to answer for the slaughter of Thorbiörn. This citation was performed in obedience to the Icelandic law, which permitted no accusation to be brought against any party, who had not been previously apprized of the charge by a summons delivered to him personally, or at his dwelling place.^{*} The ceremony being peaceably performed, Thorarin, observing the strong party in attendance upon Snorro, broke forth into a poetical rhapsody:

No feeble force, no female hand,
Compels me from my native land;
O'er-match'd in numbers and in might,
By banded hosts in armour bright,
In vain attesting laws and gods,
A guiltless man, I yield to odds.

^{*} This law of summons is often mentioned, and seems to have been regularly insisted upon. It was attended with some risk to the party who ventured to make the citation, and often ended in a skirmish.

Accordingly, ere the popular assembly met, Thorarin, with his relative Verimond, embarked in a vessel for Scandinavia. Of the former the history tells us no more; but Verimond, who separated from him, and spent the subsequent winter at the court of Count Haco, son of Sigurd, then regent of Norway, continues to make a figure in the Eyrbyggia-Saga.

It seems that Haco had at his court two of those remarkable champions, called Berserkir, men, who, by moral or physical excitation of some kind or other, were wont to work themselves into a state of frenzy, during which they achieved deeds passing human strength, and rushed, without sense of danger, or feeling of pain, upon every species of danger that could be opposed to them. Verimond contracted a sort of friendship with these champions, who, unless when seized with their fits of fury, were not altogether discourteous or evil-disposed. But as any contradiction was apt to excite their stormy passions, their company could not be called very safe or commodious. Verimond, however, who now desired to return to Iceland, conceived that in the feuds to which he might be there exposed, the support of the two Berserkir would be of the greatest advantage to him. Acting upon this idea, When Haco at his departure offered him any reasonable boon which he might require, he prayed that he would permit these two champions to accompany him to his native country. The count assented, but not without showing him the danger of his request. They are only accustomed, said Haco, to submit to men of great power and high rank, and will be reluctant and disobedient stipendiaries to a person of a meaner station. Verimond, however, grasped at the permission of the count, though reluctantly granted, and was profuse in promises to Halli and Leikner, providing they would accompany him to Iceland. They frankly objected the poverty of the country, yet agreed to go thither, apprizing their conductor at the same time, that their friendship would not endure long if he refused them any boon which was in his power to grant, and which they

might chuse to demand. Verimond again assured them of his anxious wish to gratify them in every particular, and transported them to Iceland, where he was not long of discovering that he had burthened himself with a very difficult task. Halli's first request was, that he should be provided with a spouse, rich, nobly-born, and beautiful. But, as it was not easy to find a maiden so gifted, who would unite her fate with a foreigner of mean birth, who was besides a Berserkar, Verimond was compelled to elude the request of his champion. This was likely to occasion such enmity, that Verimond began to think of transferring his troublesome and ungovernable satellites to his brother Arngrim, a man of a stern, fierce, and active disposition, who had carried on numerous feuds, and in every case refused to make pecuniary compensation for the slaughters which he had committed. Thus he was usually called Styr, (*i. e.* the Stirring or Tumultuous;) as Verimond was termed Miöfi, or the Delicate. Styr, nevertheless, tumultuous as he was, could not be prevailed upon to accept of the patronage of the Berserkir. It was in vain that Verimond protested that he gifted him with two such champions as would enable him to become an easy victor in every quarrel he might engage in, and that he designed this present as a gage of their fraternal union. Styr, professing a sincere confidence in his brotherly affection, intimated, that he had heard enough of the disposition of these foreign warriors, to satisfy him that they would be rather embarrassing than useful dependants, and was fully determined never to admit them within his family. Verimond was therefore obliged to change his tone, to acknowledge the dread in which he stood of the Berserkir, and request his brother's advice and assistance to rid him of them; "That," answered Styr, "is a different proposal. I could never have accepted them as a pledge of favour or friendship; but to relieve thee from danger and difficulty, I am content to encumber myself with the charge of thy associates." The next point was to reconcile the Berserkir, (who might resent being transferred like bondsmen from the one brother to the other,) to

this change of masters. The warlike and fierce disposition of Styr seemed, however, so much more suitable to their own, than that of Verimond, that they speedily acquiesced, and accompanying their new patron upon a nocturnal excursion, evinced their strength in breaking to pieces a strong wooden frame, or bed, in which his enemy had taken refuge, so that Styr had an opportunity of slaying him. The presumption of Halli, however, soon discomposed their union. The champion cast the eyes of affection on Asdisa, the daughter of his patron, a haughty, fiery, and robust damsel, well qualified to captivate the heart of a Berserker. He formally announced to Styr that he demanded her hand in marriage, that a refusal would be a breach of their friendship, but that if he would accept of his alliance, he and his brother would render him the most powerful man in Iceland. At this unexpected proposal Styr for a time remained silent, considering how best he might evade the presumptuous demand of this frantic champion, and at length observed, that the friends of his family must be consulted upon his daughter's establishment. "Three days' space," answered Halli, "will suffice for that purpose, and be mindful that our friendship depends on thine answer." Styr in great doubt and trouble journeyed to Helgafels, to consult the experience of the pontiff Snorro. When Snorro learned that he came to ask advice, "Let us ascend," he said, "the sacred mount, for such councils as are taken on that holy spot rarely prove unpropitious." They remained in deep conference on the mount of Thor until evening, nor did any one know the purpose which they agitated, but what followed sufficiently shows the nature of the councils suggested upon the holy ground. Styr, so soon as he returned home, announced to Halli his expectation, that since he could not redeem his bride by payment of a sum of money as was usual, he should substitute in lieu thereof, according to ancient right and custom, the performance of some unusual and difficult task. "And what shall that task be?" demanded the suitor. "Thou shalt form," said Styr, "a path through the rocks at Biarnarhaf, and a fence betwixt my property and that of my neighbours, also thou shalt con-

struct a house for the reception of my flocks, and these tasks accomplished thou shalt have Asdisa to wife."—" Though unaccustomed to such servile toil," replied the Berserker, " I accept of the terms thou hast offered." And by the assistance of his brother he accomplished the path required, a work of the greatest labour, and erected the bound-fence, of which vestiges remained in the days of our historian. The Berserker were now labouring at the stable for the flocks, while the servants of Styr were employed in the construction of a subterranean bath, so contrived that it could on a sudden be deluged with boiling water, or heated to a suffocating degree. On the last day, when the brethren were labouring at the conclusion of their task, Asdisa, the daughter of Styr, passed by them splendidly arrayed. Then sung Halli,

Oh whither dost thou bend thy way,

Fair maiden, in such rich array,

For never have I seen thee roam

So gaily dressed, so far from home?—

Then Leikner also sung,—

Till now that stole of purple rare

Full seldom did the maiden wear,

Why is she now attired so fair?

The cause, O maid, benign display,

Of that unwonted raiment gay,

Nor thus disdainful pass us by

With silent lip and scornful eye.

But Asdisa, disliking either the bard or the poetry, or both, passed on without making any answer. Evening now approached, and, the stipulated task being ended, the champions returned to the dwelling of Styr. They were extremely exhausted, as was common with persons of their condition, whose profuse expenditure of strength and spirits induced a proportional degree of relaxation after severe labour.

They, therefore, gladly accepted Styr's proposal, that they should occupy the newly-constructed bath. When they had entered, their insidious patron caused the trap-door to be blockaded, and a newly-stripped bullock's skin to be stretched before the entrance, and then proceeded to pour in scalding water through the aperture contrived for that purpose, and to heat the bath to an intolerable pitch. The unfortunate Berserkir endeavoured to break out, and Halli succeeded in forcing the door, but his feet being entangled in the slippery hide, he was stabbed by Styr ere he could make any defence: his brother attempting the entrance, was forced headlong back into the bath, and thus both perished. Styr caused their bodies to be interred in a narrow glen, of such depth that nothing but the sky was visible from its recesses. Then Styr composed this song concerning his exploit:—

These champions from beyond the main
Of Iceland's sons I deem'd the bane,
Nor fear'd I to endure the harm
And frantic fury of their arm,
But, conqueror, gave this valley's gloom
To be the grim Berserkir's tomb.

When the pontiff Snorro heard that the stratagem of Styr had proved successful, he paid him a visit, in which, after a day's consultation, Asdisa, the daughter of Styr, was betrothed to Snorro. The marriage was solemnised shortly afterwards, and the activity and intrepidity of Styr being aided by, and aiding in turn, the wisdom and experience of Snorro, the power of both was greatly extended and fortified by this alliance.

Passing some feuds of less interest, we come to the history of Thorolf Bægifot. This chief had in his youth defied to combat an aged champion called Ulfar, for the sake of acquiring his territory. Ulfar, though old and dim of sight, preferred death to dishonour, and met Thorolf in single combat. Ulfar fell, but Thorolf received a wound in the leg, on which he ever after halted, and thus acquired the name

of Bægifot, or the Crook-footed. Thorolf had one son, the same Arnkill who figured in the history of Thorarin the Black, and two daughters, one of whom was the celebrated enchantress Geirrida. As Thorolf waxed aged, he became of a cankered and savage disposition, and as crooked in his mind as in his limbs. Many causes of discord occurred betwixt him and his son Arnkill, until at length they were in a state of utter enmity. The nearest neighbour of Thorolf Bægifot was Ulfar, a freed man of Thorbrand, possessed of a fair property. It was said of this cultivator, that he understood the art of making hay better than any man in Iceland, and that his crop was never injured by the rain, or his cattle by the storms. Thorolf went to consult this sage upon the management of the hay-crop on a field which they possessed in common. "This week," said Ulfar, "will be rainy; let us use it in cutting the hay; it will be followed by a fortnight of dry weather, which we will employ in drying it." Thorolf, however, became impatient, and dubious of a change of weather, ordered his hay to be carried to his yard, and ricked up, while that of Ulfar was yet lying in the swathe, and then, whether impelled by cupidity, caprice, or jealousy, does not appear, he carried home also that part of the crop which belonged to the weather-wise Ulfar. The latter reclaimed his property; but, after some altercation, saw no means of redress so effectual as to appeal to the justice of Arnkill, the son of Thorolf. Arnkill, after vain applications for justice to his father, was at length contented to indemnify Ulfar by making payment to him of the value of the hay, a proposal to which his father had refused to accede, saying, in the plenitude of oppressive power, "That the churl was already too wealthy." Arnkill, however, indemnified himself of the price of the hay by driving off twelve fat oxen belonging to his father, which he alleged were compensated by the money thus advanced to Ulfar. It was now the feast of Jol, and Thorolf, who had drank freely, and circulated much liquor among his bondsmen, was so incensed against Ulfar, that he offered liberty to any of his serfs who would burn his house, and consume him among the flames. Six of his bondsmen set

out upon this neighbourly exploit; but the flames, as they began to rise, became visible to Arnkill, who hastened to the house of Ulfar, extinguished the fire, and made prisoners the incendiaries. These he transported to his own house, and hanged them next morning without ceremony, to the great increase of his father's discontent. Ulfar, on the other hand, rejoiced at having acquired so active and powerful a protector, chose Arnkill for his immediate patron, to the displeasure of the family of his original master Thorbrand, who viewed, with resentment, the chance of losing the inheritance of their father's freed man. Meanwhile the wrath of Thorolf grew so high against his son, that he went to the pontiff Snorro, to prevail on him to prosecute Arnkill to the uttermost for the slaughter of his six bondsmen. Snorro, at first, declined to have any interference with the matter, alleging the good character of Arnkill, and the foul treason in which the serfs of Thorolf had been engaged when seized and executed. "I wot well the cause of thy regard for Arnkill," answered Thorolf; "thou thinkest he will pay for thy support in the assembly more freely than I. But hearken: I know thy desire to possess the fair woods of Krakanness, which pertain to me. I will bestow them on thee, if thou wilt prosecute the cause arising from the slaughter of my bondsmen with the utmost severity, without sparing, on account of Arnkill's relation to me, or his friendship to thyself." Snorro could not resist the prospect of gain thus artfully held out to him, and agreed to prosecute the cause to the uttermost. The pleadings were ingenious on both sides, and show some progress in the intricate punctilios of municipal jurisprudence. The death of the bondsmen was urged by Snorro. The accused defended himself upon the fact of their being apprehended in the act of burning Ulfar's habitation. It was replied, that though this might have justified their being slain on the spot, yet it gave those who seized them no right to execute them elsewhere after a day's interval. At length the matter was referred to the award of the two brethren, Styr and Verimond, who appointed Arnkill to pay a fine of twelve ounces of silver for the death of each domestic. Tho-

rolf, incensed to the highest pitch at this lenient imposition, broke forth into complaints against Snorro, whom he considered as having betrayed his cause, and retired from the convention to meditate a bloody revenge against all his enemies. Ulfar, the most helpless and inoffensive, was the first to experience his resentment. He had been feasting with his patron Arnkill, and had departed loaded with presents, when he was waylaid and assassinated by Spagil, a villain whom Thorolf had hired to the deed by an ample bribe. Arnkill, who chanced to be abroad that evening, observed a man at a distance bearing the shield which he had so lately bestowed on Ulfar. "That buckler," said he, "Ulfar hath not parted from willingly; pursue the bearer of it, and if, as I dread, he has slain my client through my father's instigation, bring him not before my sight, but slay him instantly." A part of his followers instantly pursued Spagil, and having seized and compelled him to avow his crime, and confess by whom it was prompted, they killed him on the spot, and brought back to Thorolf the spoils of the unhappy Ulfar. The disputes concerning the inheritance of Ulfar now augmented the dissensions of the settlement. It was claimed by the family of Thorbrand, as Ulfar had been his freed man, and by Arnkill as his immediate patron and protector. The former, however, proved the weaker party; and on having recourse to Snorro, received little encouragement to cope with Arnkill: "You share only," said the pontiff, "the general lot of the tribe, which, while Arnkill lives, must put up with such aggressions unavenged." "Most truly spoken," replied the sons of Thorbrand, "nor can we complain of thee, Snorro, for refusing to advocate our cause, who art so tame and cold in asserting thine own." With these words of reproach, they left the assembly in great discontent.

Thorolf Bægifot began now to repent having bestowed upon Snorro the woods of Krakaness without obtaining the stipulated gratification of his resentment. He went to the pontiff and demanded restitution, alleging, that he had transferred the woods in loan, not as a gift. But Snorro refused to listen to his request, and appealed to the testimony

of those who witnessed the transaction, that he had received the woods in full property. In the warmth of passion, Thorolf now had recourse to his son, and proposed to him to renew their natural alliance, and that the pledge of their friendship should be the union of their forces, to recover from Snorro the woods of Krakaness. "It was not for love of me," said Arnkill, "that thou gavest Snorro possession of these woods; and although I know he has no just title to them, I will not enter into feud with the pontiff to gratify thy resentment by our quarrels." "Thy cowardice," said Thorolf, "rather than any other motive, causes thy affected moderation." "Think on the matter what thou wilt," said Arnkill, "but I will not enter into feud with Snorro on that subject." Thus repulsed at every hand, and in all the agony of impotent fury, Thorolf Bægifot returned to his own house. He spoke to no one, partook not of the evening meal, but, sitting in silence at the highest part of the table, suffered his domestics to retire to rest without quitting his seat. In the morning he was found dead in the same place and posture. A message instantly conveyed to Arnkill the news of his father's death. When he came, the corpse remained seated in the posture in which Thorolf had expired, and the terrified family hinted that he had fallen by the mode of death of all others most dreaded by the Icelanders.¹ Arnkill entered the apartment, but in such a manner as to approach the body from behind, and he cautioned the attendants that no one should look upon the face of the corpse until the due propitiatory rites were performed. It was not without application of force that the corpse could be removed from the seat which it occupied; the face was then veiled, and the customary ceremonies paid to the dead body. This done, Arnkill commanded the wall of the apartment to be broken down behind the spot where Thorolf had died, and the corpse being raised up with difficulty, and transported through the breach,² was deposited in a

¹ Suicide seems to be indicated.

² It is still an article of popular superstition in Scotland, that the corpse of a suicide ought not to be carried out of the apartment by the door, but lowered through a window.

grave strongly built. But these meet honours, and this grave, however fortified, could not appease the restless spirit of Thorolf Bægifot. He appeared in the district by night and day, slew men and cattle, and harrowed the country so much by his frequent apparition and mischievous exploits, that his son Arnkill, on the repeated complaints of the inhabitants, resolved to change his place of sepulture. Some opposition was threatened by the sons of Thorbrand, who refused to permit the corpse to be carried through their domains, until reminded by their father, that it was illegal to refuse passage to those who were travelling in discharge of a duty imposed by law, and such was the burial of the dead. The body of Thorolf was found on opening the tomb, but his aspect was fearful and grisly to a preternatural degree. He was placed on a bier between two strong oxen, which, nevertheless, were worn out by fatigue ere they had transported him many miles. Others were substituted in their room, but when they attained the summit of a hill, at some distance from the destined place of sepulture, they became frantic, and, breaking their yokes, rushed down the precipice and perished. The corpse, too, became of such ponderous weight, that it could by no means be transported any farther, so that Arnkill was fain to consign it to the earth on the ridge of the hill, where it lay, and which took its name henceforward from that of Bægifot. Arnkill caused a mound of immense height to be piled above the grave, and Thorolf, during the lifetime of his son, remained quiet in his new abode.*

or conveyed through a breach in the wall. Neglect of this observance is supposed to expose the house to be haunted.

* After the death of Arnkill, Bægifot became again troublesome, and walked forth from his tomb to the great terror and damage of the neighbourhood, slaying both herds and domestics, and driving the inhabitants from the canton. It was, therefore, resolved to consume his carcase with fire; for, like the Hungarian Vampire, he, or some evil demon in his stead, made use of his mortal reliques as a vehicle during commission of these enormities. The body was found swoln to a huge size, and equalling in size the corpulence of an ox. It was transported to the sea-shore with difficulty, and there burned to ashes. A cow, licking some part of these ashes, brought forth the bull Glæser, by whom Thorodd, his master, was slain, as is mentioned in a legend quoted elsewhere in this volume. See p. 406.

After the death of Thorolf, Arnkill engaged in various disputes with the pontiff Snorro for the recovery of the woods of Krakaness, and with the sons of Thorbrand, on account of their old feud. He had the better in many skirmishes, and in many debates before the national convention. Nor was Snorro for a length of time more successful in his various efforts to remove this powerful rival. For, although a priest, he was not in any respect nice in his choice of means on such occasions, and practised repeatedly against Arnkill's life by various attempts at assassination. At length, however, irritated to the highest pitch, by a conversation in which he heard strangers extol the power and courage of Arnkill above his own, he resolved to employ in his revenge the sons of Thorbrand. To Thorlef Kimbi, the strongest of these champions, he gave a choice war-axe, and, bidding him observe the length of the handle, added, "Yet it will not reach the head of Arnkill while making hay at the farm of Ulfar." It must be observed, that Arnkill durst not occupy the farm of Ulfar, which had been so fiercely disputed between him and the sons of Thorbrand, otherwise than by sending labourers there in the day, and withdrawing them before night-fall. In the hay-season, however, he also employed his wains by moon-light to transport the hay from these possessions to his own domain. The sons of Thorbrand, embracing the hint of the pontiff, now watched his motions; and learning that one moon-light night Arnkill had himself accompanied three of his bondsmen for the above purpose, they dispatched a messenger to inform Snorro, that "the old eagle had taken his flight towards Orligstad." The pontiff instantly rose, and, accompanied by nine armed followers, traversed the ice to Altifiord, where he joined the party of the sons of Thorbrand, six in number. Arnkill, who descried his enemies advancing towards him, dispatched his unarmed attendants to his dwelling, to summon his servants to his assistance. "I meantime," said he, "will defend myself on the heap of hay, nor will I afford an easy victory to my foemen." But of these messengers one perished in crossing a torrent, the other loitered by the way. Meantime Arnkill, after defending

himself valiantly, was finally overpowered and slain. Of which sings the Scald Thormoda Ulfilson :—

A noble meal the pontiff strewed
For the wild eagle's hungry brood,
A noble corpse hath filled the tomb,
When valiant Arnkill met his doom.

Arnkill is regretted by the annalist as a model of the qualities most valued in an Icelandic chief. He excelled all in accurate observance of ancient rites and customs, was stout-hearted and brave in enterprise, and so prudent and eloquent, that he was always successful in the causes which he prosecuted in the popular assemblies—qualities which drew upon him the envy that occasioned his death. His sepulchral mound, raised upon the sea-shore, was visible in the time of the historian. The property of Arnkill, and the charge of exacting vengeance for his blood, passed to females, and hence the duty was but indifferently discharged. Thorolf Kimbi, who had struck the deadly blow, was banished for three years from Iceland, a poor atonement for the slaughter of such a champion. And hence, says the annalist, it was enacted that neither a woman, nor a youth under sixteen years, should prosecute in a cause for avenging of blood. Arnkill was slain in the year 993.

Omitting a desperate feud between the sons of Thorbrand and those of Thorlak, we shall only notice the accuracy with which the *compensatio injuriarum* was weighed in the Comitia of Helgafels, when the quarrel was accommodated. Every disaster which had been sustained by the one party was weighed against one of a similar nature inflicted upon the other. Life for life, wound for wound, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, were adjusted with the utmost precision, and the balance arising in favour of one of the contending septs was valued and atoned for by a pecuniary mulct. This compact, which was followed by an internal peace of unusual duration, took place in the year 999.

In the year 1000, the Christian religion was introduced into Iceland by her apostles Gizur the White, and Hialto.¹ Snorro became a convert, and lent the greatest assistance in extending the new faith.² It is not easy to see what motive the priest of Thor could have for exchanging a worship, over which he himself presided, for a new religion, since the unprincipled cunning and selfish character of Snorro seem to deprive him of the credit of having acted upon conviction. He procured the erection, nevertheless, of a Christian church at Helgafels, upon the scite of the temple dedicated to Thor, and acted in every other respect as a sincere convert. As this was the third attempt to preach Christianity in the island, it seems probable that the good sense of the Icelanders had already rejected in secret the superstitions of paganism, and that the worship of Thor had declined in the estimation of the people.

The same year is assigned as the date of a very curious legend. A ship from Iceland chanced to winter in a haven near Helgafels. Among the passengers was a woman named Thorgunna, a native of the Hebrides, who was reported by the sailors to possess garments and household furniture of a fashion far surpassing those used in Iceland.

¹ Hialto was an Icelander by birth, but had been banished for composing a song in disparagement of the heathen deities, of which the following is a literal version:—

I will not serve an idol log
For one, I care not which,
But either Odin is a dog,
Or Freya is a bitch.

Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiæ, vol. I. p. 57.

² We learn from another authority that the heathen priests and nobles held a public conference with the Christian missionaries in the general assembly of the tribes of Iceland. While the argument was yet in discussion, news arrived that an eruption of lava was laying waste a neighbouring district. "It is the effect of the wrath of our offended deities," exclaimed the worshippers of Odin and Thor. "And what excited their wrath," answered Snorro, the hero of the Eyrbyggja-Saga, though still himself a heathen, "what excited their wrath when these rocks of lava, which we ourselves tread, were themselves a glowing torrent?" This ready answer silenced the advocates of heathenism.—*Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiæ, vol. I. p. 62.*

Thurida, sister of the pontiff Snorro, and wife of Thorodd, a woman of a vain and covetous disposition, attracted by these reports, made a visit to the stranger, but could not prevail upon her to display her treasures. Persisting, however, in her enquiries, she pressed Thorgunna to take up her abode at the house of Thorodd. The Hebridean reluctantly assented, but added, that as she could labour at every usual kind of domestic industry, she trusted in that manner to discharge the obligation she might lie under to the family, without giving any part of her property, in recompense of her lodging. As Thurida continued to urge her request, Thorgunna accompanied her to Froda, the house of Thorodd, where the seamen deposited a huge chest and cabinet, containing the property of her new guest, which Thurida viewed with curious and covetous eyes. So soon as they had pointed out to Thorgunna the place assigned for her bed, she opened the chest, and took forth such an embroidered bed coverlid, and such a splendid and complete set of tapestry hangings, and bed furniture of English linen, interwoven with silk, as had never been seen in Iceland. "Sell to me," said the covetous matron, "this fair bed furniture."—"Believe me," answered Thorgunna, "I will not lie upon straw in order to feed thy pomp and vanity;" an answer which so greatly displeased Thurida, that she never again repeated her request. Thorgunna, to whose character subsequent events added something of a mystical solemnity, is described as being a woman of a tall and stately appearance, of a dark complexion, and having a profusion of black hair. She was advanced in age; assiduous in the labours of the field and of the loom; a faithful attendant upon divine worship; grave, silent, and solemn in domestic society. She had little intercourse with the household of Thorodd, and shewed particular dislike to two of its inmates. These were Thorer, who, having lost a leg in the skirmish between Thorbiorn and Thorarin the Black, was called Thorer-Widlegr (wooden-leg,) from the substitute he had adopted; and his wife, Thorgrima, called Galldra-Kinna (wicked sorceress,) from her supposed skill in enchantments.

Kiartan, the son of Thurida,^{*} a boy of excellent promise, was the only person of the household to whom Thorgunna shewed much affection; and she was much vexed at times when the childish petulance of the boy made an indifferent return to her kindness.

After this mysterious stranger had dwelt at Froda for some time, and while she was labouring in the hay-field with other members of the family, a sudden cloud from the northern mountain led Thorodd to anticipate a heavy shower. He instantly commanded the hay-workers to pile up in ricks the quantity which each had been engaged

^{*} He also passed for the son of Thorodd, but this was not so certain. Biorn, a stranger, who had acquired the name of the Hero of Bradwick, was assiduous in his visits to Thurida in the year preceding the birth of Kiartan. The jealousy of the husband was awakened, and he employed a sorceress to raise a nocturnal tempest to destroy Biorn on his way to his mistress. This attempt proved in vain as well as several others to take his life by violence. At length, while Snorro was about to surround Biorn with a body of horse, conceiving his own honour interested in that of his sister Thurida, the champion perceiving their purpose, suddenly seized on the pontiff, and, holding a dagger to his throat, compelled him to a treaty, by which Snorro agreed to withdraw his followers; and Biorn, on his part, consented to remove all further stain upon Thurida's reputation by departing from Iceland. Biorn kept his word, and for a long time was not heard of. Many years afterwards, however, an Icelandic vessel, while on the western coast of Iceland, was surprized by a storm, which drove her far into the Atlantic ocean. After sailing far to the west they reached an unknown land, occupied by a savage people, who immediately seized on the merchants and crew of the vessel, and began to dispute whether they should reduce them to a state of slavery, or kill them on the spot. At this moment there came up a body of horsemen, headed by a leader of eminent stature and distinguished appearance, whom the assembled natives regarded as their chief. He addressed the merchants in the Norse language, and learning that they came from Iceland, made many enquiries concerning the pontiff Snorro and his sister Thurida, but especially concerning her son Kiartan. Being satisfied on these points, he intimated his intention to set them at liberty, cautioning them never to return to that country, as the inhabitants were hostile to strangers. The merchants ventured to enquire the name of their benefactor. This he refused to communicate, lest his Icelandic friends coming to seek him, should encounter the danger from which his present guests had been delivered, without his having the same power to protect them; for in this region there were chiefs, he said, more powerful than he himself. When they were about to depart, he requested them to present, on his behalf, a sword to Kiartan, and a ring to Thurida, as coming from one who loved the sister of Snorro better than the pontiff himself. These words were supposed to indicate Biorn, the Hero of Bradwick; and the whole story serves to show that the Icelanders had some obscure tradition, either founded on conjecture, or accidental intercourse, concerning the existence of a continent to the westward of the Atlantic.

in turning to the wind. It was afterwards remembered that Thorgunna did not pile up her portion, but left it spread on the field. The cloud approached with great celerity, and sunk so heavily around the farm, that it was scarce possible to see beyond the limits of the field. A heavy shower next descended, and so soon as the clouds broke away, and the sun shone forth, it was observed that it had rained blood. That which fell upon the ricks of the other labourers soon dried up, but what Thorgunna had wrought upon remained wet with gore. The unfortunate Hebridean, appalled at the omen, betook herself to her bed, and was seized with a mortal illness. On the approach of death she summoned Thorodd, her landlord, and entrusted to him the disposition of her property and effects. "Let my body," said she, "be transported to Skalholt, for my mind presages that in that place shall be founded the most distinguished church in this island. Let my golden ring be given to the priests who shall celebrate my obsequies, and do thou indemnify thyself for the funeral charges out of my remaining effects. To thy wife I bequeath my purple mantle, in order that, by this sacrifice to her avarice, I may secure the right of disposing of the rest of my effects at my own pleasure. But for my bed, with its coverings, hangings, and furniture, I entreat they may be all consigned to the flames. I do not desire this, because I envy any one the possession of these things after my death, but because I wish those evils to be avoided which I plainly foresee will happen if my will be altered in the slightest particular." Thorodd promised faithfully to execute this extraordinary testament in the most pointed manner. Accordingly, so soon as Thorgunna was dead, her faithful executor prepared a pile for burning her splendid bed. Thurida entered, and learned with anger and astonishment the purpose of these preparations. To the remonstrances of her husband she answered, that the menaces of future danger were only caused by Thorgunna's selfish envy, who did not wish any one should enjoy her treasures after her decease. Then, finding Thorodd inaccessible to argument, she had recourse to caresses and blandishments, and at length extorted permission to se-

parate, from the rest of the bed-furniture, the tapestried curtains and coverlid ; the rest was consigned to the flames, in obedience to the will of the testator. The body of Thorgunna being wrapt in new linen, and placed in a coffin, was next to be transported through the precipices and morasses of Iceland to the distant district she had assigned for her place of sepulture. A remarkable incident occurred on the way. The transporters of the body arrived at evening late, weary, and drenched with rain, in a house called Nether-Ness, where the niggard hospitality of the proprietor only afforded them house-room, without any supply of food or fuel. But so soon as they entered, an unwonted noise was heard in the kitchen of the mansion, and the figure of a woman, soon recognized to be the deceased Thorgunna, was seen busily employed in preparing victuals. Their inhospitable landlord being made acquainted with this frightful circumstance, readily agreed to supply every refreshment which was necessary, on which the vision instantly disappeared. The apparition having become public, they had no reason to ask twice for hospitality, as they proceeded on their journey, and arrived safely at Skalholt, where Thorgunna, with all due ceremonies of religion, was deposited quietly in the grave. But the consequences of the breach of her testament were felt severely at Froda.

The author, for the better understanding of the prodigies which happened, describes the manner of living at Froda ; a simple and patriarchal structure, built according to the fashion used by the wealthy among the Icelanders. The apartment was very large, and a part boarded off contained the beds of the family. On either side was a sort of store-room, one of which contained meal, the other dried fish. Every evening large fires were lighted in this apartment, for dressing the victuals ; and the domestics of the family usually sat around them for a considerable time, until supper was prepared. On the night when the conductors of Thorgunna's funeral returned to Froda, there appeared, visible to all who were present, a meteor, or spectral appearance, resembling a half-moon, which glided around the boarded walls of the

mansion in an opposite direction to the course of the sun,¹ and continued to perform its revolutions until the domestics retired to rest. This apparition was renewed every night during a whole week, and was pronounced by Thorer with the wooden leg, to presage pestilence or mortality. Shortly after a herdsman shewed signs of mental alienation, and gave various indications of having sustained the persecution of evil demons. This man was found dead in his bed one morning, and then commenced a scene of ghost-seeing unheard of in the annals of superstition. The first victim was Thorer, who had presaged the calamity. Going out of doors one evening, he was grappled by the spectre of the deceased shepherd as he attempted to re-enter the house. His wooden leg stood him in poor stead in such an encounter; he was hurled to the earth, and so fearfully beaten, that he died in consequence of the bruises. Thorer was no sooner dead, than his ghost associated itself to that of the herdsman, and joined him in pursuing and assaulting the inhabitants of Froda. Meantime an infectious disorder spread fast among them, and several of the bondsmen died one after the other. Strange portents were seen within doors, the meal was displaced and mingled, and the dried fish flung about in a most alarming manner, without any visible agent. At length, while the servants were forming their evening circle round the fire, a spectre, resembling the head of a seal-fish, was seen to emerge out of the pavement of the room, bending its round black eyes full on the tapestried bed-curtains of Thorgunna. Some of the domestics ventured to strike at this figure, but, far from giving way, it rather erected itself

¹ This is an important circumstance. Whatever revolved with the sun was reckoned a fortunate movement. Thus, the highlanders in making the *deasil*, a sort of benediction which they bestow in walking round the party to be propitiated, always observe the course of the sun. And witches, on the other hand, made their circles, *widdershins*, as Scottish dialect expresses it, (*widder-sins* Germ.) or in opposition to the course of the orb of light. See p. 400. The apparition of the half-moon reminds us of Hecate, of the mysteries of Isis in Apuleius, and of a passage in Lucian's "Lears," where the moon is forced down by magical invocation.

further from the floor, until Kiartan, who seemed to have a natural predominance over these supernatural prodigies, seizing a huge forge-hammer; struck the seal repeatedly on the head, and compelled it to disappear, forcing it down into the floor, as if he had driven a stake into the earth. This prodigy was found to intimate a new calamity. Thorodd, the master of the family, had some time before set forth on a voyage to bring home a cargo of dried fish; but, in crossing the river Enna, the skiff was lost, and he perished with the servants who attended him. A solemn funeral feast was held at Froda, in memory of the deceased, when, to the astonishment of the guests, the apparition of Thorodd and his followers seemed to enter the apartment dropping with water. Yet this vision excited less horror than might have been expected; for the Icelanders, though nominally Christians, retained, among other pagan superstitions, a belief that the spectres of such drowned persons as had been favourably received by the goddess Rana, were wont to shew themselves at their funeral feast. They saw, therefore, with some composure, Thorodd, and his dripping attendants, plant themselves by the fire, from which all mortal guests retreated to make room for them. It was supposed this apparition would not be renewed after conclusion of the festival. But so far were their hopes disappointed, that, so soon as the mourning guests had departed, the fires being lighted, Thorodd and his comrades marched in on one side, drenched as before with water; on the other entered Thorer, heading all those who had died in the pestilence, and who appeared covered with dust. Both parties seized the seats by the fire, while the half-frozen and terrified domestics spent the night without either light or warmth. The same phænomenon took place the next night, though the fires had been lighted in a separate house, and at length Kiartan was obliged to compound matters with the spectres by kindling a large fire for them in the principal apartment, and one for the family and domestics in a separate hut. This prodigy continued during the whole feast of Jol; other portents also happened to appal this devoted family, the contagious disease again broke forth, and when any one fell a sa-

crifice to it, his spectre was sure to join the troop of persecutors, who had now almost full possession of the mansion of Froda. Thorgrima Galldrakinna, wife of Thorer, was one of these victims, and, in short, of thirty servants belonging to the household, eighteen died, and five fled for fear of the apparitions, so that only seven remained in the service of Kiartan.

Kiartan had now recourse to the advice of his maternal uncle Snorro, in consequence of whose counsel, what will perhaps appear surprising to the reader, judicial measures were instituted against the spectres. A Christian priest was, however, associated with Thordo Kausa, son of Snorro, and with Kiartan, to superintend and sanctify the proceedings. The inhabitants were regularly summoned to attend upon the inquest, as in a cause between man and man, and the assembly was constituted before the gate of the mansion, just as the spectres had assumed their wonted station by the fire. Kiartan boldly ventured to approach them, and snatching a brand from the fire, he commanded the tapestry belonging to Thorgunna to be carried out of doors, set fire to it, and reduced it to ashes with all the other ornaments of her bed, which had been so inconsiderately preserved at the request of Thurida. A tribunal being then constituted with the usual legal solemnities,¹ a charge was preferred by Kiartan against Thorer with the wooden leg, by Thordo Kausa against Thorodd, and by others chosen as accusers against the individual spectres present, accusing them of molesting the mansion, and introducing death and disease among its inhabitants. All the solemn rites of judicial procedure were observed on this singular occasion; evidence was adduced, charges given, and the cause formally decided. It does not appear that the ghosts put themselves on their defence, so that sentence of ejectment was pronounced against them individually in due and legal form. When Thorer heard the

¹ It does not appear that the judges in Iceland were a separate order. On the contrary, every tribunal appears to have been constituted by a selection, *ex astantibus*, and so far every court of justice resembled a jury chosen to decide a special cause, and dissolved when that task was performed.

judgment, he arose, and saying, "I have sate while it was lawful for me to do so," left the apartment by the door opposite to that at which the judicial assembly was constituted. Each of the spectres, as they heard their individual sentence, left the place, saying something which indicated their unwillingness to depart, until Thorodd himself was solemnly appointed to depart. "We have here no longer," said he, "a peaceful dwelling, therefore will we remove." Kiartan then entered the hall with his followers, and the priest with holy water, and celebration of a solemn mass, completed the conquest over the goblins, which had been commenced by the power and authority of the Icelandic law. We have perhaps dwelt too long on this legend, but it is the only instance in which the ordinary administration of justice has been supposed to extend over the inhabitants of another world, and in which the business of exorcising spirits is transferred from the priest to the judge. Joined to the various instances in the Eyrbyggja-Saga, of a certain regard to the forms of jurisprudence, even amid the wildest of their feuds, it seems to argue the extraordinary influence ascribed to municipal law by this singular people, even in the very earliest state of society.

Snorro, who upon the whole may be considered as the hero of the history, was led into fresh turmoils and litigation by the death of his brother-in-law, Styr, slain by the inhabitants of a neighbouring district, for which slaughter neither Snorro's eloquence in the popular assembly, nor his power in the field, were able to procure adequate vengeance. He came off with more credit in his feud with Ospakar.

This Ospakar, a man of huge stature, and great personal strength, surrounded always by satellites of the same description, differed from the other Icelandic chiefs, in the open disregard which he professed for the laws of property. He kept a stout vessel, always ready for piratical excursions, and surrounded his house with a mound so as to convert it into a kind of citadel. It happened that a whale had been cast ashore upon a part of the island, where the law assigned a part of it

in property to the pontiff Snorro, and part to his neighbour Thorer. While, however, Thorer, and Alfar, called the Little, steward of the pontiff, were engaged in making the partition, Ospakar appeared at the head of his armed followers, and, after stunning Thorer with a blow of his war-axe, appropriated the whole whale to himself. Skirmish followed skirmish, and blood was spilled on both sides, until Snorro bestirred himself in invoking the justice of the Comitia against the lawless Ospakar, and obtained a sentence condemning him and his followers to banishment. They submitted to this doom for a time, and Snorro caused the effects of Ospakar to be divided amongst those who had sustained the greatest losses by his rapine, of which spoil Thorer and Alfar obtained the larger share. It was, however, a gift fatal to the former. Ospakar, who still followed his piratical profession, made a sudden descent on the coast, and seizing Thorer, put him to death before his own door. Alfar escaping with difficulty, fled to the protection of Snorro; and Ospakar, in defiance of the sentence pronounced against him, resumed possession of his fortified mansion, and furnished it with provisions to stand a siege. Snorro proceeded on this occasion with his characteristic caution. It has been seen that an ordinary hay-stack was accounted a strong post in Icelandic tactics, but a house surrounded with a bank of earth was a much more serious fortification; nor did Snorro deem it safe to attempt storming the pirate's strong-hold, till he had assembled his most chosen friends and satellites. Amongst these was Thrandar, who, before assuming the Christian faith, had been a Bersarkar, and although he had lost the supernatural strength exercised by such persons, which the author states to have been the usual consequence of baptism, he nevertheless retained his natural vigour and prowess, which were very formidable. On the slightest hint from Snorro's messenger, he attended the pontiff, armed as one who has a dangerous task in hand. Snorro's other allies being assembled, they made a hasty march to the fortress of Ospakar, and summoned him to surrender at discretion. The robber having refused

compliance, the mound was valiantly assaulted on the one part, and stoutly defended on the other. Thrandar, by striking the steel of his battle-axe into the top of the rampart, actually scaled it, raising himself by the handle, and slew Rafen, a pirate of great fame, who assaulted him upon his ascent. Ospakar himself fell by a stroke of a lance, and his followers surrendered upon the sole condition of escaping with life and limb. On this conflict, the Scald Thormodar composed his poem called Rafn-maal, or the Death of Rafen.

The birds of Odin found their prey,
When slaughter raged in Bitra's bay;

There lay extended on the vale,

The three fierce plunderers of the whale,

And all his toils of rapine past,

Grim Rafen found repose at last.

The annals proceed to detail the remarkable legend, elsewhere mentioned in these Antiquities, concerning the death of Thorodd by the bull called Glæsir; (see p. 406,) and, finally, they inform us of the death of Snorro, during the winter after the death of St Olave, leaving a powerful and flourishing family to support the fame which he had acquired. He was buried in the church at Tunga, which he himself had founded, but when it was removed his bones were transported to its new site. From these reliques the celebrated Snorro seemed to have been a man of ordinary stature; nor, indeed, does it any where appear that he attained the ascendancy which he possessed in the island by personal strength, but rather by that subtlety of spirit which he displayed in conducting his enterprizes, and by his address and eloquence in the popular assembly. Although often engaged in feuds, his valour seems to have been duly mingled with discretion, and the deeds of war, for which he was celebrated in poetry, were usually achieved by the strong arm of some ally or satellite. He was so equal

in his demeanour, that it was difficult to observe what pleased or displeased him ; slow and cautious in taking revenge, but tenacious and implacable in pursuing it ; an excellent counsellor to his friends, but skilful in inducing his enemies to take measures which afterwards proved fatal to them. In fine, as the ecclesiastical historian of Iceland sums up his attributes, if Snorro were not a good and pious man, he was to be esteemed wise, prudent, and sagacious, beyond the usual pitch of humanity. This pontiff, or prefect, is mentioned with great distinction in other Icelandic chronicles, as well as in the *Eyrbyggja-Saga*. In the *LANDNAMA BOK*, part II, chapter 13, many of the foregoing incidents are alluded to, and also in the *LAXDÆLA-SAGA*, and the *SAGA of OLUF TRYGGASON*.

That such a character, partaking more of the jurisconsult or statesman than of the warrior, should have risen so high in such an early period, argues the preference which the Icelanders already assigned to mental superiority over the rude attributes of strength and courage, and furnishes another proof of the early civilization of this extraordinary commonwealth. In other respects the character of Snorro was altogether unamiable, and blended with strong traits of the savage. Cunning and subtlety supplied the place of wisdom, and an earnest and uniform attention to his own interests often, as in the dispute between Arnkill and his father, superseded the ties of blood and friendship. Still, however, his selfish conduct seems to have been of more service to the settlement in which he swayed, than would have been that of a generous and high-spirited warrior who acted from the impulse of momentary passion. His ascendancy, though acquired by means equally unworthy of praise, seems, in his petty canton, to have had the effect produced by that of Augustus in the Roman Empire ; although, more guiltless than the emperor of the world, the pontiff of Helgafels neither subverted the liberties of his country, nor bequeathed the domination he had acquired to a tyrannical successor. His sons succeeded to the paternal property, but not to the political power

of their father, and his possessions being equally divided amongst them, they founded several families, long respected in Iceland as descendants of the pontiff Snorro.

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, }
OCTOBER, 1813. }

of their father, and his possession being equally divided among
 them, they founded several families, and in Ireland as in
 second son of the first Shono.

Appendix
 Chapter

GLOSSARY.

By R. JAMIESON.

[As this is an Antiquary's Book, it has not been thought necessary to set down mere provincial and orthographical variations of modern words, as every reader may be presumed to be sufficiently acquainted with these, to render such minuteness unnecessary. Etymologies, and more extended definitions, have only been attempted, where it was supposed that such were particularly wanted, as being *desiderata* in that very curious branch of philology.]

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|---|--|
| Abie, <i>abide the consequences ; suffer for.</i> | Bane, <i>bone ; reäl-bane, royal bone ; ivory.</i> |
| Abone, <i>aboven ; aboon ; above.</i> | Bane, <i>bayn, boun ; ready.</i> |
| Acht, <i>eight.</i> | Bargain, <i>battle.</i> |
| Acht, <i>aucht, aght, keeping.</i> | Barn, <i>child.</i> |
| Air, <i>early.</i> | Beek, <i>bask.</i> |
| Air, <i>oar.</i> | Beet, <i>add to.</i> |
| Aither, <i>either.</i> | Belyve, <i>forthwith.</i> |
| Algate, <i>at all events.</i> | Ben, <i>towards the inner apartment.</i> |
| Als, <i>as.</i> | Bent, <i>field.</i> |
| Alswa, <i>thus.</i> | Betaught, <i>bequeathed.</i> |
| Ar, <i>ere ; till now.</i> | Bierdly, <i>boardly ; hospitable ; well fed and stout.</i> |
| At, <i>to.</i> | Biseke, <i>beseech.</i> |
| Ather, <i>other.</i> | Bla, <i>blow.</i> |
| Atour, <i>out over ; besides ; moreover.</i> | Bla, <i>blae, blue.</i> |
| Attend, <i>expect.</i> | Black-mail, <i>tribute paid to freebooters for protection.</i> |
| Ava, <i>of all.</i> | Blaikened, <i>blanched ; faded in colour.</i> |
| Bade, <i>abode.</i> | Blenkes, <i>blinks, glances.</i> |
| Bald, <i>bold.</i> | |

- Bluid-bath, *blood-bath*; a Danish denomination for a battle.
- Bogh, *bough*.
- Bold, *gentle*.
- Bolt, *arrow*.
- Bone, *boon*.
- Bonny, *beautiful*; *fair*. In the Gaëlic, *bán* (in the oblique cases *bhán*, pronounced *ván*) signifies *white, fair*; as does the Swedish *vaen*, and *vennè*, and the Welsh *gwin*. Hence *Ven-us*; *Van-ur*, the Gothic Apollo, &c. &c. The country of the Goths was called *Vanaheimr*, i. e. the home of the fair people.
- Bot, but, *except*; *without*; the outer chamber; towards the door of the house from within.
- Bouk, *bulk*; *body*.
- Bounte, *courage*; *worth*.
- Bowden, *full*; *swollen*.
- Bowster, *bolster*; *cushion*; *bed*.
- Braw, *brave*; *fine*.
- Bremmed, *chafed*; *grumbled*; *murmured*, like the roaring of the sea. This term is found in all the Gothic dialects, as well as in the Greek. In the Celtic dialects, it is now applied to a very undignified kind of noise.
- Brim, *sea*.
- Brocks, *fragments*; *waste*.
- Brynie, *brunie*, a cuirass.
- Bullering, *boiling*; *bubbling*.
- Burd-alayne, *single*; *unmarried*.
- Burgeoun, *bud*.
- Burn, *brook*.
- Busk, *dress*.
- Byggett, *biggit*; *built*.
- Bygle, *bigly*; *large*.
- Child, *young gentleman*; *candidate for knighthood*.
- Claes, *clothes*.
- Clappit, *patted*.
- Clar, *clear*.
- Claverers, *idle talkers*.
- Cop, *cup*.
- Cures, *cares*.
- Dane-gelt, *security money exacted by the Danish marauders*.
- Dannered, *sauntered*.
- Debate, *contend*.
- Dele, *part*.
- Dent, *gap*; *indentation*.
- Dern, *secret*.
- Deval, *stay*; *cease*.
- Dight, *dressed*.
- Dinnled, *made a tremulous jingling noise*.
- Dour, *hard*.
- Dow, *dove*.
- Dow, *can*; *is able*.
- To Dow, *to thrive*; *to be strong*. This is the meaning of the term *do* in the last instance, in the common salutation, "How do you do?"
- Dowie, *little doll*; *infant*.
- Dowie, *dowy*, *doleful*.
- Downa, *cannot*.
- Dree, *suffer*.
- Dreigh, *tedious*; *slow*.
- Dreri, *dreary*.
- Drogh, *drew*.
- Dugits, *pieces*.
- Dule, *grief*.
- Dunt, *blow*.
- Dwell, *delay*; *stay*.
- Dyn, *din*; *noise*.
- Dwergh, *dwarf*.

- Eard, *earth*.
 Eighen, *eyes*.
 Ene, *eyen, eyes*.
 Ernes, *eagles*.
 Err, *art*.
 Errand, *business*.
 Ettin, a *Giant*; in Islandic *Jautun*, and *Jö-tun*; the J being sounded as our Y consonant. This word is compounded of *Jo*, *Jau*, *Jao*, *Jah*, *Ju*, (in Gaëlic vocat. *Dhia*, pronounced *Yhia*,) which in so many Oriental, Gothic, Celtic, and Slavonic dialects, signifies *God*; and *Tun*, or *Dun*, signifying, in a secondary sense, *MAN*; so that Ettin signifies a *God-man*, or *Demi-god*; a mixed breed, as are all the “*Æt-næi fratres*,” between the *Sons of God*, and the *Daughters of Men*.—I have never met with any good derivation of this word.
 Ettled, *aimed; attempted*.
 Everilka, *each*.
 Fa, n. s. *fall; luck; fortune*.
 Fa, v. *get*.
 Fay, *faith*.
 Fald, *fold*.
 Fang, *take*.
 Far, *go*.
 Fard, *went*.
 Fe, *fee, cattle*.
 Fele, *fiel, many*.
 Fere, *equal; in fere, together*.
 Ferly, *strange*.
 Fin, *fine*; the original meaning of which was *white; fair*.
 Fode, *man*.
 Fote, *foot*.
 Forby, *near by*.
 Foregain, *against; to meet*.
 Forleet, *let go*.
 Forlof, *furlow*.
 Forloren, *lost*.
 Found, *go*.
 Fleys, *affrights*.
 Flie, *fly*.
 Fre, *woman; lady*.
 Fremmed, *strange*.
 Fro, *from*.
 Froren, *frozen*.
 Fure, *fared; went; drove in a carriage*.
 Ga, *gae, gang, go*.
 Gaed, *went*.
 Gaist, *ghost*.
 Gate, *way; a' gate, in all places*.
 Ghess, *guess*.
 Glaive, *sword*.
 Glent, *sprung*.
 Glewmen, *glee-men*.
 Goud, *gold*.
 Gowk, *cuckow*.
 Grat, *gret, wept*.
 Gre, *renown*.
 Greened, *longed*.
 Grim, *gram, angry*.
 Grounden, *sharp*.
 Gude, *brave; gude-brither, brother-in-law*.
 Haif, *have*.
 Hailsed, *hailed; greeted*.
 Hamewart, *homeward*.
 Harns, *brains*.
 Havrel, *half-witted*.
 Haw, *lead-coloured; lividly pale*.
 Heal, *conceal*.
 Hecht, *promised*.
 Hen-bawks, *hen-roost*.
 Hende, *gentle*.

- Hent, *took*.
 Het, *hot*.
 Hew, *hewed*.
 Hight, *was called*.
 Howk, *dig*.
 Hyn, *hence ; straight from one place to another*.
 Husbande, *a villain, or agricultural bondman of the first class*.
 Hythe, *thicket ; heath, where a wood has once been*.
 Ilka, *each*.
 Jimp, *slender*.
 Kepe, *kep, receive ; catch*.
 Kepe, *attention*.
 Kempis, *kemperry-men, champions*.
 Kemp, *v. to contend or strive for mastery*.
 Klepe, *clepe, call*.
 Knaves, *boys ; servants ; knave-bairn, man-child*.
 Knife, *dirk ; dagger*.
 Knock, *small pointed hill*.
 Know, *knoll*.
 Kumli, *comely*.
 Kythed, *made to appear ; appeared*.
 Laif, *rest*.
 Laidly, *laithly, loathsome ; ugly*.
 Laigh, *low*.
 Lave, *rest ; what is left*.
 Lee, *peace ; quiet*.
 Lea', *leave*.
 Lefe, *dear*.
 Lele, *loyal ; true ; faithful*.
 Lemman, *lover ; mistress*.
 Len, *conceal*.
 Leve, *dear*.
 Leugh, *laughed*.
 Liggs, *lies*.
 Ling, *line*.
 Lippen, *rely upon ; trust to*.
 Lofsum, *lovely*.
 Loor, *liefer ; rather*.
 Loundring, *beating ; thrashing ; thwacking*.
 Lown, *quiet*.
 Luf, *love*.
 Lykes, *bodies*.
 Lyle, *little ; a North English word*.
 Lyst, *joy ; desire ; pleasure*.
 Lyth, *listen to*.
 Ma, *mae, more*.
 Ma, *v. may*.
 Macht, *might*.
 Malese, *uneasiness ; trouble*.
 Man, *vassal ; servant ; husband*.
 Manhede, *manhood*.
 Marrow, *mate ; match*.
 Mask, *mash*.
 May, *maid*.
 Mekyll, *mickle ; large ; much*.
 Mell, *mix with*.
 Menevair, *fine martin's fur*.
 Menye, Menie, *retinue ; train ; attendants*.
 The word means originally a *power*, or *force* ; as in England they say a *power* of people ; a *power* of fine ladies, &c. It is the same radically as the English *many*, which referred at first to *power*, not to *numbers* ; and is of the same origin with the English "with might and *main* ; by *main* force, &c." So the Greek *μενος*, the Latin *magnus*, and *mœnia*, the English, *man*, &c. In many languages, (as in the Greek *πολυς*) the word which indicates

many, originally implied *force*, or *power*, which men naturally adopted before language had made such progress among them as to contain terms of distinct and definite numeration.

Moni, mony; *many*.

Mools, mould; *earth*.

Mind, remember.

Mote, mought; *might*.

Mow, mows; *game*; *play*.

Mermay, mermaid.

Merry, renowned; *famous*; *merry men*, *famous fellows*.

In the old Teutonic Romance of "Die Æneidt," Queen Dido, as in Virgil, after hearing the "Tale of Troy Divine," lay all night restless in her bed; at last,

Nach der mugesten hanen crat

Rechte nach der tagrat

Da gelag vrowe Dydo

Nu quam iz also

Das ir das ouge zu quam

Ir deckelachen sie nam

Under ir arme vaste

Ir getrovmet von dem gaste

Sie geduchte das is were

Eneas der mere, &c.

which in characteristic Scottish would run thus:

Quhan coddie maist had done to craw,

Richt als the day bigan to daw,

Tho Lady Dydo lay in bed,

Till hyr it happinit in sted,

That slepe vpon hir eyen cam.

The couerlet bilyf scho nam

Undir hir armis ferly fest;

Hir swevenit tho of hir gest;

Scho wenit, wele I wate, it nas

Nane bot the *mery* Eneas, &c.

In the old German, *mar*, *mare*, *mer*, *mere*, &c. signify *great*, and thence *renowned*, *famous*, answering to the Latin *mactus*. The Welsh *mawr*, and the Gaelic *mór*, signify *great*. The word is a compound of *mo*, *ma*, or *mu*, and *ar* or *er*, all having the same meaning. The Sanscrit *mha*, Scottish and Northern *ma* and *mae*, English and Teutonic *mo*, and the Gaelic comparative *mu* bear the same import. In Gaelic *mha* implies *good*; but *good*, *great*, and *strong*, were once synonymous terms.

Nagates, *nowise*.

Nam, *took*.

Nas, *ne was*; *was not*.

Neghed, *nighed*; *approached*.

Nieves, *fists*.

Ogayn, *again*.

Olyfe, *alive*.

Omell, *among*.

Onhap, *unhap*; *misfortune*.

Op, *up*.

Ouks, *weeks*.

Oys, *grandchildren*.

Oxter, *the arm-pit*.

Perry, *pearls*.

Pilche, peltz; *fur mantle*.

Press, *crowd*; *throng*.

Prest, *ready*.

Prigget, *importuned*; *intreated*.

Proud, *gentle*.

Pryse, *price ; value*.

Quailed, *quelled ; made to die away ; died away*.

Rair, *roar*.

Raught, *reached*.

Real, *royal ; real bane, ivory*.

Redd, *clear ; extricate*.

Rede, *speech ; advice*.

Rede-man, *counsellor*.

Reek, *reke ; smoke*.

Reekit, *reached*.

Renyses, *reins of a bridle*.

Rievers, *robbers*.

Rooses, *ruses ; praises ; boasts of*.

Rope, *roar ; call aloud*.

Sagh, *saw*.

Saght, *peace*.

Sakeless, *causeless ; innocent*.

Sar, *sore*.

Sark, *shirt ; shift*.

Scoug, *shelter*.

Scouts, *vagabonds*. The term in Scotland is now applied to worthless women. This is the real origin of the denomination of *Scythians*, *Scots*, &c. A Highlander would knock down a man who, speaking his own language, called him a *Scot* : he calls himself *Gaël*, i. e. a *fair-complexioned man*.

Se, *see*.

Sely, *blessed*.

Selcouth, *strange ; rare*.

Ser, *serve*.

Ser, *several ; many*.

Sets, *becomes*.

Shane, *shone*.

Shaw, *wood ; grove*.

Sheen, *shoon ; shoes*.

Shemrand, *sparkling ; glittering*.

Sho, *she*.

Sickerly, *securely ; certainly*.

Sicklike, *like as*.

Sindle, *seldom*.

Sith, *time ; since*.

Skap, *bee-hive*.

Skuggy, *shady*.

Skynked, *skinked ; poured out liquor*.

Slike, (Dan. *slige*,) the same as *sicklike*.

Slot, *people ; retinue ; train of followers ; in the Gaëlic *shiochd*, being the prefix *s*, and the Gothic *liod*, *lioth*, *lut*, *leute*, &c. people*. This word is left unexplained in Barbour's "*Bruce*."

Slowmand, *slumbering*.

Smate, *smote*.

Snell, *quick*.

So, *as*.

Son, *sun*.

Sondred, *sundered ; separated*.

Speer, *ask*.

Sprent, *scattered ; sprinkled*.

Spung, (Dan. *pung*,) *purse*.

Stalwart, (Germ. *stahl-werth*,) *steel-worthy ; stout, stately, and martial-looking*.

Stang, *pole*.

Stark, *strong*.

Stede, *place ; in stede, on the spot ; immediately ; then*.

Steer, *stir ; disturb*.

Stound, *time*.

Stour, *battle ; in Teutonic, *sturm**. So in the "*Heldenbuch*," F. 235, b.

Darumb so lag ein Guertelein

Moecht wol von Zaubерlisten seyn ;

- Davon hett er zwoelf Mannes krafft;
 Er pflag Manheit vnd Ritterschaft.
 Drum gesiget er zu allen zeiten
 In harten *sturmen* vnd in streiten.
- In Scottish,
 Thartyl ane Gyrtel smal had he
 Saynit sa wel wyth gramarye,
 Tharfra als xij men wes he wyght;
 And held manhede and knyghtly myght;
 And swa the gre algate he wan,
 In stouris hard, and in bargan.
- Armour was called *sturmgewand*, and the
 tocsin, *sturmgiock* :
- Darnach ein Sturmglock erklang,
 Die hoert man einer Meilen lang ;
- Thereafter rang a larrum-bell,
 Men heard a gude mile lang the knell.*
- Sty, (Dan.) a narrow path, or lane.
 Straght, stretched.
 Streek, stretch.
 Swa, so.
 Swevenes, dreams.
 Swilk, such.
 Swith, immediately.
 Swyled, swaddled.
 Syn, then ; after that.
- Taken, token.
 Teen, grief.
 Tent, attention ; care.
 Thairms, small-guts ; entrails.
 The, thrive.
- Tho, then.
 Thole, bear ; suffer.
 Thyr, hole.
 Til, to.
 Tine, lose.
 Tint, lost.
 Tofore, before.
 Towmon, twelve months.
 Towsy, shaggy.
 Tryst, appointment ; rendezvous.
 Tulzie, struggle ; wrestle.
 Twinnit, divided.
 Tyd, tide ; time.
- Uneath, uneth ; with difficulty ; uneasily.
 Unsely, unhappy.
 Up-o-land, into the country.
 Uther, other.
 Vesy, view.
- Wa, woe.
 Walit, chosen.
 War, wert.
 Ware, wer ; defend.
 Warr, worse.
 Wate, wet ; wote.
 Wel nere, almost.
 Went, gone.
 Werd, weird, wierd ; destiny.
 Whor, where.
 Widdie, withy ; gallows.
 Will of rede, bewildered in thought.
 Wirk, work.
 Wirschip, worship ; dignity.
 Wold, wald ; would.
 Wold, wild ; a wood. Many places retain
 the name after the wood is gone.

Wordy, *worthy*; *brave*. In old German, this word *wehrde* comes from the old *wehr*, (hod. *gewehre*) armour, and answers to the Scottish *stalworth*. Thus, in the "Heldenbuch," Ed. 1590, F. 138, b.

Jeglich hatt an der seiten
Da sitzen jren Mann;
Sie sahen zu den zeiten
Den *wehden* Ritter an:

"The ladyes, everichon
Ther sat hyr man by syd;
That *wordi* knyght up on
Thei loked in that tyd."

* * *

Ein horn von gold so klare
Hieng an der *wehrde* mann;

Ein leydhund, das its wahre,
Lief mit jm in den than:
Id. F. 91, b.

"Ane horn of gold that shane
Hong fra that *wordi* man;
Ane lesche-hund, soth to sayne,
On ground by syd him ran."

Worth, *become*; *be*.
Wyv, *wife*.
Wyvit, *wedded*.

Yett, *gate*.

Yex, *hiccup*.

Ying, *young*.

Yowther, *vapour*.

THE END.

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